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The Columbian Exposition described by Ex-President Harrison, Walter Besant and many others, with nearly 100 illustrations.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1893

A World's Fair: *Illustrated.*
Introductory: The World's College of Democracy. ... 517
A First Impression. WALTER BESANT *Illus.* 528
The Foreign Buildings. PRICE COLLIER.. *Illus.* 540
Notes on Industrial Art in the Manufactures Building. *Illustrated.* GEORGE F. KUNZ 547
An Outsider's View of the Woman's Exhibit. *Illustrated.* ELLEN M. HENROTIN,.. 560
Vice-President, The Woman's Branch of the Congress Auxiliary.
Foreign Folk at the Fair. *Illustrated.* JULIAN HAWTHORNE... 567
Electricity at the Fair. MURAT HALSTEAD *Illus.* 577
Transportation, Old and New *Illustrated.* J. B. WALKER..... 584
Mines and Metallurgy. *Illustrated.* F. J. V. SKIFF, Chief Dept... 592
Chicago's Entertainment of Distinguished Visitors. H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR 600
Lullaby. (POEM.) ALICE A. SEWALL *Illus.* 602
The Government Exhibit. F. T. BICKFORD, Chief Dept. 603
Ethnology at the Exposition. FRANZ BOAS, Chief Dept.... 607
Points of Interest. EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON 610
In the World of Art and Letters. *Headpiece by J. Habert-Dys.* 612
FRANCISQUE SARCEY, H. H. BOYESEN, ANDREW LANG, THOMAS A. JANVIER. *Twenty Books of the Month.*
Alienation. (POEM.) EDWARD L. WHITE..... 618
The Progress of Science. *Headpiece by J. Habert-Dys.* 619
Astronomical Note, C. A. YOUNG. *Electric Welding*, GEORGE H. KNIGHT. *Chemistry at the Fair*, S. E. TILLMAN, COL. U. S. A. *Diamonds at the Fair*, GEORGE F. BECKER. *An Electric Comparison*, A. E. DOLBEAR.
José. WILLIAM R. LIGHTON... 624
The Stronghold of the Gods. J. V. CHENEY ..... (POEM.) 628
Is He Living or is He Dead? *Illus. by Alice Barber Stephens.* MARK TWAIN 629
A Traveller from Altruria. W. D. HOWELLS..... 635

VOL. XV. JOHN BRISBEN WALKER EDITOR ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY ASSOCIATE EDITOR NUMBER 5.

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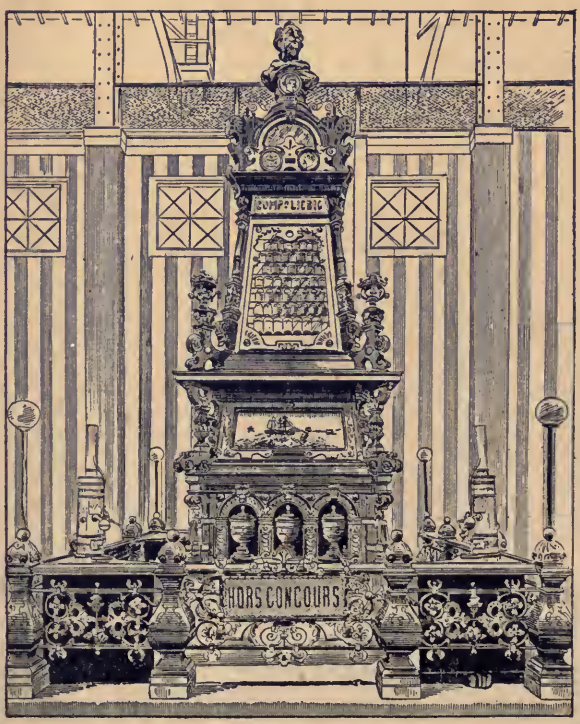

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THE COSMOPOLITAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1893

Frontispieces; by Vierge and "The Basin Illuminated." .. 130

A Farewell to the White City. PAUL BOURGET *Illus.* 133

Lessons of the Fair. *Illus.* JOHN J. INGALLS 141

A White Umbrella at the Fair. F. HOPKINSON SMITH 150
Illustrated by the Author.

Coast Gun L 33. (POEM.) MARTHA F. CROW .. 157
Illustrated by Ethel Webling.

People Who Did Not Go to the Fair. 158
Illustrated. ROBERT GRANT

Amateur Photography at the Fair. 165
Illustrated. H. H. MARKLEY

A New World Fable. *Illus.* H. H. BOYESEN 173

A Nation of Discoverers. *Illus.* H. C. TAYLOR 187

Last Impressions. *Illus.* A. S. HARDY 195

The Finances of the Exposition. LYMAN J. GAGE *Illus.* 201

Travelling With a Reformer. MARK TWAIN 207
Illustrated by Dan Beard.

Letters of an Altrurian Traveller. 218
Illustrated. W. D. HOWELLS.

One Fatherland. (POEM.) CHARLOTTE F. BATES 232

American Notes.—II. In the Year of the Fair. *Illustrated by F. G. Attwood.* WALTER BESANT ... 233

Après. *Illus. by Vierge.* GUY DE MAUPASSANT 241

Chicago at Rest. (POEM.) MARION C. SMITH .. 244

In the World of Art and Letters. *Headpiece by J. Habert-Dys.* 245
FRANCISQUE SARCEY, A. LANG, THOS. A. JANVIER, I. ZANGWILL, AGNES REPPLIER. *Twenty Books of the Month.*

The Progress of Science. *Headpiece by J. Habert-Dys.* 252
Nature, CAMILLE FLAMMARION. *Molecules and Atoms,* S. E. TILLMAN, COL. U. S. A. *The Electric Search-Light,* A. E. DOLBEAR. *The Latest Determination of the Sun's Distance,* C. A. YOUNG. *Geology and Cosmogony,* GEORGE F. BECKER. *Education and the Fair,* JOHN S. WHITE.

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VOL. XV. SEPTEMBER, 1893. NO. 5.

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THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE LOOKING EAST FROM THE FERRIS WHEEL.

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THE MACMONNIES FOUNTAIN.

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THE LAGOON.

A WORLD'S FAIR

INTRODUCTORY:

The World's College of Democracy.

By John Brisben Walker.

A SENSE of surprise, of delight, a suggestion of enchanted regions, come to one as he stands for the first time in the great court of the World's Fair. During the first hour spent in this region of wonders three thoughts take possession of the mind, and when, a week later, one is passing for the last time down the Court of Honor toward the Exposition Terminal Station, those thoughts are still predominant. The first is of the vast change which this object lesson will make in the minds of the millions who visit it, broadening, opening, lighting up dark corners, bringing them in sympathy with their fellow-men, sending them back to homes, however humble, with thoughts that will beautify and gladden entire lifetimes, furnishing a topic for countless winter nights' exchanges of opinions and themes of stories for generations yet unborn.

It is safe to estimate that our civilization and advance in the liberal arts will be moved forward by a quarter of a century as the result of this marvellous Exposition. The second thought which forces itself

upon the mind, and remains as an undertone at every minute of a memorable week's stay, is the ever present proof of the pleasure which this enchanted land brings to the millions who are visiting it. What a satisfaction to the men who have given their time and labor to building up this great work, to see upon the faces of the throngs who are moving up and down every aisle and every avenue, proofs of such pleasure, satisfaction and joy, such complete and absolute surrender to the surrounding beauty and interest, as come but seldom into the lives of even the luckiest of humanity.

It was my good fortune to be present on the Fourth of July, when the number of people on the grounds exceeded three hundred and five thousand. It was most interesting to study the faces, to note the looks of appreciation, to hear the exclamations of admiration, to listen to comment which was intelligent even when the garb was homely. I walked through many miles of avenues on that day: everywhere unmistakable signs of enjoyment, everywhere the comment of intelligent appreciation, and above all, everywhere the utmost good-nature. That, to my mind, was the most marvellous exhibition of all, that in a crowd containing more than three hundred thousand souls there was not, so far as I was able to see, and I carefully searched for it, one ill-tempered face, one drunken man. What a change has come over our civilization in the past twenty-five years! Such a crowd, anywhere in the United States, before the sixties or seventies, would have been the scene of endless personal conflicts, of drunkenness, not of the hundreds, but of tens of thousands, and women and children could not have taken part in such a gathering without the risk of personal injury. Yet here were only happy, smiling faces, women and children moving with perfect freedom, without even a thought that they were in the largest crowd of people ever brought together within a single enclosure upon the

THE CENTRAL ARCH OF THE PERISTYLE

A PRODUCER.

American continent, all feeling kindly toward each other, all taking part in the general joy and universal pride that this was the creation of their countrymen. The contrasts between the stage-coach and giant locomotive, between the birch-bark letter of the Indian and the telautograph message of Gray, the canoe of the Esquimaux and the electric railway, were not so great as that between the customs prevalent in my boyhood and this realization of hopes for a new civilization in the midst of which I walked on this Fourth of July, 1893.*

What a collection of people amidst what magnificent surroundings! No monarch in the history of the world ever had such palaces erected. No monarch could have brought together such objects of interest. Not even the wealthiest of monarchs could have expended a sum, which probably two hundred millions does not represent, in such palaces and such exhibits. And these palaces are not the whim of one man for the pleasure of himself and his courtiers, but the first great creation of a government intended originally to be of the people, for the people and by the people, a government that perhaps has not yet attained that ideal, but promises in the early future to scientifically solve the problems of distribution—a consummation which will give to the common people the riches which they create, just as in this exhibition every bounty of nature, every magnificence of architecture, every creation of art, is brought together and opened for the benefit, not of the rich, not of the great, not of genius, not of the fortunate class, not of the few but of all, including the humblest citizen. Nor

* A word here in regard to the Columbian Guard. A week's intercourse with these officers gives one a new idea of what a police force may be: not bulky, burly punishers by physical violence of the law's infractions, but public servants, placed there to aid in maintaining the law by advice and assistance, ready at all times with kindly word of information alert to the necessities of visitors and determined to make the stay of each in their precincts as pleasant as possible. They convey the modern socialistic idea of gentlemen serving their fellow-men; gentlemen by the courtesy of their actions, recognized as gentlemen and treated as gentlemen by all with whom they come in contact. I had frequent occasion to call upon these guardians, in having photographed the various illustrations required for this number, and I found them at all times anxious to aid in what was evidently a useful purpose, and handling the crowds with a gentleness and consideration that made the stay of all persons pleasanter within the grounds. It is evident that the burly policeman is likely to be relegated to the niche adjoining that occupied by the volunteer fireman.

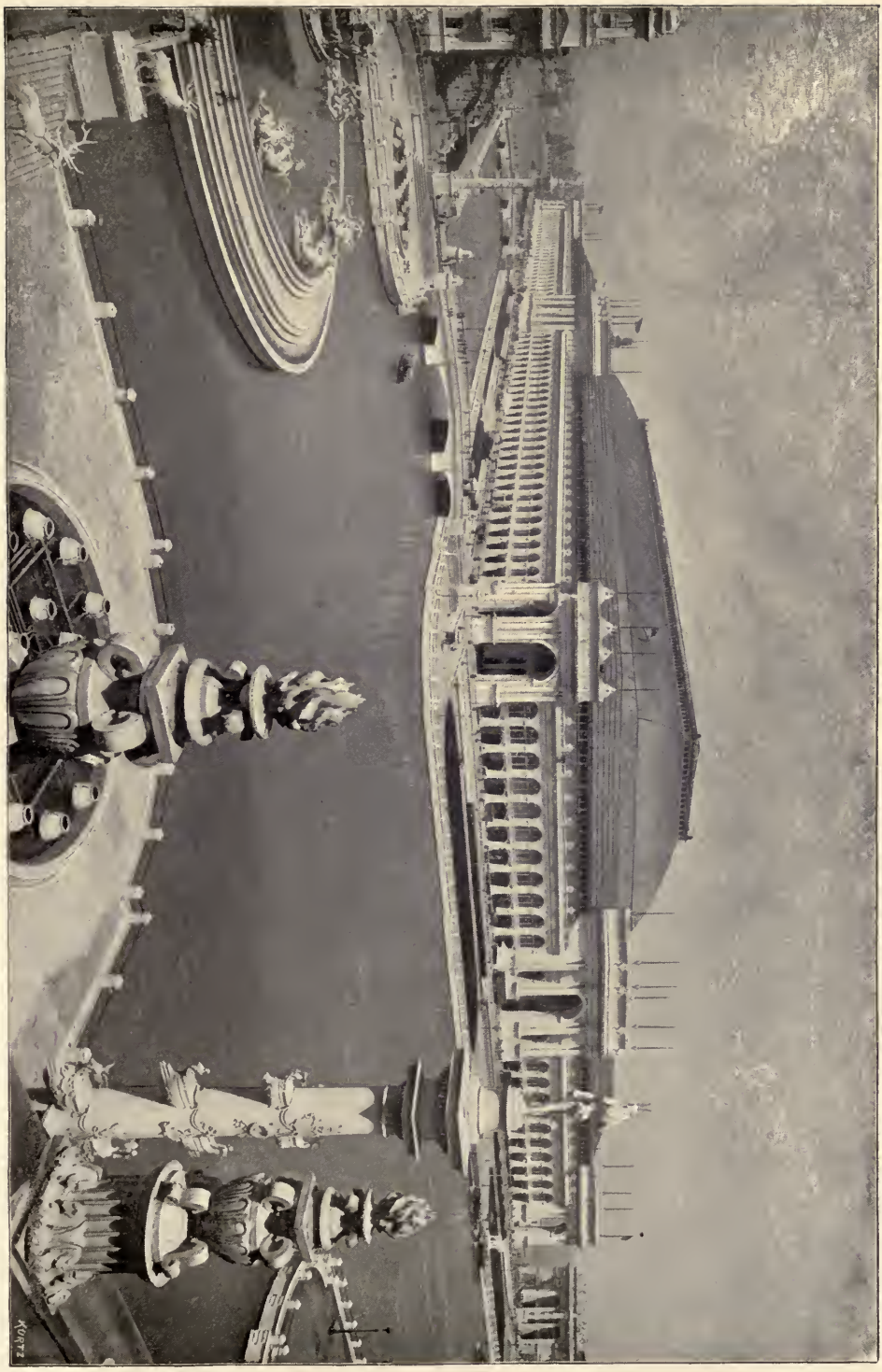
LOOKING INWARD FROM THE PERISTYLE.

did the wisdom which has brought together these many people from every part of our vast nation intend this fairy land of democracy simply as a means of pleasure.

Looking down the great basin toward the Statue of Liberty, toward the peristyle with its magnificent columns, surmounted by its exquisite groups, the whole seems a creation for pleasure. Turning one's back upon the peristyle, with its glimpses of blue lake between the columns, the whole aspect changes. Read the inscriptions over the great building on the right, which covers more than forty acres of floor space: "Liberal Arts;" over the great building which stretches down the length of the basin on the left: "Agriculture;" the other magnificent structure on the left and beyond: "Machinery Hall;" the inscriptions over those two structures of beautiful proportions on the right of the great Hall of Administration: "Mining" and "Electricity." The scene takes on a new meaning. It is no longer a playground; this is the great College of Democracy. It is a school in which the millions are entered for a course of instruction, which embraces the following branches:

1. Political; government by the people.
2. Ethical; the love of our fellow-men.
3. Art; the knowledge and appreciation of the beautiful.
4. Science; not alchemy and astrology, but modern science, useful, up to date, made to serve the purposes not of the few but of the many.
5. Agriculture; the noblest of man's pursuits, with its thousand attendant branches.
6. The study of transportation, of such vast import to every human being; an object lesson going to show that transportation, from the movement of a letter or telegraph message up to the carriage of human bodies, is essentially a governmental function and that only when it is taken from the hands of individuals, who

The Editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. C. D. Arnold, the official photographer of the World's Fair, who personally superintended the taking of the photographs for this series of articles.



LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

use it to create great fortunes at the expense of the many, will it cease to be a menace to our freedom and become the economic factor which it should be in our development as a people.

7. Woman's place; her equality with men; her ability and right to fill places in life on the plane occupied by the male sex.

8. The functions of government as shown in the Governmental exhibit.

9. A school of applied mechanics and engineering.

South American neighbors, and perhaps those of Europe as well. Each student takes in a smattering of the entire course, and when he has taken his degree in the general college turns his steps to the school of his own special branch, where his education becomes specific. Is he an engineer? He finds in the great trusses of the Liberal Arts building, the construction of the Ferris wheel, whose thirteen-ton cars holding fifteen hundred people, move around a circumference of 785 feet, the highest car hanging 264 feet

ON THE LAGOON.

But why go on? The list does not readily resolve itself, even under these general classifications. It is endless in its subdivisions. Perhaps no better idea can be given of the vastness of the exhibit than by repeating the calculations, made recently by someone familiar with the subject as a whole, to the effect that two minutes spent upon each exhibit at the Fair would consume a period of thirty-two years.

To this school students are being drawn by every train from the most remote quarters of the land, and it will even have its influence upon the civilization of our

above the ground, in the exhibits of the Transportation building or Machinery Hall, the special subjects which attract his attention. Is he an humble shoemaker, or perhaps a manufacturer of shoes? He finds in a building devoted to the leather art the latest patterns, the latest processes of tanning, the latest machinery for manufacture, the most novel and artistic designs in the thousand and one objects to which leather is devoted. If an artist, he has beauties which will require days of study in the great Art Palace at the north end of the Lagoon, where are endless mazes and

labyrinths of walls covered with the work of the artists of all lands. A printer finds in Machinery Hall the most modern typesetting machinery, presses which turn out their ninety thousand per hour, folding machines of the most recent, delicate and complicated pattern. If a horticulturist, he wanders under acres of glass, examining fruits and plants brought hither at great expense from distant lands, and known to him only by book illustration. If a farmer, he has acre upon acre of the productions of other lands to compare; he has in the Government building an opportunity to make a scientific study of the pests which infest his crops, or the most scientific methods of fertilizing.

If an electrical engineer, he finds the most perfect works of all the great electrical establishments which have sprung up almost within the past ten years, and which now constitute so important a branch of our industry. But it is not the expert alone who seeks the electrical exhibit. It is the one which interests all comers, where all are open-mouthed at the marvels of invention and discovery of the past quarter of a century, where men stand trying to gaze into the future and ponder upon the marvellous uses of electricity which must be in store for us at no very distant date.

One electrical engineer said to me: "You have here everything that was undreamed of twenty-five years ago. You have here the culmination of invention and science. You see here the acme of modern progress. It is worth while to note this carefully, because if we should have another exhibit twenty five years from now the probability is that not one of the things which seem so wonderful to you now, will then be valued. They will have passed into the realm of those which were in the beginning but have become useless. They will have been superseded by inventions so much more useful, so much more wonderful, that it is barely within the compass of any mind to even conceive

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

of what the future has in store for us."

And so each student, after completing his curriculum in the general university, turns to the school of his own applied art or science, and having completed his education, will go back to his bench or workshop or laboratory with new thoughts, with a broader comprehension of the possibilities, with enthusiasm for what the future holds in store for him.

Nor has the world ever seen such a course of lectures as has been delivered at this university under the auspices of the World's Congress Auxiliary. They have been given on every branch of science, every branch of art, every branch of religion. Art, medicine, journalism, authorship, philology, all have sent to these congresses their greatest thinkers. The very brain of the world may be said to have been concentrated in the lecture halls of this University of Democracy. Leaders in all branches of thought have come together for consultation and comparison of notes. What will not be the result to these leaders themselves? What new ideas will they not receive? What great results will not be evolved from this meeting of brains?

But is it all work and no play? On the contrary, after his morning at the university has been spent in study, the student wends his way to the playground, the Plaisance. And no afternoon could be devoted more delightfully. Hither have come the nations of the earth to minister to his enjoyment: the Arab, on his splendid steed with nostrils dilated and champing at the bit, spurs, blunted lance in hand, gallops after his fellow. And we may see the sports of the desert and take part in the applause which comes up from the encampment of Arab women and children on the other side of the enclosure, when one spearman has planted his blunted lance fairly in the back of the man he is pursuing. A street in Cairo, with its donkey ride, its camel ride, its confused, shouting, noisy, good-natured crowd. Then, at close of day, the dinner may be taken in old Vienna, at a table in the open air, with band playing and lights gleaming from the ancient windows which surround the courtyard, until a man-at-arms of an age long past, in slashed breeches and hose, lantern and spear in hand, makes the rounds and recalls the fact that another day of enjoy-

THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

AN APPROACH TO THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

ment, of instruction, of unalloyed innocent pleasure has come to a close.

That knowledge which comes by hardest work and hardest study is undoubtedly the most valuable, but the university of the future will recognize that the vast majority of mankind is incapable of mental acquisition if toil and labor are required. The kindergarten idea must be the foundation of all schools for the millions: to hold the attention, to cause the mind to work unwittingly. That instruction will be the most valuable which makes the process of learning easy, which impresses the mind by object lessons, holds the attention and fills the brain with information, or starts, without the knowledge of the recipient, a process of thought leading to a more perfect knowledge of life and its affairs.

What was the other thought with which this subject was started, this subject so absorbing, so interesting, so full of possibilities, so endless, that one might wander on forever were this not merely to serve as an introduction to the articles of those who will treat the World's Fair from the standpoint of professional knowledge or wider experience? Ah, yes! The third thought was this: What a pity to destroy all this beauty, all this loveliness, all this costliness, all this that is so well adapted for man's education and enjoyment.

The great university which Chicago is establishing is rearing its first buildings just beyond the Plaisance. Why should it not embody this University of Democracy as part of a magnificent whole? Is it right to spend twenty millions of dollars upon buildings which are to disappear as in a night? These structures are really not of an impermanent character. They are of strong steel arches, and even the exterior can be easily repaired and kept in shape. In China I have had buildings pointed out to me as more than a hundred years old, whose outer walls were lathed and plastered. The things

THE ART GALLERIES.

THE HORTICULTURAL AND ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING.

that are now done in these great buildings for exhibition purposes, could be carried on for profit. The city of Chicago should become the owner of these buildings as it already owns the ground upon which they are erected. Then it could lease the leather building, for instance, to a great manufacturer, who would bind himself to make his plant so complete that it would be a school of instruction at all times to the maker and dealer.

The press manufacturers of the United States could well afford to keep under one roof every model of their skill. I had occasion, less than a year ago, to make a study of this class of work, and spent many weary days tramping through printing establishments in order that I might be able to comprehend the latest improvements and get an idea of the best machinery required for the manufacture of The Cosmopolitan. I could have accomplished this purpose at the Exposition with one-tenth of the labor then required.

So the great hall of cars and locomotives and boats could become a place where transportation and railway officials could be sure to find at all times the latest improvements in rolling-stock or boats. And this applies with like force to the Electrical building, and equally to almost every other class of exhibits. The Liberal Arts building could be turned into a great bazar, and the exhibits be maintained in proportions so vast that buyers would flock from all parts of the country.

It is Chicago's opportunity. The whole range of arts within easy daily reach for demonstration; an object lesson, teaching the dignity of labor; an opportunity for the poorer student to earn the needed portion of his college expenses; greatest of all, a central point, at which could be exhibited the progress of invention, the perfection of mechanical skill, the most recent advances in the whole range of art and science. It will be a pity if Chicago, which has shown itself so full of resources, shall fail to seize this opportunity.

A FIRST IMPRESSION.

By Walter Besant.

ON the opening of a certain Congress —one of those recently held in connection with the World's Fair — there was an evening Reception. At this Function, after the manner of the American and English folk, speeches were delivered. There were nine of these, not counting the chairman. Eight, still not counting the chairman, though they began on other subjects, presently, because it was impossible to avoid it, dropped into the subject of the World's Fair, and spoke of it in such terms of eulogy as the Exhibition itself compelled and their command of language allowed. When it came to the last speaker, a modest Englishman, and therefore no orator, he too would fain have spoken of the World's Fair, after two days' experience, but all that he had proposed to say had been said before he arose by the preceding eight. All his adjectives, in fact, had been already used. Without adjectives how can a man express admiration or amazement or their opposites? And his — those that he needed—had all been used already by the speakers who came before him. Therefore he had to content himself with a few phrases of commonplace and then to sit down, conscious of the comparison, greatly to his own disadvantage, that would naturally be drawn between his halting hesitancy and the national fluency; between American and English speech-making. Something of the same difficulty is met with again, when, after all the special correspondents and all preceding visitors have been at work upon the Fair for three months, describing, admiring and exhausting the adjectives, one sits down to write on first impressions. What—whose—impressions, first or last, have not been already offered to the public over and over and over again? Yet, after all, man is individual. Each of us sees with his own eyes, and no two pair of eyes are alike.

To begin with, such a paper cannot be critical. The exhibition, the whole world's industries, the illustration and record up to the day of the whole advance of science in every department, the collection of all the arts now practised in the

world of art: such a colossal enterprise can only be surveyed, subject by subject. The World's Fair, in short, is another edition, the latest and most complete, and by far the best illustrated, of an Ecumenical Encyclopædia, published in one enormous volume. In this collection of history, geography, science, literature, art and everything else, one can, perhaps, by careful search, discover omissions, and an expert might amuse himself, and gratify his envy, by reporting, or pretending to find, incompleteness of treatment in his own subjects. But no ordinary visitor, no single writer, can hope to produce any paper, appreciative, critical or adequate, of this Encyclopædia as a whole. The wise man, therefore, will not attempt such a thing.

Where the visitor happens to be a literary man, one who is in the habit of writing and speaking of things offered to the public, he wanders about the courts and galleries of the Exhibition, oppressed, far more than the inarticulate person, by the vastness of the subject. To such a man the great truth that he cannot say anything adequate, and that he need not try, falls upon his spirit, when it is once grasped, like a cool shower upon a hot afternoon. It lends a new and quite peculiar charm to the Show. He is free from the obligation of thinking what he should say; he need not try to reduce impressions into phrases, as the school-boy turns the conditions of a problem into equations; he need not cast about for a formula, or an epigram, or anything incisive, or a new adjective; he need not be anxious to pronounce a judgment worthy of his reputation, if he has any; he can become an ordinary visitor, silent, open-mouthed—of whom nothing is expected; he can be carried away by the mere semblance and outward show of things, by the mere profession of beauty and magnificence. Into every other Art gallery, every other kind of Show he carries his measuring rod and his canons of art. These, in the World's Fair, he can leave behind him, unless he means to consecrate a considerable part of his natural span to the contents of the buildings: he will be content to enter into the spirit of the designers, and to suffer himself to fall into the restful spirit of one who receives without question and is thankful.

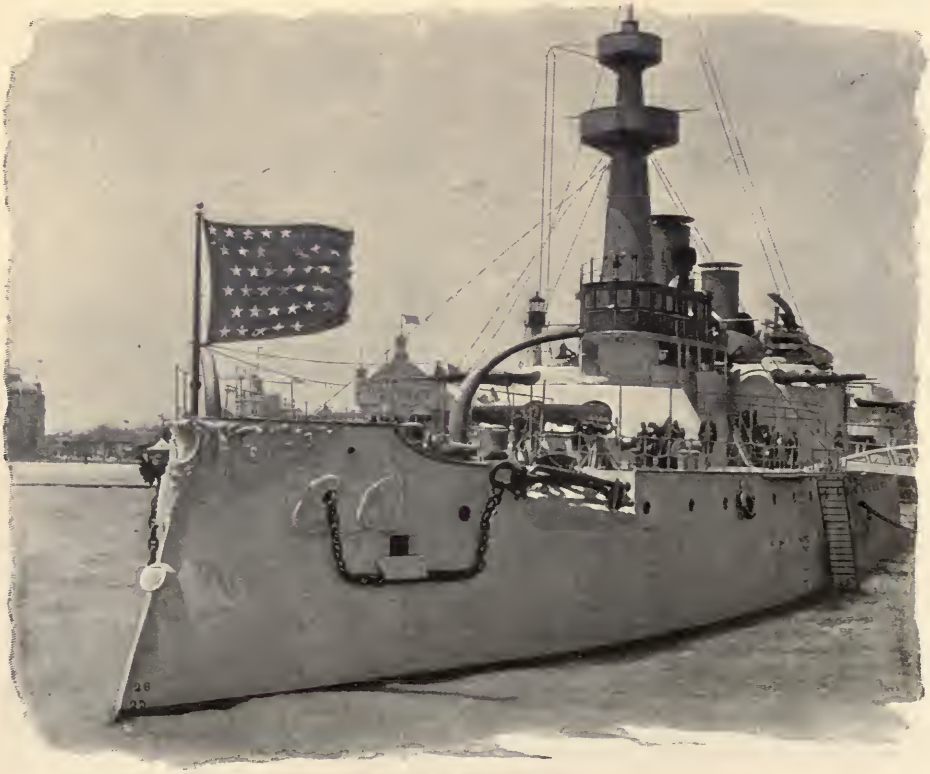
My own method, with a new poem, a new play, a new novel, a new essay, is to yield myself up altogether to the story; I place myself in the author's hands; I try to find out what he wishes to tell me, and I give him every chance to hypnotize me into absolute and complete subjection

A WHEEL-CHAIR STATION NEAR THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

to his will. When he has finished; when the story is over; when the afterglow itself, which should last a long time, is also over: then, and not till then, let me bring to bear upon the subject such critical powers as may be mine. And, since other things press, the latter process is frequently deferred and finally forgotten. You would be astonished—you who want to criticise first, and to enjoy, afterwards, anything that may be left—if you could find out how much mental worry is saved by this, the inverted method, and how much more solid satisfaction one may get in this way from modern art. Yonder portrait, for instance. It is a striking face; there must be an interesting story written on that face, if one could read it; it is instructive to stand in front of it for a while, in order to read that story. Says the critic: "The painting is thin; the shadows are not deep enough; the drawing is feeble; the face is flat; the flesh is hard." Very likely. Very likely, indeed, my friend. I do not greatly care if it is as you say. And, to be sure, now one has finished reading the story, and has begun upon the critical chapter, one perceives—but let us go on to the next picture. Perhaps we shall find another episode from the Human Comedy written there; it is a pity to waste time, of which we have so little, in the discovery of faults which we cannot mend, and in telling the world what the world may, if it cares, find out for itself.

For these reasons, I am not sorry to have no adjectives left. They have all been used already by descriptive and critical writers. There is not a single picturesque word left for me to use, not a phrase left for me to invent. Yet these are to be my "first impressions." Let us fall back on the old adjectives.

It is so big, to begin with. The guidebooks spare one not a single fact to illustrate this vastness: They tell us, to a cartload, how many tons of materials have been used, how many acres of glass give light to the whole, how many acres of ground are covered. Yet figures by themselves convey no impression of vastness.



THE ILLINOIS BATTLESHIP.

A TERRACE ON THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING.

The human mind cannot grasp the meaning of figures when they get beyond a certain number; the native Australian, for instance, who can only understand the number of his ten fingers, uses for all numbers above and beyond the tenth, one single expression—he says "eighty-eight." Why eighty-eight instead of anything else? I know not. But, to me, as to the Australian child of nature, these figures of tons, acres, cart-loads, are exactly represented by the term "eighty-eight." It is big—oh, so big! How big? "Eighty-eight." What on earth does one want more? And its cost has been an amount hitherto inconceivable. How much? O, "eighty-eight." Is it possible? These statistics are most interesting. We will now lay the guide-book on the grass, for any one to pick up, and go on without it.

Apart from their curious tendency to become "eighty-eight," figures, when they are very large—indeed, and things in general, when they are very large—have a way of saddening him who contemplates them. Vastness of all kinds oppresses the soul with sadness. For instance, from the railway between Turin and the top of the pass over the Alps, one looks out upon the grandest mass of mountain—icy glaciers, ruthless precipices, snowy slopes, relentless aiguilles—that one can find in Europe. One is overawed with the mere vastness of this mass. I once observed, during the journey, a girl who turned from the contemplation of that mighty mass of mountain with eyes overflowing. She quickly put up her handkerchief and blushed for shame that she should be thus moved. I longed to say to her, but could not, for the ordinary reasons: "My child, you cry because the thing is so great; for the same reason, too, I could cry. How this effect is produced; what is the connection between vastness and this emotion; why the lachrymal duct is affected and the pocket-handkerchief required—I know not. If you please, we will look out once more and weep together." Or there is—which must be the leading case on this subject—the Weeping Xerxes. He wept at the sight of his immense army when he held his big March Past. He said he wept to think that in a hundred years they would be all dead. The Persian monarch did not know much. He wept, in reality, because the immensity of the multitude

(the total number of men who marched with him into Greece was "eighty-eight") quite overpowered him. That was the reason, and nothing else.

The Bigness of the World's Fair first strikes and bewilders — one tries in vain to understand it—and then it saddens. I observe that most people, like Xerxes, set down their tears to the evanescent nature of the show. "Three months more," they say, "and it will be gone like a dream. We weep. The pity of it!" Nay, dear friends, but the Vastness of it!

Then there is the Unexpectedness of it! Never was any place so Unexpected. The special correspondents and the illustrated papers have done their best to bring the place home to us: but, you see, description never describes. Read any description you please, written by the most picturesque of living word painters: nothing that he writes can ever convey a real impression. Oh! you may point at once, on arrival, to the Woman's building, or to the Manufactures building; you recognize them because you saw the pictures in the Illustrated London News. Quite faithful pictures they were, yet—yet—did you expect, at all, what you see before you? What did the descriptive writer and the artist between them, teach you? The form of the thing, not its surroundings and its setting; not its atmosphere; not its color; not its individuality. These things cannot be put into words or into drawings, and they make up the Unexpectedness.

Then again, the Poetry of the thing! Did the conception spring from one brain, like the Iliad? Were these buildings — every one, to the unprofessional eye, a miracle of beauty —thus arranged so as to produce this marvellous effect of beauty by one master brain, or by many? For never before, in any age, in any country, has there been so wonderful an arrangement of lovely buildings as at Chicago in the present year of grace! The Hanging Gardens of Babylon—which some of us may remember as belonging to a previous existence—were fine. There were some very fine things in Rome, especially when Nero was emperor and architect, but the common people saw little of his palace. There was rather a nice little show in London thirty years ago, and another, not without its points, in Philadelphia, seventeen

A TRADE BUILDING ON THE CANAL.

years ago. But no where, at any time, has there been presented to the world any group of buildings so entirely beautiful in themselves and in their arrangement, as this group at Chicago, which they call the World's Fair.

No one who has not seen these buildings believes those who unreservedly proclaim the unexampled beauty of the group. Why? First, because, as maintained above, description cannot describe; and next, because out of America, no one believes that there are any beautiful buildings in America; and thirdly, because, to the English mind, Chicago presents itself as the most prosaic spot on the whole of this earth.

Those English travellers who have written of Chicago dwell upon its vast wealth, its ceaseless activity, its enormous blocks of houses and offices, upon everything that is in Chicago except that side of it which is revealed in the World's Fair. Yes, it is a very busy place; its wealth is boundless, but it has been able to conceive somehow, and has carried into execution somehow, the greatest and most poetical dream that we have ever seen. Call it no more the White City on the Lake; it is Dreamland. Apollo and the Muses with the tinkling of their lyres, drown the bells of the train and the trolley; the people dream epics; Art and Music and Poetry belong to Chicago; the Hub of the universe is transferred from Boston to Chicago; this place must surely become, in the immediate future, the center of the nobler world—the world of Art and Letters.

As for Exhibitions—things shown—I do not love them. Early in life I was prejudiced against them. It was in this way. I wish—now—that I had been born in the seventies, in which case I should at this moment be delightfully young. Not having been consulted, so far as I remember, I was born in good time for the exhibition of fifty-one. I was taken there as one of a small company of boys. The visit was designed strictly for instruction. Improvement was "rubbed in"—as they say in ninety-three—during the whole of that long, dull, dreary day. We were told not to

ARCH OVER CANAL.

LA RABIDA.

forget this and to make a note of that. I remember—it is forty-two years since that day—how wonder and delight quickly gave way to satiety, and that, in its turn to utter weariness, and that to silent apathy. What do I remember out of it all? The Koh-i-noor—because it was so small a thing to have such a fuss made about it—the statue of the Greek Slave, because one of the boys afterwards said that had it not been for an assurance that tea and cakes would begin immediately, he would have hit that Greek Slave over her unprotected head in order to begin a row—and a group of stuffed marmosets playing a game of quoits. That is all I remember about the great Exhibition of 1851.

Exhibitions thus became, to my youthful mind, collections brought together for the instruction and improvement of youth under the pretence of amusement. I still regard exhibitions with some prejudice, and I still look around—I never fail to find them—for the family party trailing round the galleries; for the weariness of the children's limbs, the dragging of their feet, the set mouth and the glazing eye. What I have desired all my life is an Exhibition without exhibits, and at Chicago that great and long-felt want is provided. There are, I believe, exhibits provided in the buildings, if you choose to go and look at them. But you need not. For the uncommercial drummer, the bagman without his bags, for one who is not in the least interested in machinery, processes, and the way in which things are made, there need be no exhibits at all and one can meditate undisturbed by the intrusion of exhibits, as long as he pleases, about and around and among the buildings, and the waters and the walks of the Fairy palace beside the lake.

Next, there are the people at the Fair. It is part of my profession to watch people. As they pass along the street, or as they sit in the tram car, or in the railway train, it is a never ending joy to watch them. When they are silent one can read their faces, build up stories out of the sadness, the resignation, the impatience, or the happiness which they cannot choose but reveal all unconsciously. When they talk, which they do whenever they have companions, they reveal themselves still more. Then one listens to the most curious details and the most astonishing anecdotes. Thus one becomes aware that in our crowded cities there are indeed many

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

AN ENTRANCE TO THE FISHERIES BUILDING.

other ways of life than we know. Therefore, it goes without saying, that next to the buildings, the most interesting exhibit in the World's Fair is that of the people who crowd it.

At present, they are all Americans. Once or twice, here and there, one perceives an Englishman; one catches the English accent, thicker of speech, quicker of speech, than the American. Once or twice one hears, not without a sense of incongruity, that intonation of East Essex which has conquered London, and produced the patois known as Cockney. Here and there are Germans, but they are American Germans. The great mass of people are Americans, and as might be expected, people of what in Europe they call the lower class. Perhaps this invidious distinction cannot be admitted in a land of equality. Let us say then, that the mass of the people are, apparently, of that very large class who do not possess the highest culture, the widest knowledge, the finest education or the largest fortunes —in a word, the Average People. It is for them that this Fair has been designed; every national work must be designed for the Average People; not for the few at the top or for the helpless lot in the gutter,

WEST FAÇADE OF THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

COURT OF LA RABIDA.

but for the Average. Therefore, I walked with the crowd, and looked on with their eyes, and tried to learn what they were learning.

Even a small crowd is difficult to follow collectively; one presently has to make a selection. A pair is best, a married pair, not too young, of the average age, appearance, dress and manners. Such a pair I found at the Fair, both of them, to look at, from thirty-five to forty years of age. They had a rustic look, yet not of the rusticity which we find in Great Britain. They came from the country — that was certain—but one can hardly explain why it was certain. This pair, at the time when I lit upon them, had been walking about for a long time; the woman was almost overcome with weariness; the man had still some strength and resolution left, but the lines in his face were hardening; he had seen already more than his mind could absorb: the rest of the day, though this he knew not, would be unprofitable. "See here," he said, "I must see this"—he stood before I know not what exhibit in I know not what gallery—"If you must," his wife murmured patiently. Then she found a bench and sat down waiting. A sudden change fell upon her face; the deep lines vanished; the glazed eye brightened, but with a far-off gaze; she lifted her drooping head and her lips parted. For, you see, though she was sitting all in the midst of marvels; though she was in a treasure house, she had gone clean away out of it, careless of all; in the flesh she was in it, but in the spirit she was back again in her own home, and she was putting out the cups and saucers, for it was near time for supper.

No traveller, says the philosopher, can take away from a place more than he brought thither. This is a hard saying. What, then, will this Average couple who are so tired out by the many things they have seen, carry away from the Fair? Assuredly, if they were ignorant of machinery, of science, of arts, of the thousand inventions, ingenuities and cunning devices of men before they entered the place, they will go out of it in equal ignorance.

To see the whirring of wheels does not teach the application of steam, nor is one taught the conquest of electricity by listening to the tubes of a phonograph. A machine will remain, to the Average Pair, a contrivance for saving labor and for doing a thing quickly. In the same way one does not learn Art by walking through a picture gallery. A picture, to the Average Pair, will remain a painted story and generally a story not worth

the trouble of telling. But they will see something that they know; something done infinitely better than they ever saw it before. Agricultural implements and scientific cultivation of the soil, women's work—needlework and all kinds of work—food stuffs, carriages, harness, household furniture—all the things that belong to the daily life, and seeing these things they will compare, learn, reflect and go home all the wiser.

Again; they have had a vision. Let us remember that many of these people belong to that vast country west and south and northwest of Chicago which is newly settled, newly populated, and without noble or venerable buildings. Americans of the east are brought up in, or near, cities which are full of great buildings, some of which are beautiful and even venerable. Our own people live among the most beautiful village churches and the most lovely old houses. Our little island is crammed with ancient memories and places made sacred, even to the rustics, by mere memories. This Average western couple have no such surroundings, and no such memories. Here they see, for the first time, such buildings as they have never before imagined. These lines of columns; these many statues standing against the deep, blue sky; these domes; these carvings and towers and marvels reflected in the waters of the Lagoon—will this Pair ever forget them? When they have seen at night the innumerable lines of white electric light; the domes outlined with the yellow light; the electric fountain; the illuminations; the gleaming waters—will this weary Pair from an unlovely Average village—can they—ever forget the scene? Never. It will remain in their minds as the Vision of St. John—an actual sight of the New Jerusalem; all the splendors that the apostle describes they will henceforth understand. A new sense has been awakened in them. Possessed by this great gift, they will go home again.

Is this all? I think not. In the achievements of science, machinery, electricity; in the thousand applications of Art; in everything that has been brought before them; they will learn respect for things if not for those who make them—things which they cannot make for themselves. Respect is a lesson very hard to teach to people who are ignorant

of what things mean. How can they respect a great painter when they do not know a great painting? Therefore, this Average Pair will not respect this or that great man, because they cannot compare, but they will respect the great thing done.

And they will see what is done by other countries, which is a very wholesome lesson for the Average Man, who is apt to think all other countries, in everything, far below his own. This Average Man will in future acknowledge that some good things may be done even in England and France and Germany.

And if they are so fortunate as to be guided in the right direction the Average Pair will be led to look a little into the history of humanity. They will, if they are so guided, learn to take a wider view of this world, to see in the advance of man the development of some purpose hitherto obscurely understood. There are the savages in their place, the archæological things in their place; everything that tells of man's slow and gradual advance, step by step. Do you think it is a bad thing for the Average Pair so to be lifted out of their insulation and made to feel themselves, however imperfectly, part and parcel of the chain whose beginning can never be traced, whose end will never arrive? But I fear they will not get that guidance.

To make an end of First Impressions: It is a very good thing for all of us, especially for those who live in cities and easily fall into the belief that "all the world is old, and all the leaves are brown, and all the tales are told, and all the wheels run down," that the world is, on the other hand, still quite young and vigorous; that there are places where the abounding vitality of youth is always in evidence; that there is no past but that of childhood, and the present is nothing but an eager race, a contest of athletes, and the future is—they know not what, save that they live in sure and certain hope and faith that it is rich and splendid and that there will be glorious battle for the foremost prize. Such a place is the Capital of the West; of such youth and strength are the actual working burgesses of that city.

UNDER THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

THE FOREIGN BUILDINGS.

By Price Collier.

IN addition to the exhibits in the different departments of the Fair, many foreign nations have erected separate buildings, in which they have their headquarters and, in most instances, also objects of national interest. They are very happily situated along the lake front, extending back as far as the North pond.

If one were to choose the most costly building, or the most quaint, or the most attractive, or the most bizarre, for a first description, it were easy to make a selection. France, however, in her own words, "En acceptant, la première entre toutes les nations étrangères, de participer à l'exposition universelle à Chicago," deserves, perhaps, first mention. The main building, with two pavilions connected by a semi-circular colonnade, and the inclosure thus formed is a lovely garden, brought to its present beauty by the skill of the assistant municipal landscape gardener from Paris. The pavilion at the north end contains an exhibit from the municipality of Paris. Here one may see models of everything used in the fire department, police and street-cleaning departments, the public and the technical schools —the exhibits, in fact, being an object lesson in the study of the care of Paris. In the south pavilion is a large room which is an exact copy of the salon d'Hércule at Versailles, where Louis XVI. received our ambassador, Benjamin Franklin. Tapestries and furniture of exquisite texture and form, and rare paintings, and many relics of the patriot Lafayette, are here. Indeed, this room is an expression of sentiment, and a very fitly chosen one. The only bit of bad color in the room is, alas! a chair-cushion embroidered for Lafayette by Martha Washington.

Next door is the Ceylon pavilion. This is built throughout of native woods and was put up in Ceylon, brought here in pieces, and put together again by native workmen. The architecture is representative of the ancient temples in Kandy and the main object of its being here is to represent the enormous tea industry of the island, which exported twenty million pounds of tea in 1892 alone. A beautiful pillar of carved ebony and satinwood, in the middle of the building, contains a stairway leading to a daintily-furnished tea-room above. Below are exhibits of ebony and other woods, basket work, tea, coffee, minerals, and samples of practically all the products of the island. The delicacy and intricacy of the hand-carving throughout the building almost makes the eyes impatient, and one sees how time and labor are of no account there, and how, verily, fifty years of Europe are better than a cycle of Cathay.

The Germans may be proud of the building next in line, probably the largest and most costly of all. The massive walls are richly decorated and the roof is covered with glistening glazed tiles, and the style is technically that of the early German renaissance. The chief exhibits inside this German house are the publishers' collective exhibit, and examples of church decorative art, the latter arranged becomingly in a chapel adapted to the purpose.

The construction of this building alone cost the German government something over a quarter of a million of dollars, and there is no evidence here in this splendid example of middle-age Teutonic architecture of the internecine monetary discussions now rife in the Vaterland.

South of this and also facing on the lake front, stands the rather somber-looking building of Spain. It is an exact reproduction of a three-fourth's section of the silk exchange at Valencia. The section here represented shows the column-hall and tower, wherein bankrupt merchants were confined. Inside the building are the offices of the Spanish commission and many interesting relics of Columbus, including some of his letters, and a sword which belonged to his vivacious and lovely patroness, Isabella.

At the extreme south end of this line of foreign buildings, and still facing on the lake front, are the Canadian and English buildings. The Canadian building is a plain, unornamented structure, designed by the Department of Public Works in

INDIA.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Ottawa. The main building is two stories high with three entrances and around the whole of the house runs a broad veranda. In the building the interior walls, floors and ceilings are of highly polished native woods.

Strange to say, the English building, officially named the Victoria house, has for near neighbors the two detestations of the provincial Britisher, viz. : a huge soda-water pavilion and a colossal clam-bake pavilion. The house itself is said to be, at any rate by the "bobby" at the entrance, "haf the time of Enery Heighth." It is a half-timber building, with facings of red brick and oval windows. Inside the building are the offices of the British commission, a large reception-room and library, a post-office exhibit showing the development of the postal system in Great Britain, and some few pieces of fine pottery. The crowd who pass through the building, between cords, become animated only when they see the large oil painting of the "Queen's Garden Party," which introduces them to royalties in profusion—and in frock-coats—and to such celebrities as Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Gladstone and others, at whom they point rejoicingly with fingers and umbrellas, in the vain desire to feel at home and welcome, amid such a labyrinth of red-tape.

Leaving the lake front now, the other foreign buildings are grouped together behind the line of houses just described.

FRANCE.

The most imposing are those of Brazil, Sweden, the East India building, and that of Venezuela. If one will consent to take his luncheon at the Polish café — and probably no one having reached the age of gastronomic consent would willingly do so without some special inducement — he may sit upon the upper balcony of that hostelry and get a capital panoramic view of the foreign buildings. At the extreme right end of the line he can see England's house, and near it the Australia house of her colony New South Wales; the Hayti government building, with its broad piazzas and central dome; the back of the Spanish building; the towers and turrets of the German building; and just under his right elbow is the East India building, of yellow staff, with decorations in the heavy, luscious colors of the East, with yards and yards of delicate tracery, and inside all idols, ivory, tapestry and tea. Just in front of him he may look right through the handsome entrance into the Swedish building, and farther to the left there are the buildings of Brazil, Turkey, Venezuela, and, way to the north and west and just out of sight, on an island, the dainty house of Japan, where dolls might take tea together, but into which no man belonging to the civilization of double-soled boots would think of going. The lacquer work and the cunningly-devised joinery work of the Japan building must be seen to be appreciated.

One is somewhat surprised to find that bankrupt Turkey contrives to be so charmingly en evidence, surrounded as she is by the pavilions of her creditors. The building is entirely of native woods, carved by hand, and represents thousands of hours of painful chiselling. The urbane and beturbaned Turk, who, in a half hour's chat, claimed that his religion was quite as good, and showed conclusively, by material proofs, that his

ENGLAND.

cigarettes and coffee were much better than ours, told us that here were concentrated all of Turkey's exhibit. There is a wild profusion of inlaid work, minerals, rugs, ores, dried fruits, mineral waters, wines, tobacco and silks and brilliant-colored stuffs galore. The building represents a Turkish kiosk, or summer château, and is almost the most remarkable of the smaller foreign buildings.

Directly north of this Turkish kiosk is the splendid, great, white building of Brazil. The plan is in the form of a Greek cross, and a central dome rises to a height of nearly 150 feet. There are allegorical figures, representing the republic of Brazil, in bas-reliefs on the façades.

Among many other remarkable achievements of the guide-book, with which the visitors are all armed, the most daring is the construction of the Venezuela building "out of white marble, in the Greco-Roman style of architecture." The building is of staff, pure and simple—staff being, by the way, a composition of plaster, cement and hemp—but so cunningly colored as to resemble marble. The exhibit includes paintings by Cristoval Rojas, Herrera, Torro, and one or two other native painters, and many samples of minerals, marbles, woods, coffee, cocoa, drugs, fibers, and other products; and here again, as in the case of Turkey, the whole of the exhibit from Venezuela is under the roof of this building.

NORWAY.

CANADA.

The Swedish building, which suffers no indigestion, apparently, from its nearness to the Polish café, has a floor area of more than 10,000 feet and was manufactured in Sweden, temporarily put together there, taken to pieces and brought here. It is built of wood and different kinds of brick from the different brick-kilns of Sweden, and imposes, rather than is imposing, by virtue of its amorphous outlines. Underneath its roof is a collection of sporting goods,

furniture, embroideries, ores, steel, models wearing the native costume, and a handsome painting of the capitol of Sweden. The Swedish peasant girl plucking the petals of a daisy, to see "s'il m'aime, un peu, beaucoup, passionément ou pas du tout," who stands in a niche in the wall, gives a friendly air of kinship with all the world and makes one feel at home. Sweden is represented in this building also by a well-arranged exhibit of gymnastic apparatus, and of the world wide known Sloyd-school methods.

The building of Norway, not far away, is a small, oddly-built affair, all gables and corners, with queer-looking ornaments sticking out from the gable-ends, which look like the prows of vessels. It is of Norway pine throughout, and stands in grave contrast to its more pretentious neighbor Sweden.

Russia has no building, nor are Holland, Austria, Italy and China represented.

Costa Rica, at the east end of the North pond, has a plain, modest-looking structure of the Doric type, with wide porticos and a profusion of pillars, but, like the modest woman who goes inconspicuously clad in the street and only blazes forth, all white and jewels, in her own drawing-room, so Costa Rica, in an unsurpassed exhibit of tropical birds and flowers indoors, fairly flames with color.

Each of these buildings has its charm, and one may spend more than one day in rambling about this pleasant part of the Fair grounds, enlarging one's horizon at almost every step. There is something more than architecture, there is a moral and ethnical significance in the friendly propinquity of these foreign buildings. They come to know one another better and we get to know them, and "comprendre c'est pardonner." Much national as well as personal enmity is based on provinciality and misunderstanding. We discover that many of our virtues are equalled and surpassed by countries that we know little of, and this discovery makes us more modest and at the same time serves as an incentive to progress.

GERMANY.

IN FRONT OF THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

NOTES ON INDUSTRIAL ART IN THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

By George Frederick Kunz.

THE building devoted to the Departments of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, at the Columbian exposition, has an unheard-of amplitude of dimensions, its central hall being 1276 feet long, 387 feet wide, and 210 feet in height above the floor. While it was still empty, the most forcible reminder of its magnificent proportions was an apparent absence of perspective — an impossibility of realizing the space travelled over by the eye when looking from the one end to the other. It was plain to the most casual observation that an exhibition booth of ordinary dimensions would be reduced to insignificance under so spacious a canopy. With the notable exception of Great Britain, the European nations to which space was allotted in the central hall, have fixed the height of their pavilions with special reference to the altitude of the roof and the vast expanse of the floor. Karl Hoffacher, the architect of the German court, attacked the problem with a certain forceful deliberateness which has produced a very striking result. The structure is of the style of the German renaissance, and its front on the central circle is flanked by two square towers, having supporting Ionic pillars, and a decorated plinth upholding golden eagles. The ascending series of towers, domes and arches have a grandiose effect, and from the fountains at the base to Reinhold Begas superb "Germania" group in hammered copper, which surmounts the highest pedestal, every detail bears the stamp of artistic breadth and decision.

The great wrought-iron gates, by Armbrüster, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, which mark the main entrance to the German pavilion, are the finest and most impressive specimens of this kind of work of which our country has seen.

France has reared a less lofty pavilion than Germany, but all through it, has preserved a quiet, tasteful dignity which commands admiration. The French installation in this department is an object lesson in the artistic method of industrial

Nothing can give a better idea of the vastness of the Liberal Arts building than the photograph which heads this page, taken from the gallery at the top of the central elevator. The word "Austria" is painted in large letters on the side of a main gallery. The circular framework in the picture is the support from which the electric arc lights depend fifty feet below, the lines being supports from the truss above. The people on the floor appear as mere spots.

presentation, as well as in the true theory of exposition organization. None but representative firms in their special lines were admitted as exhibitors, and the selection was made by committees of the various arts and industries whose products are shown here. The government architects originated the general plan of the court, prescribed the details of its external decoration, designed the central hall, devoted to the products of the national factories of Gobelins, Sevres and Bauvais, and the room in which the bronzes are displayed. For the rest, the committee of each class of manufactures—furniture, textiles, ceramics, etc.—had its own architect and decorator, and the installation, from the form of the show-cases to the ornamentation of the panels, has a carefully studied congruity, heightened, if possible, by a strict attention on the part of the exhibitor to the artistic grouping of his wares.

ARCH IN AUSTRIAN SECTION.

A FRIEZE.

Among the other national pavilions the most characteristic are those of Russia, Denmark, Norway and Japan. The Russian, which is the work of Petrovo Ropette, shows an effective and massive combination of Byzantine style with Slavic method and detail, and will, we hope, become the property of some American museum.

Germany, France and Great Britain have each 100,000 square feet of exposition space, and they occupy three great squares, grouped around the central circle of the building, in the middle of which is the clock-tower erected by the Construction department of the exposition. On the fourth square are the exhibits of the United States, but these occupy the whole northeastern section of the building, covering in all some 300,000 square feet. No attempt was made to treat this as a whole —to arrange it in a series of trade courts —as was urged by the intelligent and far-seeing chief of the department, Mr. James Allison. The rule was that each exhibitor should be left to provide for his own booth, the design of which should be approved by the Construction department,

A RECEPTION-ROOM—FRENCH SECTION.

and as much harmony of plan and grouping secured as the extremely varied character of the exhibits would permit. But the fact forced itself on the attention of those in authority that, facing the pavilion of Germany on one side and that of France on the other, the scattered booths of American exhibitors would look shabby by contrast. A similar conclusion impressed itself, after the opening of the Fair, on the minds of the exhibitors of the united textile industries, and Mr. Henry Ives Cobb was summoned to do for their somber and unadorned assemblage of showcases what should have been done at the beginning.

Three New York firms accepted the task of making for the United States section a front pavilion that would maintain the dignity and reputation of the country. The result is a very successful piece of work, which may fairly challenge comparison with that of any of the foreign constructors. It is a product of the architectural skill of Mr. John Du Fais, of New York city. The design is conceived in a more severe and classical style than would be deemed fitting for an ephemeral exhibition booth, intended solely for the purpose of displaying its contents. The order chosen is Doric, but Doric treated in a more airy and playful manner than if it were designed for execution in an enduring material. It is fancifully enriched with pale color and a profusion of gold. The column rising from the center of the façade attains, with its crowning ball and eagle—which is by the hand of the now well-known sculptor, Philip Martini—a height of one hundred feet, and is strictly classical in its proportions.

At the point where art and manufactures meet, there is no more interesting class of products than those in bronze. Of these the United States show but few examples, the best being the busts by Rhind in the Gorham Manufacturing Company's exhibit. The impression which Russia made with her bronzes in 1876 has been repeated here, but in the interim the works of the chief Russian artists in bronze have become familiar to the American public. The two exhibitors of Russian bronzes at the exposition are

N. Stange and C. F. Woerffel, both of St. Petersburg. The former of these is the sole possessor of the right to reproduce the works of Eugene Lançeray, whose death in 1885 closed a picturesque and brilliant artistic career. Lançeray's last work, an "Arab Fantasy," a spirited equestrian piece done by the artist when fresh from the study of the types of the desert, is on exhibition here, as are also many of his earlier and better known productions. The chief contributors to the Woerffel collection are Lieberich, Ober, Posen, Laveretsky, Popoff, Gratscheff and Bach. Prince Potemkin, the favorite of Catherine II., has the reputation of having given the first artistic impulse to Russian bronze founding. In the early part of the century Russia's achievements in this line were more remarkable than they are in our time, as the monumental works of the horses on the Anitchikoff bridge, the doors of St. Isaac's cathedral and the statues of Peter the Great and Alexander I. sufficiently attest. The most characteristic features of the Russian bronzes of today are their realistic modeling and finish, and the almost uniformly national stamp of their subjects. In this they show a marked difference from the productions of the French school represented here in the exhibits of LeBlanc Barbedienne, Thiébaut Frères, Susses Frères and half a dozen others. Among the most notable pieces in the Barbedienne collection are Barye's "La Force and L'Ordre" and "Theseus fighting the Centaur." Other works worthy of attention are the "Plaint of Orpheus," by Howard Verlet, and "The Tiller" (À la Terre), by Boucher. The lovers of artistic tours de force will be interested in examining the reproduction of a famous bronze from the Museum of Madrid, representing Charles V. standing over the prostrate figure of conquered heterodoxy. The armor of the emperor is adjustable, and when taken off shows a strongly molded figure harmonizing perfectly with the whole composition. In the same collection is a great cabinet of ebony and bronze equally remarkable for workmanship and design. Among the Susse bronzes the most ambitious is a reproduction on a scale of one-third of the monument to General Chanzy erected at Le Mans. An "Orpheus and Eurydice," by August Paris, an "Algerian Girl," by Barrias, a very delightful conception of "Mignon," by Mengin, and a delicate

NEAR THE CENTER OF THE BUILDING.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE EXHIBITS.

and spirited study by Moreau called "After School," are among the other notable pieces.

Interesting examples of the Cire-Perdue or "Lost Wax" process of bronze founding may be studied in the Thiébaut exhibit. The process, which consists of casting, in one pouring and in a single piece, from a model in wax which is fused and expelled as the molten metal takes its place in the surrounding mold, is said to have been first employed by Rhœcus of Samos, 700 years B.C., but its revival dates from the age of Columbus—the Italian renaissance. The much-exhibited Doré vase (La Vigne) occupies the place of honor among the Thiébaut exhibits.

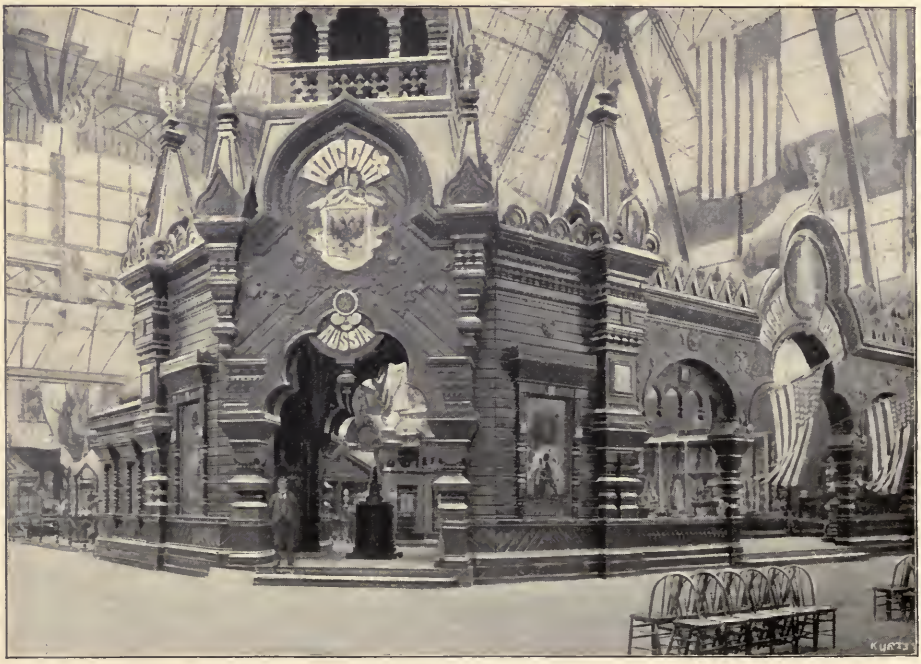
In the Belgian court there is a "Leonidas at Thermopylæ," by Georges Geefs, the artistic force of which is not enhanced by the statement that it is a product of the "Cire-Perdue" process. There is less question about the fitness of employing the wax model for the other great Belgian bronze, a huge twelve-fronted vase, the chief feature of whose lavish decoration is a girdling mass of peacock's feathers bent upwards. This shows an unusual perfection of casting and bears the stamp of Japanese art interpreted and applied by an European sculptor and medalist, Ringel D'illzac.

The two chief exhibitors of Italian bronzes are Nelli of Rome, and Pendiani of Milan. The most remarkable works shown by the former are reproductions of classic art from the statues in the Vatican gallery, like the two gladiators—Damussenо and Creucante—which stand at the entrance to the Italian pavilion. The works from Milan are more varied and popular. As a concession to a commercial taste, Pandiani has several examples in silvered bronze, which may have a certain fitness for a group like "Les Demoiselles de la Cour," but which, like all that tends to change the true patinage of the bronze, is a derogation of its dignity. The "Amour dans la Cave" of Guzzardi is a good example of the prevailing Italian style of art in bronze, which derives its inspiration chiefly from pictures of attested popularity, and reproduces some of the least

serious of incidents in the most enduring of materials. Not so with the Japanese, who, with all their devotion to things that sell, have not made any essential changes in their bronzes to suit the requirements of western taste. An exhibitor from Tokio shows two vases, four hundred years old, which are less recognizably oriental in treatment than the contemporary products beside them. One may object to the lavish elaboration of detail in the make up of a titanic demigod, standing on the prostrate demons of the nether world, but there can be no dispute about it being pure Japanese. The finest bronzes, as well as lacquer, which Japan sends here, are in the Art building.

In jewelry, the United States challenges comparison with the world. The foreign exhibits are not equal, either in quantity or in quality, to those made at the Paris exposition of 1889. Three or four of the leading jewelers of France are missing here; and Russia, Denmark and Norway, with the exception of the transparent enamels which were only in the experimental stage, show nothing that is novel. The jewelry of Germany is strikingly deficient in originality, the Hanau exhibitors being content, apparently, with stereotyped commercial forms. There is a fancifully set case of Baroque pearls which are specially interesting, but they do little more than duplicate those of Dinglinger made two centuries ago. The English jewelry exhibit is notably weak, and what there is of it suggests a still more slavish adhesion to accepted designs than those of Germany, The best East India work is not represented at all, and Italy, with all its profusion, can hardly have been said to have maintained its past great reputation. It is to be regretted that Siam withdrew a superb collection of antique enamel and jewelled gold work for lack of a guarantee of absolute safety.

In the few exhibits of pure jewelry made by France, that of Vever, one of its greatest jewelers, is preëminent. His case contains many fine gems, and some large floral pieces in diamonds treated with unusual taste and success. There is also a jewel casket, which is an exquisite specimen of enameled work, and an illuminated missal whose cover is a marvel of rich and beautiful enameling. A night lamp, in gold and silver, is also a fine example of the use of enamel, and some



THE RUSSIAN SECTION.

ENTRANCE TO THE ITALIAN SECTION.

rock crystal whist-counters, incised from below with Louis Quinze designs, represent unique and characteristic types of manipulation.

In all that suggests progress, either in workmanship or design, in the products of the silversmith, the great American exhibitors show a superiority as clearly marked as in jewelry. England, the home of silverware, sends here a few small cases of articles of antique design, reinforced only by a combined exhibit of the Manufacturing Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, which has patriotically undertaken to occupy the place left vacant by artificers of greater note. This firm shows a Columbian shield, on which are represented various scenes illustrative of the discovery of America. It is a piece of work more obviously painstaking than artistic. A similar criticism will apply to the caskets in the same pavilion, which are, however, interesting examples of the art of damascening as practised in England. Germany shows nothing but reproductions of the sixteenth and seventeenth century and other periods of the past of silverware, but among the Imperial Government exhibits there are a number of presentation pieces of the greatest historical value. The liberality with which the most distinguished men of the empire and the representatives of other countries, now no longer living, have lent these priceless articles for exhibition here, is merely part of the generous and magnanimous policy which Germany has displayed in her whole connection with the Fair.

Russia, Norway and Denmark show a great deal of silver, most of it having a purely commercial stamp. Nowhere has the souvenir rage run riot so manifestly as in the silver exhibits at the Fair. From the Russian and Scandinavian examples in this line it is apparent that

AN EXHIBIT OF BRONZES.

while such a stimulus as this may have promoted production, it yields nothing in art above the level of the commonplace. The Russians are represented by two of their leading firms. Both have some fine examples of the peculiar Byzantine type of decoration. In the Moscow case there are samples of presentation silverware, like the magnificent platter belonging to the Czarewitch, a bowl of the Preobra-Jensky Life Guard, and a model of a Greek galley, which reveal a noticeable originality and felicity of treatment. In the Turkish pavilion, there is a vase and a tea-set made of a combination of silver with a green, transparent enamel, which are among the most beautiful examples of such work at the exposition.

But the triumphs of the art of the silversmith are to be found in the American exhibits. Among the most novel and charming features of the Gorham exhibit are a number of examples of translucent enamels worked on silver fret-work. The gem of the collection is a cup of fine blues, which will stand comparison with the best work of the Russian originals of this kind of art. There are also some fine pitchers and vases, made by blowing colored glass into pieces of silver worked into open engraved designs, and the treatment here of Rookwood pottery by enveloping it in silver and afterwards, by cutting, making a rich combination between the exposed surface of the pottery and the metal, is a novel and interesting achievement.

In the Tiffany pavilion the silverwork embraces the blending with enamels of all kinds, both transparent and opaque, but more especially the latter, of several colors or tints in a single field. There are also superb examples of the inlaying of lapis-lazuli, sapphires, rubies, rhodonite, jade, smithsonite, moonstone, niello and other gems, copper, shodo and other quaint and

curious metals. The great magnolia enameled vase, the American flower set in Souchow chasing, the Viking bowls in etched iron and damascene work, are original and decided advances in the silversmith's art. The flower set represents work forty times the value of the silver.

The superb Russian exhibit of the Imperial Lapidary works at Peterhof, Ekaterinburg and Barnauhl claims attention here. It consists of two very remarkable pieces of a rich green jade, one in the form of a Roman vase, about thirteen inches in diameter and ten inches high, the other an oblong vessel, fifteen inches by eight, scroll-like in form, in the style of Louis Quinze. Both dishes are of such thinness and translucency that their color seems to be continually changing. They are accompanied by a very striking coupe of rhodonite, a cup of milky quartz, with transparent spots, and a small bowl, with movable handle, made out of one piece of milky quartz. The central feature of the exhibit is to be found in three magnificent cabinets of a hard stone mosaic, which, with the dishes grouped around them, constitute probably the most remarkable foreign contribution sent to the exposition. The central cabinet and the one to the right show on their panels richly-colored tropical scenes. The one has a blue fond of lapis-lazuli, the leaves being of green Kalkanski jasper, and the plumage of the tropical birds being formed by various colors of amethyst, lapis-lazuli and other gems. The other is remarkable in having a white fond, and shows a pelican with a fish in its beak, set in a rich bit of forest scenery.

IN THE JAPANESE SECTION.

In the front of the arched entrance to the French court stand two green and two blue vases, the production of the national porcelain factories of Sèvres. The blues have the well-known and incomparable depth of color which

the pâte tendre foreign imitators have vainly tried to produce. The greens are the latest achievement of Sèvres artificers and are the pride of the collection, albeit the casual observer probably takes them for granted, with the same indifference that he does other triumphs of manufacturing art in this building. The Sèvres factory sent here about two thousand different pieces, all of which, with the exception of certain pieces which could not be replaced and which are to be returned to the museum, were offered for sale. It is creditable to the discernment of the American purchaser that all but a very few were sold before the middle of July. The great Limoges factories are well represented here, in white and decorated porcelain, and from Yvry-Port, near Paris, there is a very striking exhibit of enameled terracotta. The reproduction, on a scale of one-fourth, of the famous "Frieze of the Archers," brought from Suza, Persia, by M. and Mme. Dieulafoy and deposited in the Louvre, is a work calculated to take the eye of the artist, no less than that of the archæologist. The combination and shading one into another of its yellows, bronzes, greens and blues furnish a suggestive study in the use of color. The exhibit of the royal Berlin porcelain factory dominates the German court as much as the pavilion in which it is contained. In the construction of the pavilion itself there is a liberal use of hard porcelain. The Saracenic columns, called "Old Berlin," in front of it, are of this material, as are the remarkable panels of the seasons, on which are depicted certain charming figures. The portrait of the emperor is shown on the largest piece ever made of hard porcelain. Among other decorations of the pavilion are, underglaze, panels about eight feet square, showing a symphony of Spring and of Summer, by Paul Meyerheim. A fine white chimney-piece, rococo in style, is a notable feature of the exhibit, and the contents of a bath-room on one side and a dining-room on the other bring out very strongly the extent and variety of the product of this great factory, whose rapid advance is largely due to the ad-

OF INTEREST TO CHILDREN.

ministrative energy and taste of Richard Horstman and the artistic skill of Professor Kips. The royal Saxon porcelain factory at Meissen has an exhibit less ample in extent, but not less interesting and characteristic. Most of the pieces have been made specially for the exposition, and some of them, notably the components of a dinner service in royal blue and gilt, with Greek border and a large floral decoration filling the center of the plates, are the first of their kind ever turned out from the factory. Only less novel are two magnificent royal blue vases, about three and a half feet high, with platinum decoration and bearing representations of the four seasons, from original paintings in the Munich gallery, by Cornelius the elder. These, with two pale blue vases, bearing an exquisite pâte-sur-pâte decoration, are evidences of how magnificent a patron of art was the late King Ludwig, for whom the originals were made.

Flourishing without state aid or any munificent degree of royal patronage, the English potteries make a very fine exhibit here. It is, perhaps, the one department of artistic manufacture in which England demonstrates that she has nothing to fear from the competition of the world, and the one in which can be clearly recognized the influence of the art culture of which the South Kensington museum has been the center. Magnificent as is this group of exhibits, it was rivaled in Paris in 1889. The well-established and distinctive excellences of the renowned English factories are well illustrated, and there are some new departures, hitherto unknown to Americans, with which the Fair has made us familiar. One of these is shown in the works of Sir Edmund Elton, whose ware, designed by himself and made from clay on his own estate, presents deep, harmonious metallic blendings of red, green and yellow, in underglazes.

The exhibit of the Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Copenhagen shows some remarkable evidences of progress, no less in artistic conception than in the processes of preparation. The coloring is of the simplest, but the combination of the shadowy blues and greens on the white ground is done with surpassing delicacy and grace. Of blue and white ware there are some excellent examples in the courts both of Belgium and Holland. The large vase with cupids and mask handles, by

ENTRANCE TO THE GERMAN SECTION.

A PORCELAIN EXHIBIT.

Bach Frères of Belgium, is one of the finest pieces of this kind to be seen here. The Delft exhibit has a great profusion of tiles, panels and other articles of a highly decorative character, in the same colors. Among American potteries, Rookwood, so successful in Paris in 1889, has a fine exhibit which amply sustains the claim made on behalf of this institution, that the conditions under which it was founded and has been conducted have developed an American pottery which possesses marked originality. The Trenton potters show many fine pieces, but this is not a representative exhibit.

Japan exhibits an immense quantity of enamels of all grades, many of a merely commercial standard, and others debased by misdirected subservience to French art. The Namihawa vases are notably fine, showing on a delicately-colored field, fleurs-de-lys, winged dragons, a phœnix, and other decorations. The eight feet high cloisonné chrysanthemum vases, at the south entrance to the Japanese court, are among the largest pieces of enamel work ever produced.

In most of the foreign courts, particularly in the Austrian, there is a lavish display of glass artistically treated. Lobmeyer of Vienna, exhibits some remarkable examples of intaglio engraved glass, as well as of glass decorated with gold

AN EXHIBIT FROM BELGIUM.

applied in very high relief in Louis Quinze, rococo and other forms. The entire Austrian section, but notably the glass exhibits, show the influence of an exceptionally advanced system of industrial education under which well equipped art schools are maintained in towns of only 10,000 inhabitants. In the German court, Fischer of Berlin, shows some delicate glass forms very artistically engraved. In the French, Leveillé and Daum Frères expose engraved and richly colored original pieces of glass simulating jade, rock crystal, amethyst and hard stones, as well as antique Chinese glass. In glass mosaic combined with gold the great portraits by Troloff of St. Petersburg, of Vladimir the Great, and St. Cyril are among the richest examples of this kind of work to be seen here. In cut glass the exhibits of the Libbey Glass Company and of L. Straus & Sons fully sustain the reputation which the United States have gained in this field.

Lack of space renders it impossible to do justice to some superb exhibits of wrought-iron work Of the inlaying of gold on iron the two superb, gigantic, Damascened vases sent by Felipi Sanchez of Spain, are most magnificent examples. One cannot either make even casual notice of the great furniture exhibits. In the absence of makers like Herter Brothers, Cottier and others, the American display in this group leaves a good deal to be desired, but a charming reproduction by Herts of a Louis Quinze boudoir in cream and gold does much to relieve the common-place character of the American exhibit. In furniture and interior decorations the French are notably first, but mention should be made of the very artistic installation made by Professor Seidl of Munich, under which are comprised the reproduction of interiors from one of the royal palaces of Bavaria. Of the same order is the reduced facsimile of the dining-room inHatfield House and the interesting exhibit made by our own Sypher in the gallery, not the least of the contributions made here to the education of popular taste in the highest forms of the combination of beauty with utility.

FAÇADE, FRENCH SECTION.

AN OUTSIDER'S VIEW OF THE WOMAN'S EXHIBIT.

By Ellen M. Henrotin.

NOT until the close of the Columbian exposition and the statistics have been compiled and the juries announce their awards, can a complete report be written of the woman's exhibit at the Columbian exposition, for woman's work at the exposition is exhibited side by side with that of man, so that in the main buildings it is impossible to distinguish without an exhaustive study of the catalogue, to which sex the honors are due, unless some special feature like the boat of Grace Darling in the Transportation building challenges our attention.

When the board of lady managers was organized in 1890, it was thought best not to make the Woman's building an exhibit building, but as the installation progressed, and the work of women developed and crystallized there was found to be a general desire that the really fine exhibits which were to be installed in the Woman's building should not be shut out from award. The director-general recommended that the Woman's building be declared an exhibit building, and it has been so declared.

In all respects the exhibits of women are upon the same basis as all other exhibits in the Columbian exposition.

Great results are expected from the presence of women on the board of judges in the department of Liberal Arts, as in liberal arts is included the exhibition relating to education, philanthropy, reforms and relative subjects. This exhibit comes from the whole world, and if examined with the painstaking care which women bring to every subject, the specific points of excellence in these various exhibits will be brought to light, and the women judges will, no doubt, have the sustained enthusiasm to earnestly urge the adoption of new methods.

The tale has been so often told of the inception of the Woman's building, and of Miss Sophia Hayden's being awarded the first prize and appointed the architect,

that it is superfluous to further enlarge on that theme. The decorations of the building are a part of the woman's exhibit, as they were executed by women, and the entire decoration and installation of exhibits was placed in charge of Mrs. Candace Wheeler, who through the long, bitterly cold months of March and April was carried away by enthusiasm for her task and was always cheerful and hopeful.

The court of the Woman's building has a frieze at each end, painted by American women, Mrs. Mary MacMonnies and Miss Cassatt. Both decorations are too high to be effective, and the space is too small in which they are placed; the subject of one panel is "The Primitive Woman," and of the other "The Modern Woman." Mrs. MacMonnies work is reverent in tone and dignified in treatment. This frieze is not divided by sharp lines as is that of Miss Cassatt, and, if hung where it could be seen to better advantage, would be the most successful example of mural decoration in the building. Miss Cassatt's panel is "cynical," and is the one note of discord in the harmony of color. On each side of the main entrances are panels painted by Emma Sherwood and Rosina Emmett Sherwood.

The mural painting, in the east vestibule, is by Anna Lea Merritt, of England, and, while the friezes in the main hall are too high for the delicate handling of the many figures, the panels in the entrance are too heroic in treatment, and hung too low to be seen to advantage.

Anne Whitney's statue of Lief Ericson is a masterwork of art, deserving to be placed where the nobility of its proportions may be seen. It is at present, unfortunately, hidden from view by a pillar behind it, and the fountain in the center of the rotunda in front of it.

To continue with the art exhibit. The library designed and executed by Dora Wheeler Keith is the most beautiful room in the building. The Cincinnati parlor, the work of Miss Agnes Pitman, is extremely cool and pleasing. In this room can be found a most interesting exhibit, showing the evolution of the Rookwood pottery—which was discovered by a woman—and which may be said to be the only national pottery.

Of the pictures which hang in the main hall, one of the best is "Jean and Jacques," by Marie Bashkirtseff; and also a pastelle by Miss Cassatt is good.

Viewing the entire collection of paintings as a whole, they seem comparatively inferior to the other exhibits, lacking warmth, color and depth of tone. Woman has not as yet (if the collection in the Woman's building is a faithful representation of her work) mastered the art of painting.

The exquisite etchings and drawings by women emphasize what is lacking in the paintings, which is not woman's inability to master technique, but her inability to use color.

The most valuable exhibits are those of the applied arts, in which tapestry, china, stained glass, mechanical drawings and fabrics may be included.

The stained glass windows in the assembly room —especially the two back of the platform, designed and executed by Elizabeth Parsons and Edith Brown, of Boston—emphasize the skill of women in stained glass.

In the Applied Arts section the gold china attracts a great deal of attention, being the result of many experiments on the part of a young woman who has been offered large sums of money to reveal her secret. She keeps it, however, and continues to produce the beautiful china herself.

In the Cincinnati room, in the section of the Associated Artists of New York, and in the Chicago and Massachusetts cases, as well as in the exhibit made by the Associated League of Mineral Painters, there is a very beautiful display of decorated china.

The Scientific department shows researches on the lines of botany, geology, mineralogy and zoology.

One most notable collection of minerals and fossils has been made by Mrs. A. D. Davidson, of Omaha, Neb. Perhaps no display illustrates more fully the advance of women in new fields than does the scientific exhibit.

The ethnological room contains many cases filled with articles of wearing apparel and implements for home and farm use, also relics which Mrs. French Sheldon collected during her extensive explorations in Africa. In the invention room are many interesting devices, though none of the most valuable and scientific inventions are shown in this room, and it seems a pity that when the patent books of the United States show such hundreds and hundreds of women's names, that more might not have been represented.

The Nursing section, in which wonderful appliances are exhibited, is of great interest. Through the influence of these exhibits sanitary conditions and future methods of caring for the sick will undoubtedly be greatly improved.

There is also a model kitchen in the Woman's building, where daily lessons in the art of cooking are given.

The organization room is the headquarters for all the women's clubs and organizations in America. The space allotted to each is beautifully decorated, and a custodian is in charge for each organization, to answer questions and greet the members.

In the assembly room lectures are given twice a day, of general interest.

The Children's building would take a long article for itself. Its educational value as an object lesson is immense in all that pertains to the care and education of children.

Among the nations which have made special exhibits of women's work are the following:

British. This exhibit is small but very interesting, containing articles which were made and sent to the Columbian exposition by their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Christian, Beatrice, Louise, the Duchess of Teck, Princess of Teck, and Her Majesty the Queen.

The queen's water-colors hanging in the east gallery receive the most attention. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts' philanthropic work is most extensively displayed by photographs, pamphlets and medals in the assembly room, the walls of which on the south and west side are thickly hung with photographs of the world's most noted women.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick is installed the Nursing section, which is extremely well done and one of the most valuable exhibits in the Woman's building.

Siamese. Here the principal exhibit is needlework, that being the work of the women of that country. The embroideries are of fine execution and design, one piece representing the passing of the king before one of the temples.

Norway. This exhibit principally consists of industrial needlework, crocheting, some specimens of weaving, etc. Table covers and rugs form a considerable portion of the exhibit. Dolls are dressed as brides from the different parts of Norway. A case of hair flowers made

GENERAL VIEW FROM THE LAKE.

fifty years ago shows that little if anything new has been learned since that time.

Sweden. In this department is a series of models illustrating Miss Hulda Lundin's system of teaching needlework in school. Here, also, is shown some fine lace-work and handsome wood-carving.

Mexico. The specialty of Mexican women seems to be fine drawn work and embroidery; the rest of their work is crude in coloring and material, but the lace effect produced in their crochet is marvellous; for instance, a lace-edged handkerchief crocheted out of pineapple fiber is exceedingly delicate. They excel in wood-carving, much of which, in fine white wood, is so delicate as to be called an etching. Mexican costumes are here shown, probably festival dresses of the middle and lower classes.

French. The first thing in this section which attracts attention, beginning at the wall side of the exhibit, is the needlework of one of the schools, in a reproduction of the silk curtains and plush lambrequin belonging to the president of the republic. Some vases of unusual size, in Sèvres underglazing, by French artists, are exceedingly pretty.

A history of French women's dresses, commencing with the primitive epoch, is clearly and effectively shown, some of the costumes having been scrupulously copied from portraits of the famous queens of France, from tapestry and from paintings in the Louvre. The dolls are not the ordinary children's dolls, but have evidently been made for this exhibition, as they show the proportions of a woman's figure, and the full record of French fashions may here be seen.

Much needlework in infants' clothes is shown, from the dainty cradle, down-lined and silk-covered, to the short dress of the toddler.

Every lace thing that can be thought of is exhibited in this department; to try to enumerate them would be but endless repetition, and one scarcely knows what to select. Gloves are also shown as manufactured by women. Ribbon flowers are exhibited of so high an order as to quite surpass the ordinary art. So high a value is put upon this work that none but the girls and women who make it can buy the ribbons.

MRS. POTTER PALMER'S OFFICE.

To so high a degree of perfection is needlework carried in France, that famous paintings are reproduced in silks with excellent effect. The young ladies of the College of the Legion of Honor have a specimen of their work in guipure curtains and silk-embroidered lambrequin.

Italian. This exhibit consists entirely of lace. Besides the finished laces, there are sections of it in different stages of making, and dressed figures of peasant women, with their pillows and bobbins, showing the process of making. Here is shown the queen's collection of laces, valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

Japan. Here is a Japanese woman's boudoir. It is exceedingly interesting as showing the surroundings of a Japanese woman in her home. Her wardrobe is conveniently hung on a rack in the room, the dress hanging on the upper bar of the rack, and the sash on the lower. Adjoining the boudoir is a study or reception-room. Here is the customary mat in the center of the room, on which are placed musical instruments and little low reading tables. Also a brazier for fire.

Spain. Priestly vestments are here embroidered with gold and jewels. A representation of the cathedral where the king attends divine worship is shown in fine thread embroidery, which is most delicate. Medallions of the Queen Regent, the deceased king, and the little king are exhibited, reproducing the features most faithfully. Pillow-lace work is here in process of making, with the bobbins hanging to the pillow as if the worker had just left it.

Most wonderful medallions, embroidered of finest thread, are made by the Spanish women, showing the features as distinctly as if cut in marble.

Ceylon. There are embroidery and laces here, though the principal exhibit in this booth is tea, a sample cup of which can be had for five cents.

Austria. The lace in this department is a rather meager collection, but of beautiful design. Kid gloves of beautiful quality are elaborately decorated with painting, small flowers, chiefly lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots. Fans are also elaborately decorated with hand-painted designs. Fine gold thread embroidery is exhibited. A screen painted by Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Maria Theresa is shown ; the frame is of simply

carved antique oak, the center panel is of flowers, painted, and the side panels of palms.

Belgium. This exhibit is principally of the peasant woman's lace-work which attracts special attention for the dainty designs.

Germany. The bent iron-work done bythe women of Germany, one of whom sits at a table and manufactures it before the eyes of the wondering visitor, is exhibited in hanging-lamps, candle holders, ink-stands, etc. Over in one corner of the German exhibit is a beautifully mounted lyre, unstrung, the center filled with swinging leaves containing photographs of Germany's noted women musicians.

Next is a case filled with dolls dressed in the uniforms of the various orders or organizations of the different provinces of Germany. Leather-work in great variety is shown in tables and screens. A modern kindergarten house and working apparatus is exhibited in detail.

To compare the exhibits of woman's work with that of previous expositions is to realize that a revolution has been effected, not alone in woman's position, but in modern civilization. Had such a change taken place in the social and economic conditions of one race of people, the whole civilized world would have heralded it with acclamation, but as it affects the peaceful half of the population of the civilized world it awakens hardly a ripple of excitement.

Several salient points present themselves to the consideration in connection with the material exhibits. First, that woman is now a great factor in the economic condition of all countries; for in continental Europe she is the hewer of wood and drawer of water, in order that men may be soldiers to keep emperors and kings on tottering thrones; in England and America the stretch of commercialism has pushed her out of the home into a competitive civilization. Her work this far is secondary. When her labors in the home as wife and mother are considered, joined to her exertions in the labor market, it will be seen that woman, lovely woman! has few leisure moments to cultivate her charms. Her wages are gradually working up to a living basis—she is constantly entering new fields of employment and making them her own—in a word, her condition is slowly improving.

When the statistics are compiled which will demonstrate the part she is taking in all countries in preventive, educational and reformatory work they will be of immense value.

No exhibit could have been more timely or carried on with greater wisdom than has this; it shows to woman at the most opportune time in her career the weak points in her position, while the advance she has made along all lines of work and thought, encourage her to renewed efforts and greater bravery in claiming her right to the pecuniary reward of conscientious labor.

MIDWAY PLAISANCE WEST FROM TOP OF FERRIS WHEEL.

FOREIGN FOLK AT THE FAIR.

By Julian Hawthorne.

THE Midway Plaisance is classified in the catalogues under the head of ethnology. Scientific appellations always have a chilling sound. They are to nature what the scalpel of the surgeon is to the fair show of the human body. Botany is a sequel of murder and a chronicle of the dead. The application of dead languages to the living forms of this real phantasmagory that exists around us—scientific nomenclature, in other words,—is one of the lingering remnants of the curse of Babel, and would, if it could, make us think of nature as not less dead than itself. Luckily, we are not to be so constrained; and so long as children and country people continue to be born, we shall call things by natural names, and always feel a disposition to smile at the jaw-breaking absurdities of the multifarious 'ologist.

The lover, as reported by the poet, is always ready to give to his mistress the world for her plaything. It is a charming conceit, and every lover has invented it for himself. Yet I do not know that it has been ever shown to be practically achievable before the present summer. But this summer, fortunate lover, you may do it, and it need cost you neither the treasures of Crœsus nor the toil of a lifetime. Fifty cents will bring the greater and essential part of it to her feet —or her feet to it; and for ten or twenty

times that sum (the precise amount has not as yet been finally determined) you can endow her absolutely with the entire thing. Schopenhauer gave to his scheme of creation the title of "The World as Will and Idea;" and I give to what the catalogue calls "Department M. — Ethnology. Isolated Exhibits — Midway Plaisance. Group 176," this, I say, I call the "World as Plaything." Here are the elements out of which the human part of the planet has been developed; it is all within the compass of a day's stroll; and everything that is tedious, ugly, cruel and evil is left out. There is nothing which your lady-love would find unsuited to her plaything, and yet there is nothing omitted which, were she and you actually to make the tour of this great rolling sphere of earth, either of you would much care to see. You may think that I am forgetting the scenery—the mountains, seas and valleys of delight; but no! For a matter of twenty-five cents you may take her to the top of the Swiss alps, or down to the awful bottom of the giant crater of the sea of fire at Honolulu, or to other similar world wonders of landscape, while all along your route are samples of the architecture, inhabitants, manners and customs, home-life and characteristic products of the wild and civilized races of the world. Upon the whole, it is the most magnificent and satisfactory plaything ever yet devised for the delectation of mortal woman or man.

It extends west by north a mile or more at right angles to the main western boundary line of the park, beginning at the rear of the Woman's building. It has a width of some three hundred feet. The fun begins as soon as you enter, and continues with increase all along the line. I have only one criticism to make, and that is, that it should have been made circular, as the world of which it is the epitome is spherical. But probably even Chicago

has its physical limits. When you have been through it, you have not the advantage of finding yourself where you started from; but on the other hand, you have to go through it again, and it is a journey which, if you have a human soul in your body, and any reasonable legs, you are only too ready to make, not once only, but again and again. The Midway Plaisance could not take the place of the Fair; but the Fair would not be half as delightful as it is without the Plaisance. There is more of the human here than elsewhere; and the study of mankind is not only, as Pope says, the proper study of man, but it is likewise incomparably the most entertaining.

From the moment you first came within hail of the city of pork and the Fair, you have been catching glimpses of that semi-miraculous wheel which uprears its preposterous immensity about half way down the Plaisance. It is not so tall as the Eiffel tower, but it is all but half as tall as the Washington monument, and by the time you have been round its stupendous circumference, in company with upwards of two thousand of your fellow-creatures, you are ready to believe that it is all but as big as the earth. It is impossible for the non-mechanical mind to understand how such a Brobdingnag contrives to keep itself erect; it has no visible means of support—none that appear adequate. The spokes look like cobwebs; they are after the fashion of those on the newest make of bicycles; and yet the vast tires, weighing thousands of tons, sweep round their incomprehensible orbit, as easily as if the attraction of gravitation were one of those moss-covered prejudices which the march of progress has enabled us to outgrow. When you get into your bucket, you are

those who think as I do to begin with the latter.

There is a beauty-show at the very start — thirty or forty belles from as many different parts of the earth, dressed out in their several appropriate costumes, and ranged in pens round a big room, like cattle in a show. Whether this be civilized or uncivilized, I won't undertake to say; but I fear that so far as beauty is concerned, unless you are easily satisfied, you will be much disappointed. At least, you will be surprised. What I like best about it is the kilted Highlander outside, who lures the passing public with the sweet piercingness of his bagpipes. He is a handsome chap, and quite intelligent enough to know it.

You cannot spare your eyesight at any step of the journey down this enchanted avenue. For not only are there unfamiliar spectacles in the way of buildings on either hand, but the strange people themselves have escaped from their proper abiding places, and are out walking and looking, almost as much interested in you as you are in them. There are Mussulmans of all tribes, and Cingalese, and wild Arabs in their bournouses and swathed heads, and Javanese in skirts and jackets, and stately Soudanese, with their black hair braided in strings, and dirty white togas bellying in the breeze; and Algerians and Persians and unspeakable bashi-bazouks, and the more familiar figures of Chinese and Japanese, and perhaps a savage Dahomeyan or two, and Numidians and Nubians from the tropical interior. Ever and anon, as you pass, you will see an interested, craning group ringed round some object of fascination in the center, and if you peep over their heads or between their shoulders, you will always find a swarthy, smiling face and a queer costume in the midst, with whom the local American is striving to hold converse. Cigars or cigarettes are given or ex-

bound on such a journey as nobody ever undertook before, and you will remember it, awake and asleep, as long as you live. I wonder if any one of the millions who come within reach of this fearful fascination, will resist it! I don't believe any one will, no matter how much they may fancy otherwise beforehand. For my part, I intend to spend an entire day in the wheel, some time, which, at the rate of three revolutions per hour, will cost me some ten dollars. It will be worth every mill of it.

From the height of this perimeter, you may contemplate the whole extent of the Plaisance, and make up your mind at leisure where you will go next. As a matter of fact, you have probably visited a number of places already. Roughly speaking, you have before you the civilized, the half-civilized and the savage worlds to choose from—or rather, to take one after the other. To my mind, the half-civilized world is the most delectable; then the savage, and finally the civilized. And on the principle of the best last, I counsel all

changed, there is a dropping fire of humorous remarks, and then the group breaks up, and the swarthy ones continue on their way. The ends of the earth are meeting, and finding one another good fellows.

Chicago is not a predominately Irish town, like some that might be named in this country; but the two Irish villages are always full enough of visitors. In one of them, besides studying the operations of lace-making, bog-oak carving, and dairy work, as carried on by native Irishmen and women in cottages which look exactly like those one sees in the ould sod, you may visit a very fair reproduction of Blarney castle, and try the virtues of a piece of the genuine Blarney stone. The other is mainly devoted to making you think that you are looking at real Irish castles, market crosses, halls, gardens and cottages; and in place of the rival Blarney stone on the other side of the way, is a practical copy of the Wishing Seat of the Giant's Causeway—though whether they have contrived to import the magic of the original into the reproduction I am not prepared to say. There's nothing good or ill but thinking makes it so.

As for Germany, she has left a broad mark in the Plaisance as well as in the Fair proper. Her "village" is quite as extensive as many real villages I have seen in the Vaterland, and has in it reminders of most of the things, music and beer included, which that entire amiable and formidable country contains. The "mediæval stronghold" which blocks your way at the beginning with its towers and battlements, moats and drawbridge, turns out to be a harmless museum inside, furnished not only with ancient and modern apparatus of war and hunting, but with a waxen emperor and other German heroes. Within the spacious enclosure round about the castle walls are houses of many types and clusters of booths with workmen in them. Meanwhile, one or other of the two bands are thundering in your ears, and the nimble kellner is at his old tricks with mugs and change. You are in the midst of double distilled Germany, and there is no more to be said about it. In this country, and especially in this town, there cannot be anything very novel to

us in it; but it is cram-full of people all the time, and you ought to hear them cheer the Wacht am Rhein and other pieces of patriotism. Like the rest of us, Germans are more patriotic abroad than at home.

Austria gets herself up to look like an older Germany. Her Altmarkt is really picturesque; it is a continuous square of antique city houses and shops, environing a band-stand and a beer garden. As you sit at your table in the evening, the lathe and plaster buildings, as they echo back the sallies of music, assume the veritable aspect of rich antiquity that you remember in your youthful days at Vienna. If they would only engage a group of students with slit noses and cheeks to stroll through the platz, and pick a quarrel with somebody, the illusion would be complete.

Let us have done with Europe, and try a cycle of Cathay. Beyond the great wheel, as to spatial distance, and who can tell how many thousand years away from us as to appearance, modes of life and traditions, is the Dahomey village. The great open square is surrounded by native huts, in which, besides the native furniture that you might see in Dahomey itself, are some good Chicago cooking stoves, which cause you to hang in space, as it were, between the remote and the near. If it be near meal time, you will see some Dahomey cooking; the cooks have the appearance given in school geographies to cannibals, but I have failed to discover signs of any other food in their tiny kitchens than such as the reader and I might with propriety partake of. When they are not cooking, they sit in silence and make things out of metal, fiber and wood, which, being made, have a strange and outlandish aspect. Now and then you come upon a mother squatting in a corner, suckling her baby, which sits upright astride her knee. There are no beauties among the Dahomeyans,

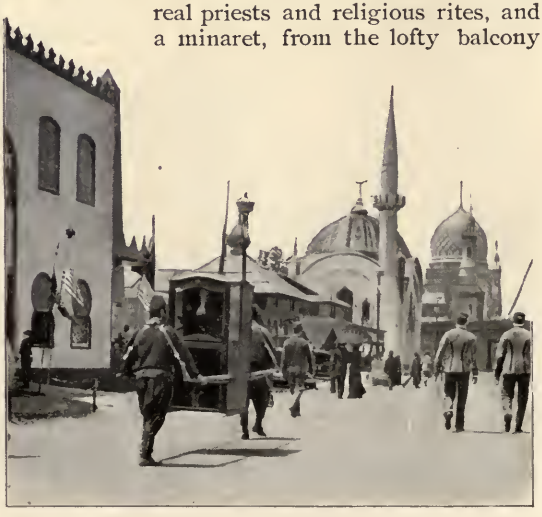
according to our notions of that attribute.

But the attraction here is the dance. A platform has been made in the center of the arena, about thirty yards square, with a wooden roof or awning over it. It is protected from the incursions of the public by a railing; but after looking at the dance awhile, you are not likely to need a railing to help keep you out of reach. The dancers get excited presently, and their spears and hatchets are very sharp. The orchestra, members of which occasionally are moved to abandon their musical instruments for a turn with lance and tomahawk, is massed at one end of the platform; at the other is a treble or quadruple row of dancers. In the midst of the musicians, on a sort of chair, with a crown on his head which is made either of iron, leather or copper, I don't know which, sits an elderly and particularly mild-looking savage, as king. In the space between the two parties, and in and out among them, with an indifferent, abstracted air, as one who bears a charmed life, and can regulate these wild frights at his will, saunters the medicine man, in a short projecting petticoat of fiber, and an indescribable tackle of chains and wallets, all supported upon the thinnest possible pair of legs. When the music strikes up—and what a weird and ear-splitting racket that music is, made by hammering on wooden drums and iron bells, accompanied by a sort of hoarse, wrangling noise, with rapid pulsations, representing Dahomeyan singing — four brawny persons appear, and stand between the army and the orchestra, facing the former with gestures of defiance. Everybody except the medicine-man is singing at the top of his or her voice, for a third part of the warriors are of the gentler sex, and have become recently known to contemporary history under the title of Amazons.

The dance consists of a rhythmical hopping and jumping, accompanied by a peculiar shaking of the shoulders, and a brandishing of weapons. The costume is simple in its elements, though it has a rather complex appearance. There is a strip of cloth about seven feet long, with a breadth of two feet, and a hole through the middle of it for the head. It is striped green and yellow. Being put on, it is confined at the loins by a white sash. This, of course, leaves the costume open at both sides; and it is the same for both men and Amazons. In profile, the wearers are practically naked. Their legs are bare; though, in deference I presume to

adapted to purposes of habitation in a land which knows not winter, are ranged round a large space containing larger and more pretentious structures; all are thatched with dry palm leaves, and amongst them stroll about the diminutive figures of the Java natives. They are no bigger than so many boys and girls. The full-grown women are admirably shaped, and not uncomely in face; but they are of the size of a ten-year-old American child. In the background of the enclosure is a cage with a big ourang-outang climbing about in it, and performing prodigies of gymnastics with an effortless, abstracted air.

The Turkish village—to take the first step upward from the unsophisticated children of nature—is not fenced in, though it will cost you a quarter to go up stairs in the restaurant and see the girls dance, or to enter the theater where a representation of home-life and adventure in Mahommedan countries is given. There is an open street, with booths along one side of it; and a covered bazaar, loaded with the spoils of the Sublime Porte. In the upper end of the street is a mosque, with real priests and religious rites, and a minaret, from the lofty balcony



our prejudices, they wear short drawers reaching to the knee. Their feet and heads are also uncovered; and what remains of their gear consists of necklaces, iron anklets and armlets, pouches and suspended objects of all sorts. They hop and whirl about with surprising vigor and persistence, and with evident enjoyment to themselves; and between the pauses of the dance, they gather round the orchestra, and all hands converse with alarming vivacity, as if still thirsting for one anothers' blood. Anon, the tum-tum sounds once more, and the mimic warfare recommences, either party advancing and retreating alternately, and both, apparently, remaining victors in the end.

As the Javanese village is not open to the public at this writing, I am unable to say more about it than that it looks very pretty through the wicker-work fence which surrounds it, through the gate of which a crowd of spectators is ever gazing. Huts, which appear to be a kind of basket

laid with ivory. A beautiful, luxurious, peaceful place it is; and a very well-behaved and explicit little Turk explains everything to you in clear but quaintly intoned English. In such a house lived people in one of the oldest historical periods; and it is hard to see in what respect we have surpassed them in the essentials of comfort and beauty since.

You have never spent ten cents to better purpose than when you exchanged it for a ticket admitting you to the Cairo street. This assertion is founded not upon my own opinion alone, but upon the testimony of the crowds who throng it every day; it is perhaps the most popular rallying-ground at the Fair. The gate being passed, you are in a street square, with a café open to the street on

of which, at the hours of sunset, noon and sunrise, a real Muezzin exhorts the faithful to remember Allah, and to give him glory. And the American populace gathers beneath and speculates whether he is advertising the dance-house or selling pop-corn, or crying for somebody to put up a ladder and bring him down.

In another building is an Arabian tent, and a facsimile of a house in Damascus. The tent is pitched in the court in front of the house, and in it sit cross-legged Arabs, male and female, who play on odd instruments and chant monotonously, while others of them boil coffee or make thin wafer cakes, and bake the same on a heated hemisphere of iron. There are no Arabian steeds, and as for the camels, they are in the Cairo street. The Damascus room — for there is but one room in the house — is oblong and high, with windows just beneath the cornice. In the center is a fountain, and on either side a floor slightly raised and thickly berugged, with divans, and festooned walls, and hanging lamps, and ornaments of dark woods in-

the right, in which we shall do well to sit down. A friend of mine who knows his Cairo as well as I do my New York, tells me that this scene is more like Cairo than Cairo itself. One could almost divine that, without a guarantee. In fact, only the walls and the fashion of them are artificial ; they are built on the exact model of the reality, and the doors and wooden-grated windows are veritable Cairo relics, brought bodily from that delicious city. The colors are sunny and warm, with harmonious blendings of pale yellow and pink and purple ; there are projecting balconies and airy loggias and mysterious archways ; and everywhere are tiny shops, overflowing with things you want to buy. The shop-keepers want you to buy them, too ; and you must either leave your purse at home, or be rich and reckless, else you may have to leave Chicago on foot. But you inevitably turn from the shops and houses to the crowd in the street. Right beneath us, as we sit, is the donkey and camel-stand—that is, the donkeys stand and the camels lie down, in the peculiar fashion possible for camels only. Their drivers, living pieces of human Egypt, in long caftans, fez and turban, brown-skinned and black-eyed, and with naked feet, lounge about, or lean upon their beasts, and let no possible customer escape them. And customers are plenty, men, women and children. The donkeys are very small and the camels very large, so that whichever the rider selects, he or she is sure to be the object of attention to the laughing, cheering, surging, good-humored American crowd that presses together everywhere, and follows them on their course down the narrow thoroughfare, or dodges to escape the too precipitous onset of their career. That fat man has just been almost upset by a donkey no bigger than a Newfoundland dog; and a camel has knocked askew the bonnet of the deaf old lady who was looking at the Nubian soothsayer on the steps of the fountain. Are we not in Egypt indeed? What signifies the mere ground beneath our feet? Here are the architecture, the merchandise, the manners and the populace of Egypt; its atmosphere is in our nostrils, its language in our ears. What is it that constitutes a country? "Coelum non animam mutant qui trans mare current." And we, without changing our sky, have nevertheless come to another land, and surely to one of the loveliest and most charming in the world. And we may pass through a score of others besides this in traversing the little length of this world plaything, the Midway Plaisance.

ELECTRICITY AT THE FAIR.

By Murat Halstead.

TIPPED with golden domes, touched with the pomp of Asia, in the midst of the White City, beside the gleaming waters of Lake Michigan, looking upon the rippling Lagoon and the dazzling fountains of the ideal Venice that in the heart of America is the radiant shell of the Columbian World's Fair, one of the exhalations of that wonderful frozen dream, whose exquisite hues and airs and lines are a picture in which genius has been prodigal, and where are gathered the glories and mysteries of human achievement, rises the Electrical building, stored with the most marvellous of the marvels of the age.

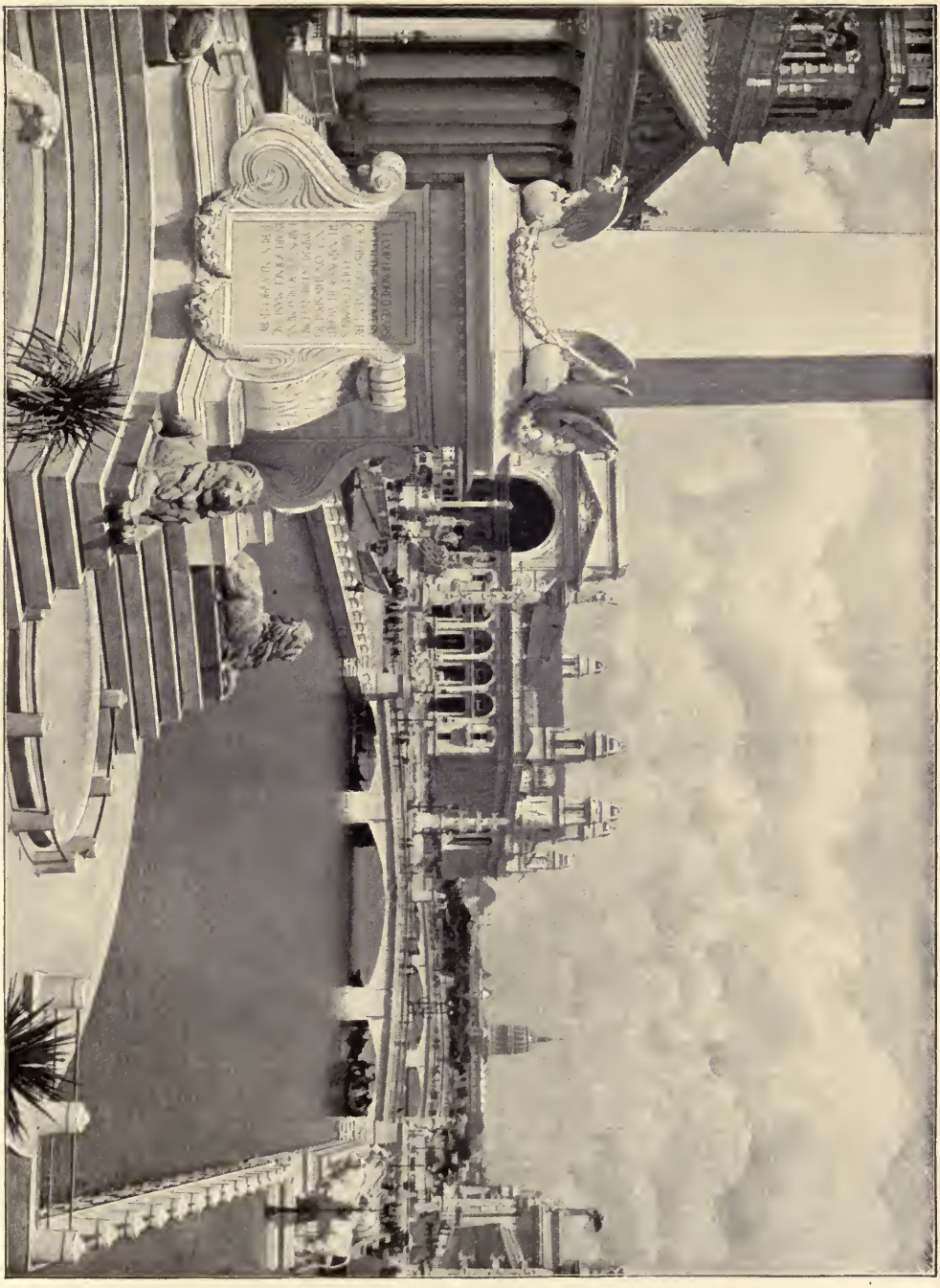
The potentialities and splendors of electricity were never before so exhibited as under this picturesque roof. It is not the building alone, stored as it is with wonders, that is the chief exhibition of the pervading and shining power that is marching from conquest to conquest, and ever finding amazing new worlds to conquer, for whether it is the crown of fire that glitters over the offices of administration; the basin, on whose blue waters the gondolas seem so at home, turned into a pool rich with colors as a sunset sky; the magnificent search-lights that sweep the horizon with shafts of flame that are revealing revelations; the lofty jets on either side of the MacMonnies fountains, converted to leaping rainbows, glowing, fantastical, mystical; the swift and silent launches, wafted without sail or oars or steam, burdened with people, through scenes of enchantment surpassing those by the waves of the Adriatic when the doges were wedded to the sea; the intramural railway-cars that fly over elevated roads without visible means of locomotion, and give the myriads of spectators incomparable rapid transit from the Spanish convent to the Krupp exhibit of artillery, and then to the clambake and bat-

tleship; or the haunted corners where one talks to friends a thousand miles away and enjoys the familiar charm of their voices and the magnetism of their presence—the same mighty, subtle, delicate, formidable agency and mastery permeates the atmosphere that compasses the universe, and all this is but one breath of the all-embracing vital air, one sparkle of the surf that is the boundary of oceans, the great deeps beyond, unfathomed, but one may believe not unsearchable, not past finding out, but holding their treasures for the swift unfolding of the slow centuries.

The Fair, considered as an electrical exposition only, would be well worthy the attention of the world. Look from a distance at night, upon the broad spaces it fills, and the majestic sweep of the searching lights, and it is as if the earth and sky were transformed by the immeasurable wands of colossal magicians; and the superb dome of the structure, that is the central jewel of the display, is glowing as if bound with wreaths of stars. It is electricity! When the whole casket is illuminated, the cornices of the palaces of the White City are defined with celestial fire. The waters that are at play leap and flash with it. There are borders of lamps around the Lagoon. The spectacle is more resplendent than the capitals of Europe ever saw when ablaze with festivals to celebrate triumphant peace or victorious war.

It is all an electrical exhibit. You would see the fronts of the structures that are of the white flowering of the art that creates, adorns and captivates at once with grace and magnitude; and the electric launch glides for you through the canals and basins, while the matchless panorama seems to drift by the winged boat, an enchanted country, studded with fairy citadels. The energy that drives is stored electricity. You would ride over the grounds, where the sumptuous offerings of the nations are gathered, looking down upon the surprising accumulations, sweeping around the enormous buildings burdened with the embarrassment of riches, and you ride in chariots moved by hidden fire to do your bidding; and the City by the lake where the shadows of the past are materialized, and the mellow, balmy winds of glorious climes breathe over the solemn temples that are the bloom of architecture and the homes of hope—the castles of Spain, the romance of Arabia realized. It is electricity that whirls the chariot wheels—the thunderbolts are harnessed at last. It is the same sorcery that day and night tell the wondrous story by telegraph and telephone to the ends of the earth, and will yet signal the stars in their courses, that carries orders and rings alarms; that bids the nations of the earth good evening and good morning. There is a map showing the electrical features at Jackson park, and the simple recital of the items shows their strange variety, and in how startling a degree they are comprehensive.

The whole electrical service at the exposition comprises these systems: arc lighting, incandescent lighting, electric power, telephone service, police signal service, fire alarm service, telegraph service, electric transportation! There are many minor matters with new applications of electricity. In 1889, in Paris, far the greatest of preceding expositions and the only one with which it is worth while to compare the Columbian Fair, there was used for electric lighting 3000 horse-power. There is devoted in Chicago to electric light and power in the main plant alone 17,000 horse-power, 14,000 for light and 3000 for the transmission of power. There is 1000 horse-power in addition in isolated plants and 5000 horse-power for the plant of the intramural railway company. The aggregate is 23,000 horse-power. The Paris exposition electric lighting was furnished by 1150 arc and 10,000 incandescent lamps—about 1,000,000 candle-power. The Chicago electrical illumination at the Fair is provided by 90,000 incandescent lights of 16 candle-power, and over 5000 arc lamps—a total of 11,400,000 candle-power. These figures are from original estimates that have been largely exceeded. The reserved forces brought up the grand total capacity of the electric plant to 5000 arcs of 2000 candle-power each, and 120,000 incandescent lights of 16 candle-power, the total amounting to about eight times all the plants at Paris. The greatest electrical feature we cannot, however, compare with anything in Paris, because it is new; this is the almost exclusive



use of electricity for the transmission of power. There is an immense array of motors. The electric power was used extensively in construction. The temporary power plant, in the language of Mr. R. H. Pierce, "ran day and night seven days in the week, operating motors in the daytime which furnished power for the saw-mills, hoists, pumps and painting machines, and at night grinding out light, so that the construction could be carried on day and night where necessary, and the engineers and draughtsmen could lay out work for other days and nights. Electricity helped to prepare the material, to hoist the heavy beams and trusses, to paint the buildings, and at the same time to prolong the labors of the overworked engineer and mechanic and light the rough or muddy pathway of the Columbian Guard."

The power was therefore creative as well as illustrative, and ready in rough work as well as brilliant in decoration and serviceable as a force. About one-third of the arc lamps are used in the grounds, the rest in the buildings, and Mr. Pierce says: "The crowning glory of the arc lighting is the lighting of the central nave in Manufactures building. This is undoubtedly the most unique and beautiful piece of arc lighting ever attempted. This space, which is about 1300 feet long and 368 feet wide, with a height of 202 feet in the clear, is lighted by five great coronas. These coronas are suspended 140 feet from the floor. The central corona is 75 feet in diameter and carries 102 lights; the other four, which are equally distributed along the main longitudinal axis, are 60 feet in diameter and carry 78 lights each, making a total of 414 two thousand candle-power lights. The lamps are hung in two concentric circles."

The splendor of the coronal illumination is remarkable. It is literally the light that never was before on sea or shore.

The Columbian intramural electric railway is a work that is intensely suggestive of a great hereafter. It gives ready access to the prominent buildings of the Fair, and is the great resource of the public in quickly and easily overcoming the difficulties of transit arising unavoidably from the unparalleled extent of the grounds. Without this special service of electricity the fatigue and loss of time in moving from one attraction to another would be excessively increased. The length of the road is six and one-quarter miles and the round trip takes three-quarters of an hour. Fifteen trains of four open cars, seating one hundred passengers to the car, are run, and at certain points a speed of thirty miles an hour is permitted. The first car of each train is provided with four motors, developing 133 horse-power each, at twenty-five miles an hour. The power plant has a capacity of 3700 kilowatts. There is an ability to handle 16,000 passengers in an hour, and in a part of the mechanism there is an apparent intelligence that seems something superhuman. The track is equipped with a block signal system and electricity is used to release the block setting the signals of safety, and there is "a device which throws off the current and sets the brakes on the train in case the motorman runs past a danger signal," and we are even told "a signal out of order acts likewise," and notifies the motorman.

Mr. C. H. Macloskie explains: "The current is carried from the power station to the trains through a conductor consisting of a T rail, supported on insulating blocks just outside of the tracks. Four sliding shoes, two on each side of the car, make the connection with the conductor, the current returning through the wheels to the rail, and thence through the steel girders of the superstructure to the power station. To make the necessary connections between girders, large plates of copper have been riveted to the steel with copper rivets."

With such an exhibition as this, it is not surprising that revolutions in railroad systems are believed to be imminent; that all the splendid apparatus for transportation in the gigantic locomotives are reasonably certain, in a generation, perhaps in a few years, to be superseded, and the machinery that is the pride of artisans thrown aside, as the stage-coaches have been. Transcontinental electrical railways may be considered foreshadowed. The trolley tells the story, and it will be no more strange to see the locomotives gone to the scrap-iron store, than the street railway horse relegated to the farms.

The adaptability of electricity to the service of man has a daily development, and it gains incessantly new territories of usefulness. It was necessary to place lighted buoys for seven miles along the shores of Lake Michigan, from the Chicago river to the grounds of the exposition, to indicate the shoals, and there are thirteen spar buoys. Of the way the work was done, this account from the Western Electrician is of the greatest interest and the largest suggestiveness: "Each buoy carries an incandescent lamp of 100 candle-power in a wrought-iron cage or lantern at the upper end of the spar, the lower end of which is fastened to a heavy cast-iron anchor. The current for each of these lamps is supplied from a small Westinghouse converter, of special design, placed in the upper end of the spar. These converters are connected in series, the current for the entire series being obtained from a special Westinghouse converter of 1400 volts. This large converter is placed at the outer end of the main pier at Jackson park, where all necessary switches, fuses, regulating devices and Wurts non-arcing metal lighting arrestors are also placed. For this work a single wire Bishop gutta-percha submarine cable is laid from the pier to the first buoy; from there to the second, and so on. From the last buoy at the city the cable returns by the most direct route to the pier at Jackson park."

That this system of warning lights will be adopted for harbors on the sea-coast and the navigable rivers is certain. From the height of each advantage gained is seen a wider area of opportunity.

The fleet of electric launches, fifty in number, each thirty-five feet ten inches long, with a beam of six feet and a draft of twenty-eight inches, and seating thirty persons, testifies the motive power of stored electricity on the water. The speed of the boats is six miles an hour. They easily make eight miles in that time. They run on the average forty miles a day. The batteries are grouped in two or three divisions. In each launch there are seventy-eight cells, and Mr. C. H. Barney states: "When a launch returns to its dock at the charging station, from its forty miles run, the work of charging is begun in less than one minute by an independent switch-board connected to feeders from large dynamos in Machinery hall." Without burdensome weight the stored

electricity is used for a voyage of twelve hours, and there is no trouble in handling. This promises almost as much for the navigation of the rivers and the sea, as the trolley lines for the land.

Providing electrical machinery has become a steady and huge business. There are as many features of mechanism advertised for the production or utilization of electricity, as for the provision and application of steam power, and the faculty of invention is stimulated in the highest intelligences of the period, to carry forward the discoveries of the further secrets of the prodigious power that envelopes the spinning earth.

There is nothing so delicate or so gigantic that the touch of electricity is not found equal to the task of manipulation. The inventions of Edison, that range from working with four currents on one wire to catching on a cylinder the music of an orchestra or the performance of an opera, are assembled at Chicago, revived and improved since they were the glories of the exposition of 1889 in Paris; and he has added other miracles to his repertoire of immortal accomplishments, and ascends from one astounding altitude to others still higher, until conjecture is confounded by his soaring steps. The Bell telephone exhibition begins with the rudimentary instruments, in which the first thoughts that were on the way to the impending discovery are rudely recorded, and each little disc and filament is history to be read in living light forever; and there are the transmitters and recorders for the commanders of ships and of armies, and those that span for human speech the abyss of space across the continent. There are a thousand details, impossible of recitation, and the imagination falters in the footsteps of achievement. These things tell for the ennobling education of humanity—the diffusion of knowledge, the broadening of the sympathies of communities—the better mingling of the country and the town, the elevation of the labors, the expansion of the ambition, the illumination of mind and matter—all one broad, bright, generous, glorious advancement, awakening the dull, inspiring the despondent, cheering the broken, arming the weak for the greatest cause, that of the common good.

MACHINERY HALL AND ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

TRANSPORTATION, OLD AND NEW.

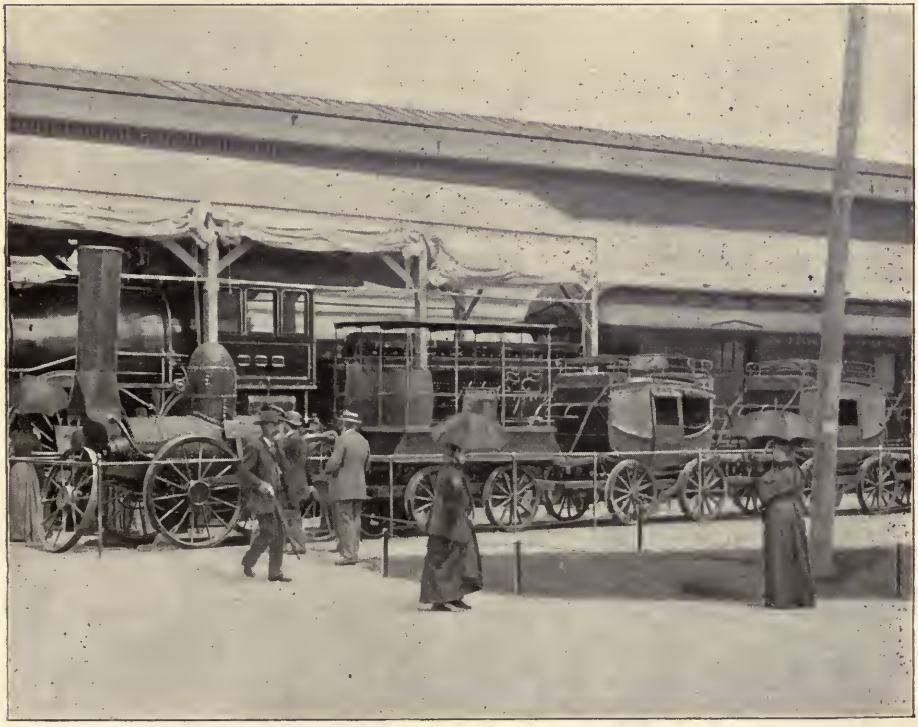
By John Brisben Walker.

At the left of the superb arch which gives entrance on the lagoon to the Hall of Transportation is a relief which shows an ox-cart, its cumbrous wheels dragging slowly along through the heavy sand, and on its seats the most uncomfortable of travellers, who look upon the journey as an ordeal—a forcible picture of the discomforts of travel in ages gone by. On the opposite side of the arch, in strongest contrast, is a luxurious section of a palace car, its occupants reading or looking out through the plate-glass windows, an attentive porter serving their luncheon—in a word, travel made a pleasure and a delight.

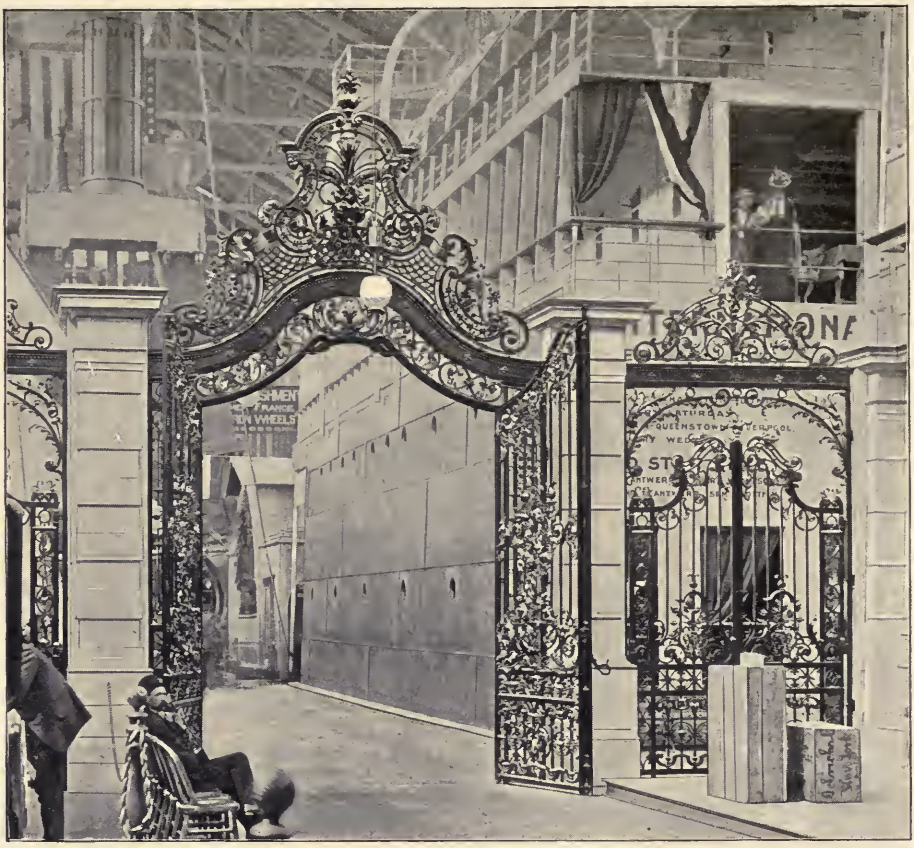
Higher up on the archway are two inscriptions, one from Macaulay: "Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done the most for civilization," and one from Lord Bacon: "There are three things which make a nation great and prosperous, a fertile soil, busy workshops and easy conveyance for men and goods from place to place." Standing in the massive doorway beneath these inscriptions, between these pictures of past and present, one catches a glimpse of the development of transportation from the ox-cart to the palace car in ten thousand exhibits. He is impressed with the idea that just at the present time this question of transportation is probably the most important of all others to the people of the United States. Neither Bacon nor Macaulay thought that methods would so soon be invented which would surpass the wildest dreams of their days and generations, which would be replete with possibilities for human happiness, but which, under the peculiar system of the times, would be used to enslave commerce and almost threaten the existence of free government. They saw only seeds of invention from which would spring great plants of beauty and riches, but containing within the kernel of the fully ripened fruit a worm which, if not de-

stroyed, will consume plant and flower.

What a wide world the word transportation has been made to cover under one roof. A great section of the hull of one of the modern steamships rises up sixty or seventy feet into the air, significant in the strength and perfection of engineering, in the splendor of its furnishings, and in the skill shown in the construction of its parts, of every modern art. Everything has been brought into play for the comfort and safety of the ocean traveller, every device, from the most complicated of triple expansion powers down to the tiny electric are. A little beyond this stands the exhibit of another kind of transportation, the transportation of energy through a mighty forge hammer from one of the great steel works, which have sprung up in response to the needs of naval construction. Near by, a specimen of the work which it forges, a giant shaft, made to carry the power from the ship's great engines to the mammoth propeller. Oh, the strength of it! The mightiness of it! And yet, the littleness of it all! The story is told by this piece of crêpe on the mainmast of this beautiful model of the greatest of modern battleships, this model which has in place its turrets and armor seemingly so impenetrable, its huge guns, between decks, lighted up with tiny electric lamps, filled with tiny figures of its complement of six hundred sailors; the Exposition gallery overlooking it is crowded with spectators; they wear solemn faces and speak in low tones. "How was it possible?" is the question they ask of each other. The model at which they are looking is that of the Victoria, sent here as the pride of the British navy, the perfection of mechanical skill, the greatest work of the greatest naval artisans of the world, a floating fort, which seemed almost beyond the reach of injury, yet by an experiment—which suddenly has placed the powers of the ram infinitely beyond all other modern destructive powers — sent to the bottom of the sea within a short quarter of an hour. What a curious transposition of intentions. This model, sent to convince the world of England's naval power, now that the original lies bottom



EARLY LOCOMOTIVE AND TRAIN.



SECTION OF A GREAT OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

upward beneath the waters of the Mediterranean, serves as an object lesson before which the officers of all navies come to ponder and determine that the development of naval construction has been brought to a reductio ad absurdum.

Under the head of "Transportation" we find in one corner an exhibit of rapid-firing guns, and in unhappy juxtaposition, the complement of this—a magnificent vehicle for the transportation of bodies, gorgeously carved in ebony, splendidly panelled, funereally draped with waving plumes. Near by, an exhibit for the transportation of pleasure, a Russian sleigh, supported on dolphins which are exquisite productions of ceramic art, in appearance too beautiful and too fragile to trust beyond the drawing-room. Still another exhibit combines both pleasure and usefulness; these are long galleries devoted to the highway-pervading bicycle, the workingman's pleasure vehicle, the most recent step in the progress towards putting the poor man upon an equality with the rich man.

And, by the way, it is worth while reflecting, as a train on the most modern of electric roads rumbles by, that there is a steady advance in this levelling of distinctions between the poor and rich. Long before his death, Mr. Jay Gould had seen the day when he could no longer ride in his carriage from his home on Fifth avenue to his office on lower Broadway. Invention, utilized by his hand, had levelled the distinction in carriage between himself and the poorest laborer of New York. He could not afford to spend an hour in rattling over the rough paving-stones of Broadway, when with a minute's walk to an elevated station he would be able to save two-thirds of the time, to him so precious.

And, while on this subject, I must allow myself to be diverted by another thought.

The electric railway which traverses the length of the Exposition grounds, is one of the greatest delights of the entire Exposition. Without smoke or cinders, without the discomfort of closed windows in hot weather, it swiftly glides over a well-constructed roadbed, the breeze fanning the passenger into comfort in the warmest weather, and the ride one of absolute pleasure. It will be incomprehensible if Mr. George Gould, after visiting the Exposition, and seeing the perfect and almost noiseless working of this elevated road, shall not immediately discard the use of engines upon the elevated roads in New York, no matter how many millions may be tied up in them. It is such a question of comfort to the community that its consideration should not be delayed. Two-thirds of the nuisance of the elevated road would be removed for those living along its route. A ride in an open car from Harlem to the Battery would be preferable to a carriage ride in Central park, and the cars, which now travel without passengers for many hours of the evening, would be filled as completely as are the top seats of the Fifth avenue omnibuses on a very hot summer night.

Another interesting exhibit of transporting power, though not so distinctly in evidence as the elevated railway, is an operating model of an electric car, with a cone-shaped electric motor at either end, resting between wheels which are ten feet in diameter and steadied by pairs of horizontal wheels pressing against third or fourth rails for the sake of security. This car is intended to cover distance at the rate of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles per hour. It may be merely a dream of the inventor at the present, but unless some superior method takes its place, it will be an actuality within a very few years.

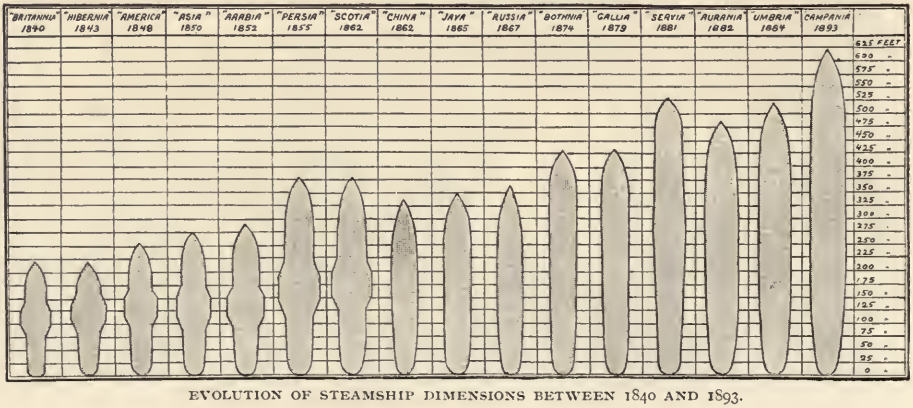
Inasmuch as the postal service is growing more exacting in its demands for rapid transportation, a bill will probably be introduced into the next congress, providing for the construction of an electric service between New York and Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Washington and Philadelphia, providing for the construction of an electric railway, to be used exclusively by the postal service, upon which the mails may

A MODEL RAILWAY POST-OFFICE.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

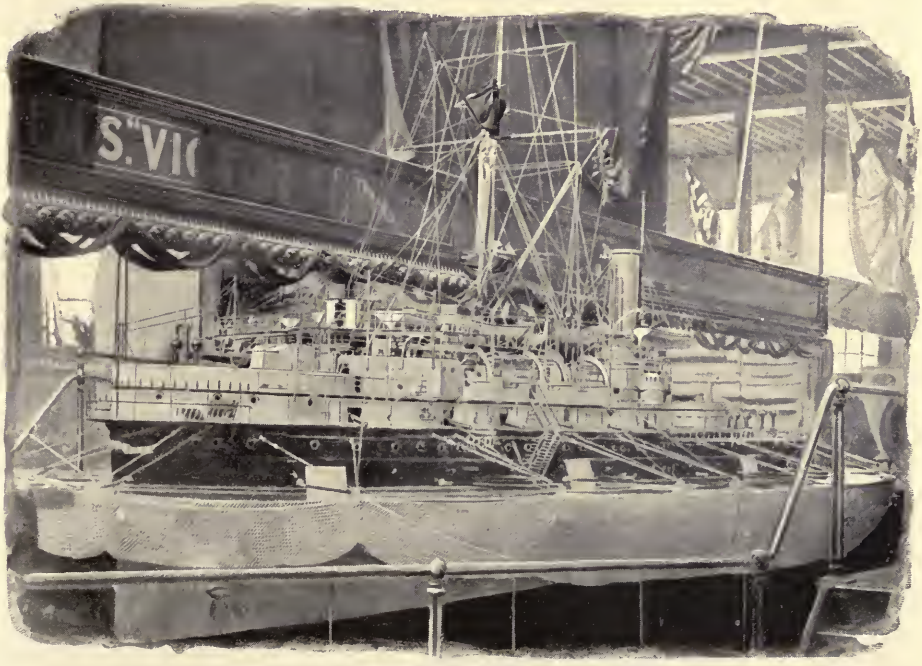
be sent through at the rate of at least one hundred miles an hour. Should it pass, the execution of the plan will be an object lesson in the governmental control of public highways. Should it not pass, then inquiries will be made in the course of time as to its fate. The people always wake up and ask these questions in the course of time.

Side by side on the beautiful canals and lagoons, which give access to every portion of the Exposition grounds, are two classes of boats, which represent almost the oldest and the newest form of transportation. Here the Venetian gondolier, standing in the high stern of his craft, a boatman trained by the centuries, picturesque in costume, with the graciousness of a hundred generations of public service. But as he moves his oar in long, graceful sweeps through the water, there glides past him the most modern of conveyances, noiseless, without apparent power, with no evidence of steam, no evidence of any human agency, swift, graceful, cleaving the water in lines that are scientifi-



EVOLUTION OF STEAMSHIP DIMENSIONS BETWEEN 1840 AND 1893.

cally calculated for least resistance. It is the boat par excellence of the coming race. Whence comes its motion? It is obtained at night, when it has been put in the dock. A copper wire is attached to the boat, through which, during the hours of darkness, energy has been transfused in the space around its seats and beneath its deck, as subtly as hypodermically injected morphine spreads through the victim's veins. Storage batteries have taken up the energy which has come from this living wire, and with the daylight it is ready for man's use. Seventy miles of transport at fifteen miles per hour is put away in these invisible interstices. When day comes the engineer, sitting in the bow, puts one hand on a lever, which



MODEL OF H. M. BATTLESHIP VICTORIA.

a child might operate, so simple is its working, and another on a little pilot-wheel, the invisible propeller turns rapidly upon its axis and the boat is in motion, forging ahead, slowly backing, turning to the right and left, with a very minimum expenditure of human energy.

From the point of interest rather than usefulness, the objects which attract the greatest crowd in the Transportation building are the locomotives of the earliest periods of railroading. They stand side by side with the most magnificent engines of modern building, which tower with their seven-foot driving-wheels above the originals like giants. Here are the locomotive of Stephenson, the locomotives used on the Baltimore & Ohio in the early days, with their driving shafts not much larger than one of the bolts used in the modern locomotive; the passenger cars, which were nothing but stage-coaches built on iron wheels, and which, by the way, might be a very pleasant form of car in these days of electrical locomotion. Step by step you trace the whole history of the locomotive and railroad train from their inception through all their rapid development up to the present hour.

And when the mind has fully grasped the meaning of this development, the thought suddenly comes that this is the last exhibition that will ever be made, in all human probability, of the locomotive as a mode of propulsion for passenger traffic. At this exhibition we see the most imperfect locomotive in its almost tea-kettle form, and we also see the most perfect locomotive that will ever be built: the beginning and the end of

steam railway traffic. Next year, or the year after, or at most in eight or ten years, steam power applied directly to passenger trains will be a thing of the past.

And, while in this mood of prophesy, why not hazard the conjecture that this exhibition will also be the last at which the public highways, so logically belonging to the state, will be found in the control of individuals, using them for private aggrandizement? The railroad, upon which the happiness and prosperity of so many depend, which is such a factor in the public safety and comfort and in the production of wealth, will, before this country sees another exhibition, pass where the control rightfully belongs. It is a governmental function just as truly as is the function of taking charge of, preparing and distributing mail. We may not have, at the present time, a civil service equal to such requirements, but that is because our civil service has been of no great matter to the public in one way or the other. Such functions of the government as have been exercised by the civil service have been comparatively unimportant. But if we have a necessity for a thoroughly organized and well-appointed civil service, we will find the way to organize and appoint that service.

If I were a holder of a great railroad property today, I would be more anxious that the government should purchase that property than the people could possibly be to have me sell it. It is an hour of change. No one can exactly predict what the future contains, and railroad properties, which are now very valuable, which cross zigzag in many directions, which have rolling-stock worth many millions, may become almost useless under the demands of new engineering, under the conditions of a new invention, under the possibilities of a new science.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

MINES AND METALLURGY.

By F. J. V. Skiff, Chief Department of Mines and Mining

OF all the architectural panoramas that on many sides surprise and delight the visitor to the exposition, none excels the prospect from the Upper Lagoons. The great Palace of Mines, with its companion structures surrounding the Court of Honor, rises at the distant southern end of the Lagoon, its white massive outlines being thrown into high relief amid an environment of natural and artificial splendor.

As we trace the details of its architecture, there is brought to mind the long historical evolution that has occasioned this building and its exhibit.

Imagination carries us back to the dawn of the metal industries—the bronze age—and to the patriarchal times with their abundant metals playing such an important part in the commercial and belligerent life of the Orient. Jew, Venetian, Roman and Spaniard, impelled by an insatiate desire for wealth and possessions, were inspired and urged on to discover and widen the world's boundaries. Cornish tin brought the culture of Rome to Great Britain and gold to redeem the Holy Sepulchre leads Columbus to search for the western continent. Today are the

onward tides of population and prosperity directed by a deposit of coal or a vein of metal, whole armaments of nations rendered useless by the discovery of a new and more impenetrable alloy.

We seem to gaze at the long line of exhibitions that shine like bright points, marking off the world's progress until in the dim perspective of Charlemagne's time is shadowed forth the smiths and miners of the Hartz mountains, bringing down samples of their pure and wrought metals to display at the yearly festival of Frankfort-on-the-Main—the first recorded mining exhibit. One by one, fairs, festivals, commercial exhibitions and international expositions arise in quick succession — Frankfort, St. Denis, Maison d'Orsay, Dublin, London, Vienna, Paris, —in each, mining and metallurgy performing a continually growing and important part, proportionate to the rapid development of the industries themselves. From the one solitary class which comprehended their exhibit at the first great exhibition, the classification has expanded until the Columbian Exposition has devoted to a generic enumeration in these lines no less than twenty-eight groups and one hundred and twenty-eight classes, besides conferring on them the title of a department.

These reflections conduce to an appreciation of the antiquity of the theme and the fundamental character of these industries as factors in the economies of nations. The judgment that has magnified and honored this mineral and metallic wealth with an elaborate classification and magnificent architectural covering, appears amply justified.

Within the building itself, the first feature to attract attention is the openness of the interior construction. The discerning genius of the architect perceived at once that the first requirements of an exposition building for exhibit purposes was simply unencumbered space. He adopted the suggestion of the Niagara bridge. With one-half million pounds of steel, he built up a series of cantilever trusses and overlaid them with frame and glass, covering five acres of practically unobstructed floor. This is the first example of the application of this system to roof construction. The heavy steel supports gracefully throw out their branches and meet at the apex nearly one hundred feet from the floor.

From the broad gallery that extends entirely around the building and next to the wall, is to be had the most attractive and satisfactory bird's-eye view of the varied display. The scene if anything repeats and matches in symmetry and decoration, the dramatic presentation of architecture and landscape without. Here is spread out a fairy city within a city—a creation of delicate and handsome installations, laid off in regular avenues and boulevards, and set off with towering pyramids and trophies, shields, banners and streamers. From above the great assemblage of mineral materials, heaps of ores, bullion stacks, marble and coal arches, and ornamental pavilions that appear in such profusion below, here and there a monolith, or spire, of metal or mineral rises, thus relieving any possible monotony of level.

The many individual displays contributing to make up this scene are so amalgamated — the separate members are so unified that they seem to fuse into one great collective exhibit. Yet an order and system of installation is throughout clearly visible. The plan is simple, and, carefully observed, will be of great service to the visitor, affording him a better comprehension of the display in its entirety as well as in detail. Over beyond the main central avenue of the building — Bullion Boulevard — float the flags of Germany, Great Britain, France, Spain, Japan and divers foreign nations, occupying the entire western portion of the floor. A line of pavilions in ever-varying styles of architecture is drawn up in festal array along the east side of the same avenue, and at intervals are discernable the inscriptions or coats of arms of our own states and territories. From beneath the east gallery comes the whirl and clatter of operating machines and we glimpse whizzing wheels or the steady movement of running belts and chains. Looking about us in the gallery a grouping of materials as materials is noticeable. The minerals, the rocks, the metals, salts, abrasives, stone, oil and coal, are here ranged in separate colonies, as distinct as are the substances themselves. The two main facts of installation, then, are the massing of exhibits according to geog-

raphy, as exemplified in the state and foreign sections; and their collection along lines of essential similarity as illustrated by the machinery and gallery groupings.

In order to prevent confusion in the presence of such an aggregation of objects offered for inspection, the visitor will do well to keep in mind the particular principles controlling such an exhibit. The exposition of today is no longer, as were the fairs, a mere market for the exchange of commodities. The railroad and the telegraph have brought the buyer and seller into such intimate communication that the purely advertising function of the earlier exhibitions is retired. Entertainment, recreation, invention, education, progress—these are the aims of the great modern exposition, and by superiority in these directions its success is insured. Let us now turn and examine how far and in what way the exhibit under study responds to these demands.

We have already seen how pleasing an impression is produced by a first glance over the ensemble of the exhibit. In an exposition like the Columbian, so lavish with beauty of form and arrangement, the first thought of both management and exhibitor was, naturally, mode of expression. In this case, materials were abundant, but the artistic arrangement difficult. Yet, on that artistic presentation in large measure depended the popularity and success of the exhibit. The general plan, as laid out, contemplated the free use of the architect's skill and the taste of the decorator. The enthusiasm of the hour, added to motives of national and state pride and of commercial rivalry, led exhibitors to employ the most original as well as the handsomest designs.

Our foreign guests, versed in exposition practise, have not been slow to improve the opportunity, relying chiefly upon the munificence and enterprise of private exhibitors. Germany, for instance, arrests attention from all sides by the magnificent and imposing iron and steel trophy exhibit of Baron Stumm, a display made upon the personal solicitation of the emperor and at an outlay of nearly $200,000. Pyramids and branching columns of structural iron and steel are built up to a height of nearly a hundred feet and assume figures as bewildering in ramification as they are graceful in outline. An entrance arch is surmounted with bronze allegorical figures, while within the space statuary groups of metal workers and metal-working appliances form an ornamental fountain. Lofty obelisks of polished beam and rail sections stand at the corners, and a rear wall is the background upon which is worked out, in mosaics of burnished blast furnace slags, plans of the works and names of the products.

Great Britain and her colonies occupy a central position on the floor and present the particular metals of those countries in attractive and artistic forms, New South Wales outshining the other colonies in this respect. Pyramids of copper ingots encircled with hoops of burnished copper, stacks of tin ingots adorned with metal streamers and rosettes, a silvered shaft with a base of silver ores and topped with a stooping Atlas bearing the world, are gracefully arranged along the principal front, arches of coal being thrown across the rear section of the court.

Spain, Brazil, Japan, France, and others, adopt fitting symbols and characteristic methods by which to show forth their mineral treasures and at the same time to heighten the animation and gayety of the scene.

In all this entertaining exuberance of ornamentation and design the great mineral-producing states of the United States have a prominent share. Their array of architectural fronts forms, on the east side of Bullion Boulevard, a façade as unique and interesting as that of a street in Paris or Cairo. Classic pediments and columns, parapets, arches, and turreted battlements, make a beautiful and interesting spectacle, each separate pavilion forming a fitting temporary habitation for the offerings of the states. Nor is all this mere empty and meaningless form, for every marble slab, clay brick, and tesselated pavement is material selected out of a great abundance, to represent the characteristic minerals of the state exhibiting. In this way a monotonous repetition of mineral riches, either as heaps of ores or in carefully arranged cabinets and cases, is avoided and we are continually surprised and delighted with the ever changing pictures of mineral and metal wealth, fashioned and embodied in the most beautiful and graceful shapes.

The series commences at the north with Pennsylvania, the great coal producer, and ends at the south with Colorado, the great silver producer. The intervening exhibits are, as a rule, those of the states that can assert supremacy in a particular line of production, such, for instance, as Michigan, the queen copper state; Missouri and Wisconsin, the ranking lead and zinc producers; California, the gold country; and Montana, leading in the output of associated metals—copper, silver and gold.

Where all have done superbly well, it is somewhat difficult to choose any single one for particular approbation. Ohio has executed one of the most striking examples of mineral architecture. An entrance arch, with the inscription "Ohio" in fancy tiles, as well as the bays on either side, with their copings and columns, are constructed of a variety of Ohio building and ornamental stones, enameled brick, and mosaic tile. These different materials represent the contributions and exhibits of many individuals, corporations and counties.

Kentucky, her neighbor, receives visitors through a castellated entrance of cannel coal. The conchoidal fracture of the facing gives it a glistening appearance, which, with the murky color of the material, makes this turreted front one of the most conspicuous objects in the building.

The columnated arches of California are faced with polished marbles of white, green and gray, pure, flecked and mottled, and are surmounted with two gilded bears, symbols of the state. Michigan's exhibit is reached through a massive entrance of red Lake Superior sandstone, decorated with a border of little Brownie miners and capped with a statuary group representing the coat of arms of the state. A parapet of the same material marks the boundaries and harmonizes well with the shiny colors of copper to be seen on all sides within the court. Wisconsin has set a monolith at each corner of her space—huge needles of sandstone quarried in single pieces—and adorns the interior with a glittering crystal and mineral fountain. Each stone in the arch of Minnesota bears, worked in gilded lettering, the name of the quarry or the formation from which derived.

Did space allow, a description would be in order of the elaborate details of the pavilions of other states, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, New York, Missouri, South Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, North Carolina, Wyoming, Washington, New Mexico or of Utah. Suffice it to say that in all, the fine arts have brought out in varied lights the surprising adaptability of common minerals to the highest artistic ends, and in a way that gratifies the senses of the beholder.

The exposition manager, both local and general, must of necessity be something of a showman. Although his work is laid out along scientific lines and the tastes of diverse classes are to be considered, he has the responsibility of a world to entertain. And he can only expect to reach the great majority by means of his "special attractions," by exhibits that will hold the interest of the multitude. In the exposition itinerary, such exhibits are like the art galleries and museums of a European tour, the objects of special pilgrimages. They form retaining points in the mind of the hurried visitor and from them he gains his impressions and makes his estimates of the entire display. Reference may be made to many.

The diamond-washing and cutting exhibit is probably the principal center of attraction in the Mining building. Through the glass windows enclosing the Cape Colony space, the interested spectator can watch the blue diamond-bearing earth crushed and pulverized and the pebbles washed out and sorted with the actual machines employed at the great Kimberley diggings of South Africa, where twenty years ago the Boer settler farmed in peace. The machines are operated by native Zulus, imported for the purpose. Togged out in their holiday attire with beads and feathers, and leaning on club or spear, they give a vivid impression of social life as it exists in and near the diamond diggings. The rough diamonds are handed over to the lapidarist in another room, who passes them through several different stages of grinding and polishing, deftly, but gradually, gives a touch here and there, and holds them up a perfect gem sparkling in the sunlight.

Upon the main central court, Great Britain has a collection of rare metals and the salts of rare metals valued at $85,000, one block of pure palladium alone repre-

senting $35,000. An ingot of pure platinum first exhibited at the International exhibition of 1862, is valued at $28,000, and is not exceedingly large either. Platinum, iridium, osmium, ruthenium, crystalline silicon and boron, together with a model of the first platinum vessel used in the concentration of sulphuric acid and an entire gold-plated platinum plant for the same manufacture go to make up a display of great costliness.

The most notable display in precious metals is the renowned Montana statue, "Justice," cast in solid silver, worth $61, 800, and resting on a plinth of solid gold representing $230,000. Several valuable gold collections are to be seen in different portions of the building. In the New South Wales court, mounted on plush, are a series of nuggets and alluvial golds valued at $35,000. A big mass of gold, called the "Maitland Bar Nugget," contains over three hundred and thirteen ounces and is appraised at $6000. Colorado's chief attraction is the gold display arranged in cases about the marble column in the center of the court. Twenty thousand dollars in the finest specimens of crystallized golds, the rarest and most beautiful forms of flake, leaf, and wire gold found during the last year in the Breckenridge region, are here on exhibition.

The largest and most complete exhibit of nickel ever made is to be found in the Ontario space. Upon a base of heavy masses of pyrrhotite and other nickel ores rest the cone-shaped concentrate, or nickel matte, surmounted in turn by a huge ingot of nickel containing several thousand dollars worth of the pure metal.

One of the most interesting and valuable collections of gems and semi-precious stones is that made by Mr. George F. Kunz, the author of the authoritative work Gems and Precious Stones. His brilliant exhibit contains amazon stones, noble opals, amethysts in geodes, hydrophanes or mad-stones, sectionized and polished jades and agates, quartz, a tiger's-eye ball four inches in diameter, a collection of cones, flakes and chips of obsidian illustrating the ancient method of making spear and arrow points, and a great variety of gems, antiques and curios, together with a set of illustrated works of ancient writers on gems.

The diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, opals, amethysts, garnets and topaz of New South Wales, and the sapphires, oriental emeralds, garnets, quartz of different colors, sagenites, beryls, spinels and other gems both cut and uncut of North Carolina are among the other large and fascinating displays. Much in public favor are the cases in the Wisconsin section filled with lustrous round and pear-drop pearls from the streams of the Badger state. The colors are the richest shades of white, pink, lavender and blue and some of the little satiny beads are held at as high as $5000.

The great copper mining companies of Arizona have in that territory's space an assortment of variegated ores of copper, that vie in color with the transformations of the kaleidoscope. Surrounding the massive piece of azurite streaked with green malachite that forms the central trophy are pictures and symphonies in blue, green and silvered plush and satin mineral surfaces. Polished sections of agatized wood and a thousand and one showy specimens make this exhibit as typical and beautiful a mineral display as can be found in the building. The mineral-covered miner's cabin of New Mexico with the accompanying life-sized figures of prospector and burro, takes one back to the slopes of the mountain and vividly calls to mind the natural grandeur of the landscapes that form a setting for these interesting types of mountain mining life.

The entire north gallery has been sumptuously furnished by the Standard Oil company, which here has probably the most complete and extensive presentation of the petroleum industry ever made. In elaborate cases and cabinets are to be seen glass jars of uniform size filled with different grades of crude and refined petroleums, from the heavy black to the pure white; the series embracing every quality known to the industry. An interesting collection of all the bi-products, such as candles, gums and waxes, salves and ointments, form an interesting feature of the display; also models of pipe lines and refineries illustrating the drilling, transportation and refining of oil. An operating model of the greatest coke establishment in the world, that in the Connelsville region, is shown by the H. C. Frick Coke company. It exhibits in de-

tail the different steps in the manufacture of this material so necessary to modern metallurgy. Many other special attractions could well be cited; the evaporation of salt as carried on in the Ohio section; Oregon's exhibit in miniature of hydraulic mining; the preparation of Chilian nitrates; and panoramas of famous mineral springs. These with what have been already enumerated, form a list of attractive features that the most casual observer desires to see and that well repay visitation.

But the mining exhibit has a higher mission than simply to draw up the states and nations in dress parade and furnish a novel entertainment for the multitude. To carry out the modern exposition idea it must also aim to educate, to impart and disseminate knowledge. It calls upon science, art and industry for suggestions, ideas and facts that shall bring about a better understanding of the inorganic side of nature's domain. State pride and commercial rivalry have adopted ornamentation simply as a species of advertisement to tell the capitalist where to invest and the emigrant where to settle; to inform the miner as to what can be cheaply and easily produced, and to enable the manufacturer to discover new materials for new uses. In this way the great facts of economic importance in the mineral world are brought out with the greatest distinctness. Samples and specimens tell but half the tale. They become exhibits, and only gain their principal value to the practical commercial man when they carry detailed information as to geological and geographical locality, cost of production, facilities for transportion, and adaptability to special manufacture.

The motive leading the foreign countries to participate at the exposition was in the first place, of course, the commercial one. Each one had necessarily to maintain its rank in the industrial world, and the exposition afforded a battlefield upon which, at the time set, was to be fought out and settled future commercial supremacy. With such a stimulus it is natural that the desire to set forth products and commercial advantages in the completest manner should be paramount.

Nor was this battle beneath the dignity of emperors and presidents, for the exhibits of Germany, Austria, France, Mexico, Spain and Japan represent the active supervision of foreign governments and the personal enterprise of potentates.

In the state pavilions the concentration of the representative minerals of thousands of square miles into an area of comparatively a few square feet cannot help but form in the minds of both the public and the professional miner, a better comprehension of the mineral productiveness and commercial activity of each state exhibiting. The West has a story to tell of the opening up of new fields of wealth and hopes to secure the financial aid of interested investors. The "New" South exposes maps and information proving her boundless but undeveloped mineral belts, and is eager to turn the tide in her direction. The stable East brings the mineral and metal products it confidently intends to introduce into wider and more profitable markets.

In the group exhibits the commercial enterprise of competing firms has organized valuable instructive features. The application of the mechanic's skill to the mineral extractive industries, as epitomized in the mining machinery section, furnishes a serviceable object lesson in mine engineering. The new coal cutting and drilling machines, the improved automatic hoists and patent breakers explain how fuel is cheapened and how the extension of iron producing regions is made possible. Improved stamp mills, roasting furnaces, and other apparatus for the mechanical, chemical or electrolytic reduction of the metals illustrate the metallurgical factors that revive languishing regions.

In other groups the advertisement is secured by enlargement upon the historical and evolutionary sides, or by exhibiting the successive stages in the processes of extraction and manufacture. The original converter first used, by Kelly the inventor, for the manufacture of Bessemer steel is the introduction to a display of iron and steel; the first kit of tools used in drilling for oil, brings to notice a large well supply exhibit. The singular but important use of asbestos as an incombustible fabric is called to public attention by operating machines that take the crude rock fiber through the processes of separation, carding, spinning and weaving, and produce a theater curtain. An as-

phalt firm endeavors to enlarge its business by showing in map and model, the natural sources of supply, mode of manufacture, and usage in the construction of roofs, conduits and boulevards.

The Mining building is indeed a hall of science, scientific methods and scientific appointments being everywhere apparent. The entire display is an exemplar of applied geology, mineralogy, lithology, of chemistry, physics, metallurgy and engineering. It is the great Columbian school of minerals, mining and metallurgy. The scholar finds it a technical museum, replete with the choicest illustrative specimens. In fact, the maps, reliefs, diagrams, models, systematic rock and mineral collections and statistics here presented probably exceed in both quantity and variety the equipment of the largest scientific schools and colleges.

In the collection and arrangement of the state displays the different geological surveys had a leading part. The survey of Pennsylvania, Missouri, New Jersey and North Carolina, by map, chart and relief model, outline superficially and in depth the limits of vast deposits of lead, zinc, coal, iron or precious minerals as the case may be, and illustrate stratigraphical evolution by sets of specimens. New York has built up at her entrance a geological monument, showing to scale with actual specimens, the successive strata underlying the state, from the lowest archæan to the most recent formation. Colorado's geological history is told by separate maps of different periods each age having its corresponding record of rock series. The United States Geological Survey, at the north entrance, has erected a pyramid of minerals and metals showing in succession from coal to gems the average amount produced in the United States every second.

The length of the American section itself constitutes a lesson in national geology. At one end the iron and coal of the Appalachian chain is exhibited by Pennsylvania, West Virginia and New York; at the other the great mineral states of the Rockies show the metals extracted from the mountainous backbone of the continent; while intermediate are arranged the salts, clays and stone of the states of the great interior basin. The result is a quick contrast between the products of igneous action and those of sedimentation.

Germany occupies a large space with a united exhibit of its royal mining bureaus and technical academies, and presents graphically and by model, the modern methods of coal and metal mining, schemes of metallurgical reduction, as well as the magnificent detail work of her geological surveys. This superb technical exhibit reveals the intimate and important relation sustained by the scientific and engineering professions to the mineral industries in the German empire and also affords a good idea of the advanced state of technical science in that country.

The geology of France, New South Wales, Spain, Brazil and Mexico is interpreted by means of characteristic fossil and rock collections and by extensive wall maps. The Dominion of Canada has brought a large part of its Ottawa museum in order to demonstrate the structure and mineral possibilities of the great territory under its jurisdiction. The Imperial geological survey of Japan surprises the occidental scientist with the completeness of its geological maps. The different reconnaissances, published both in Japanese and English and framed in bamboo, show the scientific proficiency of this progressive people.

Geographic distribution, however, occasions too wide dispersion of certain minerals and mineral materials and dissipates or obscures the scientific knowledge and information yielded by a united or collective exhibit. The department itself therefore has collected and grouped in the gallery a series of case and cabinet national displays accompanied by general data of widespread interest and value. In this way have been formed a technical mineralogical collection, a series of the salts and mineral waters of the United States, and a cube exhibit of building and ornamental stone from the principal quarries.

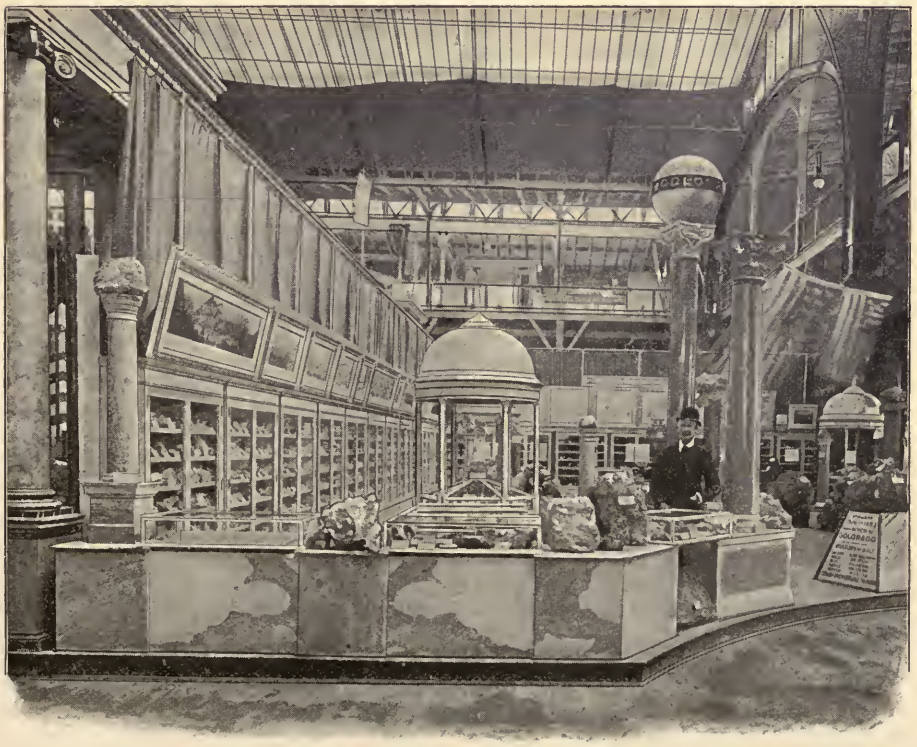
A large plate glass map shown in conjunction with the technical display of the coals of the United States determines by numbered cross reference the exact source of each coal specimen. The four hundred and fifty samples represent every field and carry careful analyses by the department chemist. The departmental assay laboratory in addition to this work carries on regular determinations of ores and is in itself an interesting exhibit.

An extensive metallurgical display exhibits the ores, the extraction samples, and the products of each metal used in the arts. Of particular interest to the visitor are the aluminum processes and specimens, the metallurgy of nickel, and the electrolytic refining of copper. Many processes are here shown for the first time, such as the desilverization of base bullion, the tempering of copper (hitherto reckoned one of the lost arts) the complete series of gold and silver alloys and electroplating with iridium.

The history of mining and metallurgy is the theme of a long line of transparencies suspended before the gallery windows. These plates are reproduced from the works of ancient writers on these subjects and, beginning with the divining rod of the ancient prospector, illustrate the peculiar mining and metallurgical appliances and methods of primitive times.

A library of from five to six thousand volumes on mining, metallurgy, mineralogy, geology, and allied arts and sciences, together with a reading-room where technical periodicals and journals are on file, cover the literature of the industries.

We have now passed in review the multifarious exhibit of the Mining building. The higher requirements of the modern exposition as unfolded in this exhibit has in some degree been investigated. Its harmony with the refined artistic standards of the whole exposition, its overtures to entertainment and recreation, and its function as an educator in the science and technology of the industries on exhibition, are unmistakably marked. To what degree it will stimulate research and invention, or what may be its permanent influence upon progress and civilization, cannot at this early time be predicted. It stands as the materialization and conclusion of the congressional enactment that provided for the exhibition of the "products of the soil, mine and sea," and let us hope that the effectiveness and dignity with which the Columbian mining and metallurgical display has discharged this responsibility may make it a prototype for many future international expositions.



CHICAGO'S ENTERTAINMENT OF DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

By Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor.

WITH the dedication ceremonies of the World's Columbian exposition in last October young Chicago made her début in the society of the world. Previous to that time she had been looked upon as a vigorous—though somewhat uncouth—exponent of western energy, whose efforts were characterized by the boisterousness of untrammelled youth rather than by the repose and grace of well-bred maturity. In October she appeared to the world as its hostess, and by her dignified performance of the arduous duties the occasion demanded she won the admiration of her guests and demonstrated her almost inherent knowledge of social amenities.

Society, in its expansive sense, is such a generous term that, when a city becomes the hostess of the world, there must, of necessity, be many contre temps which would not characterize an exclusive Mayfair drawing-room; but in the entertainment of Chicago's guests in last October there was a lack of ostentation, and a dignity which were truly gratifying to every Chicagoan. There were no social feuds among the entertainers, no struggles for supremacy; and each Chicagoan to whom a duty was allotted went to work with a will which ensured its successful performance.

Fortunately for Chicago, the city is too young to maintain an exclusive aristocracy, holding aloof from its neighbors, and viewing their efforts with the disdainful mistrust the world calls snobbishness. There are, of course, sets and cliques in Chicago society; there are, of course, men of the world, and men of the West only; but these cliques and sets are owing rather to the gregariousness of man's nature and the principle of natural selection than to any apparent attempt to create class distinctions. The best proof of this lies in the fact that in any public entertainment the people of all sets work side by side for the credit of the city, desirous only of enhancing the reputation of their beloved Chicago. I say beloved, because Chicagoans do love their city. It is not an heritage that has come to them from a vague and distant past. It is their own creation; it is the result of their own efforts; it is part of themselves, and if, at times, they permit the exuberance of their satisfaction to bubble forth, the world should smile good-naturedly and pardon them, as it does boisterous college boys after a well-won race.

In the entertainment of its guests, Chicago was imbued with true western hospitality and a desire to show herself a citizen of the world. Like a newly-created ambassador presenting his credentials at a foreign court, she was for the first time appearing before the world as a metropolis, representing a new civilization. Her guests, the representatives of all the nations of the world, were her critics. For the first time in the city's history, the vice-president of the United States, the cabinet, the diplomatic corps, and commissioners of foreign countries, the supreme court, senate, house of representatives, and the governors of over thirty states, gathered in Chicago, to accept her hospitality and, in the case of most of them, to form their first impression of their hostess. What those impressions were, except when favorable, cannot be said, for the guests whose opinions might be valuable refrained from public criticism and confined their expressions to compliments most generously bestowed. It is the hope, however, of all Chicagoans that they carried back to their respective countries and homes at least a favorable impression of the young western débutante, who had just made her bow in the society of the world.

During May and June the city was called upon to entertain the nation's guests: the Infantes Eulalia and Antonio of Spain and the Duke of Veragua. The distinguished descendant of America's discoverer remained in the city long enough to cast aside the constrained cloak of officialism and mingle with the people. His familiar face was to be seen in every drawing-room. He met his friends on a footing of democratic equality, and after the official ceremonies in connection with the opening of the ex-

position, he came and went like a citizen of the city, respected and liked, but receiving no more attention than would be accorded to a most distinguished citizen of our own country.

In the case of the Infanta Eulalia it was different. She was royalty, and the glamor surrounding that name seems to have affected, in a great measure, people and press alike. Fortunately, the ridiculous subservience with which she was sometimes treated, was not confined to Chicago, and it may be that the western metropolis was too timid to assert its own democratic spirit. Unfortunately, this royal princess was abused and even slandered because she was courageous enough to assert her independence. She showed a marked distaste for ceremonies, and while visiting the exposition she preferred a wheel chair to a coach and four, and her own suite to ceremonial committees and Columbian guards. For this she was criticised, when Americans should have been the first to applaud her democratic desire to avoid senseless adoration and gaping crowds.

During the past year, in addition to the guests of the nation and the exposition, hundreds of distinguished men and women of different nationalities have been attracted to Chicago, and their presence has produced an attractive cosmopolitanism which cannot be completely obliterated even when the magic White City is but a memory. This meeting and mingling with intelligent men and women of the world cannot fail to benefit the society of a city, heretofore provincial, and its effect will be felt long after French, German and Spanish have ceased to be spoken in western drawing-rooms.

This year the eyes of the world are upon Chicago. The city is a metropolis in every sense of the word, and the presence in the streets of Cossacks, Bedouins and Javanese attract little more attention than does the average German immigrant. This liberalizing of a great inland city; this contact with the world must produce a lasting benefit, and likewise its society heretofore retiring, exclusive perhaps, and certainly puritanical, must become liberal, elastic and comprehensive. The day when society can be governed by church ascendency is passed. The time when society must reflect the best culture, refinement and artistic taste of the community, and by so doing become sparkling, vivacious and attractive to cosmopolites, is just beginning. There is room for the artistic development of Chicago, and that is what the Columbian exposition is doing. The city needs more studios, and publishing houses, more conservatories and universities — or rather greater, for we have them in embryo already. Chicago is a commercial metropolis. It must become an intellectual metropolis as well.

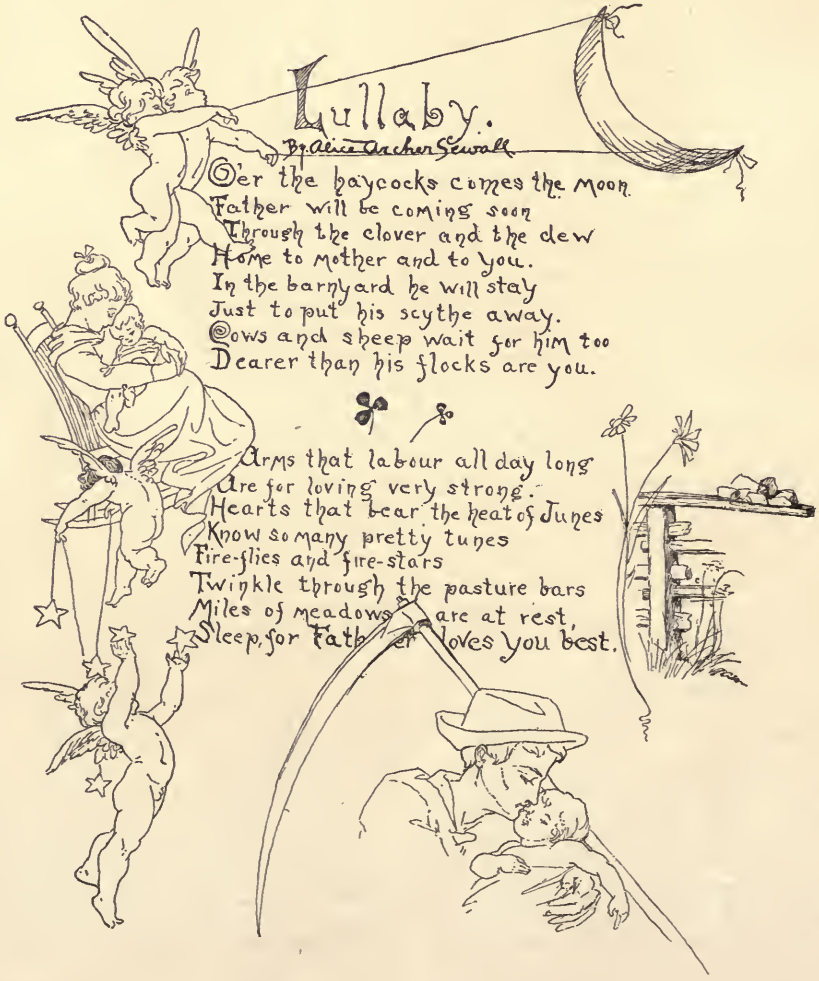
The Columbian exposition, through its superb educational facilities and the example of the "distinguished guests" it has gathered together, has given the impetus to intellectual development. If every dollar invested in the exposition is irretrievably gone, if ten years are required by the citizens of Chicago to recuperate their financial losses, time and money will yet have been well spent. The artistic taste has been created. There is enough energy and perseverance in the city to overcome far greater obstacles than temporary financial embarrassment. The sense which appreciates the beautiful has been cultivated, and never again can Chicagoans judge a man entirely by his ability to accumulate wealth.

Heretofore Chicago has formed a civilization somewhat apart from the world. Its reputation certainly has not been æsthetic. Its society, naturally sensitive to criticism it considered in a great measure undeserved, and geographically removed from the social centers of the East, has lived apart from the rest of the world. It has grown and thrived and imbibed the spirit of Americanism. During recent years it has begun to acquire successfully the subtle polish the world requires from those who aspire to social distinction, but so far this western society has been comparatively free from the extravagancies and vices which are too apt to follow in the train of the highest civilization.

Chicagoans have been too busily engaged in building their city and their fortunes to find time for dissipation, but now all that must change. The city and the fortunes have been built. Chicago has taken its rank among the great cities of the world; the people of the world have entered her drawing-rooms and found her society energetic, progressive, and, in

most cases, well-bred. Fortunes have been created to be spent. Will they be spent wisely or ill? That is a question Chicagoans must decide for themselves. That life in the western metropolis will never return to the simplicity of a decade ago, is an assured fact. But behind the splendid trappings of metropolitanism a foe is always lurking. That foe is idleness and its attendant demon is dissipation.

Yet Chicagoans welcome the advent of the luxury which wealth renders possible; it is the natural accompaniment of refined civilization, and, wisely chosen, it cannot fail to prove beneficial to the community; but let them avoid the mistakes of older civilizations, and, by creating an intellectual social standard, drive the dissipated dawdler to more congenial climes. There are in the best society of Chicago today—and I say it boldly in the face of probable challenges from persons ignorant of the facts—fewer scandals and fewer divorces, in proportion to its size, than in that of any city of over a million inhabitants in the civilized world. Now that Chicago has become a metropolis; now that its society has been brought in contact with that of the world at large, and its people, having money, are prepared to spend it—let the same moral standard be maintained. By that means alone the western metropolis may surpass its rivals, and stand as the highest type of the world's civilization.



THE GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT.

By F. T. Bickford, Secretary Board of Management Government Exhibit.

THE Governmental exhibit at Chicago is the largest, most costly and most comprehensive single exhibit ever prepared for any exposition at home or abroad. It is an exposition in itself. Its immediate cost, including that of its buildings will have been $1,350,000, while the intrinsic value of materials, drawn from the departments, arsenals and institutions of the Government is probably twice as much more.

The law creating the board indicated ten natural great divisions of the work, comprising the eight executive departments, the Smithsonian institution and National museum (under one head) and the United States Fish commission; and a bare enumeration of the articles exhibited, without descriptive matter or comment, would fill a volume twice the size of this magazine.

The contribution of the Department of Agriculture is almost entirely a creation of the board. This department has no store of historical or spectacular material to draw upon, and inasmuch as it does not farm an acre of ground on its own account, the abnormal growths and "fancy" products, animal and vegetable, which form the staple attractions to agricultural fairs, were inadmissible as illustrative of governmental functions.

Nevertheless, this department, the youngest in the executive brotherhood, is recognized as among the most important in an exposition sense, being the only one of which special mention was made in the law providing for American participation in the last and greatest of the French expositions. This is a department of processes and experiment, and its annual output is found in the libraries of the country, comprising its reports and bulletins upon the multifarious subjects, which interest, or are supposed to interest the American farmer. Its exhibit is a material illustration of the processes and experimentation pursued by the eminent scientists at the head of its several sub-branches.

Enlarged models of familiar things; charts of distribution; scientifically classified specimens of products designed to bring to the attention of the farmer the more unfamiliar secrets of agricultural science, and thereby excite a deeper and more profitable interest in the publications sent out from Washington in his interest, comprise the weight of its contribution. The diseases of domestic animals, their origin, nature and effects; the blights and rusts and afflictions to which the vegetable and fruit families are heirs, with the best remedies and methods of their application; the beneficial or detrimental effects of transplantation, of changes of soil, climate, altitude; the study in comparison, of like products of different regions of the country; the havoc of insect pests with the methods of their discouragement; and the illustration in the presence of the visitor of the more interesting and instructive processes of investigation are among its attractions.

The United States Fish commission, the least of the ten branches in an executive sense—a mere unattached bureau of the Government—is among the most prolific in the adaptability of its functions to exposition purposes. It has won high honors in all the great events at home or abroad in which it has taken part, and its methods have by these media become known to and copied by the kindred institutions of civilization. Probably the most popular single feature of the exposition is the aquarium—a procession of fresh water beauties and deep sea horrors—more striking, varied and unfamiliar than the illusive fictions of insanity's dream. This commission illustrates by an interesting series of models the development of the sea-going fishing marine, from its germ—the ancient tub, whose sine quâ non was room and inertia, to the thing of lightness and beauty, which rivals the racing yacht in speed, and makes the Cape Cod fleet the finest of like created things.

The Department of the Interior embraces several mammoth bureaus, having no more intimate relationship to each other than is imposed by their subordination to a single head. Its exhibit as a whole, therefore, lacks homogenity, while the fact that the functions of some of its

branches do not readily materialize in "articles" robs it of completeness. The Pension office makes no appearance at the Fair; and while the Census office, the General Land office, the Bureau of Education, and the Indian bureau contribute interesting features, these afford no adequate idea of their importance respectively in the economy of the general Government. But the United States Patent office and the Geological Survey are regarded as among the most prolific of the "show" branches of the Government; and had the available means and space been quadrupled the expenditure might still have been prudent and praiseworthy.

The Patent office began its work of preparation early, by the creation of a board of expert examiners, who set for themselves the task of proving to mankind the leading influence exerted by the American patent system, upon the material progress and prosperity of the country, and the world.

The display embraces nearly three thousand models — gems of the model makers' and metal workers' art, which illustrate, serially, the march of invention in fifty-four selected classes. These begin with the germinal device, in comparison with which are shown the types of successive improvements, leading up to the perfected article of modern commerce. The series range numerically from that illustrating improvements in bridges, consisting of only nine models, up to that comprising the two hundred and eighty-three models, showing the progress in marine propulsion—screw propellers, paddle-wheels, and their like. In a spectacular sense they embrace everything from the hand-made output of the proverbially poor inventor, to the "sextuple" printing-press of polished steel and brass, less than three feet in maximum dimension, yet capable of turning out tiny imitations of the metropolitan dailies, legibly printed and ready-folded for the mail. The observant visitor cannot fail to share the regrets of the experts that the laws formerly requiring that working models shall form a part of the "records" in respect to patent devices are no longer in force. It is impossible to conceive a more instructive and profitable display than that under consideration.

The field of the Geological Survey is as wide as the continent. The task of its agents was found to be one of selection from the mass of available material rather than of invention and creation. In the display of "contour" or relief maps the casual student of geology may gather, at a glance, proof of the fundamental facts of terrestrial creation which are among the fruits of research extending over millions of square miles, and embracing years of time.

The kindred or contributing sciences of mineralogy, metallurgy and paleontology are illustrated by classified collections and restorations, while the office methods of the organization are made more intelligible by the display of photographs, charts, transparencies, and by the instrumental exhibits. The purely commercial feature of geological research is left for exploitation by the private exhibitor in another branch of the great Fair; but an arrangement of the specimens presented here is made to illustrate the comparative mineral wealth of sections.

The Bureau of Education has commendably exploited a somewhat unpromising field. The Government supports no schools for the youth of its miscellaneous public; and though the national bureau gathers and disseminates all material facts with regard to educational matters, the institutions of the country are all-sufficient exhibitors in their own behalf. The central feature of the display is a model town library of five thousand volumes, incidental to which are illustrated the most approved methods of library administration, and devices of library equipment. The publications of the bureau, and its machinery of collection and dissemination of intelligence are adequately represented in the display. The area is a rendezvous of the educators who visit the Fair.

The Census office contributes but one conspicuous feature, consisting of a set of the curious machines, electrical and mechanical, which were first used during the taking of the last census for tabulating the returns. Crowds surround the tables during all exposition hours, watching the deft fingers of the lady experts detailed from Washington to operate them.

From Alaska there has been gathered a collective display of great popular and commercial interest, illustrative of the

mineral, animal and forestry resources of that region, as well as the ethnic and industrial attributes of its aboriginal peoples.

The National Parks contribute a single object—a section of one of the monarchs of the forest, twenty-six feet in diameter and thirty feet in length. This variety has been accorded the pivotal place of honor—the center of the rotunda in the main Government building. It is somewhat dwarfed by the lofty dome, whose spangled apex hangs two hundred and fifty feet above; but its popularity is evidenced by the fact that extra guards, military and civil, must be drafted on all fête days to manage the crushing throngs which seek entry to its interior.

The two fighting branches of the Government were more fortunate than the majority of their fellows. Pomp and panoply were with them professional, and display was a fixed habit; while their arsenals, armories and work-shops were unfailing store-houses of available exhibit material.

There was promise, at the outset, of rivalry, by reason of the fact that so many functions of the one are counterparts of those of the other. But the audacity of meteoric genius paved the way for the avoidance of duplication, and contributed to the "harmonious arrangement" prescribed by law. "Let us show," said genius, "to the prairie-born citizen what a modern battle-ship is like. He pays his proportion of the taxes, and should have a chance to see how they are expended." Through scoffings and discouragements, pertinacity bore down opposition, and the "crank" notions of the early stages became a thing of brick and cement, of iron and paint, of sponsons, turrets and towers—in short, to all intents and purposes, a modern battle-ship, of full size, rigging and equipment. It is an exhibit, pure and simple, and, viewed from without, simulates in every feature an immense iron-clad, moored to her wharf in the lake. The main deck, however, lacks the obstructions common to actual vessels of war, and space is thereon found for a comprehensive museum of naval material. A detail of officers, marines and blue-jackets carry on, so far as may be, the life of a ship of war in commission.

The enterprise of the naval branch of the Board of Management left a clear field for the War department which has filled it literally to overflowing. In addition to a varied exhibit of ordnance, the operations of gun and ammunition making are carried on in the presence of the visitor. From the Engineer department the more striking and important of the public works undertaken for the improvement of the interior waterways and harbors of the country, are illustrated by curious and costly models. The Quartermaster's department contributes specimens of all the stores, articles of equipment and supply in use, and displays by the means of lay-figures, mounted and foot, the uniforms of the American army, from the colonial period to the present day. The Signal Service has developed a combination of panoramic and realistic art commemorative of the release of Greely and his companion prisoners in the north; and the Army Medical department, in an auxiliary building furnishes a fully equipped modern post hospital, incidental to which the inventions, studies and developments of surgery and medicine form a collection of rare value to the medical profession.

The Smithsonian institution and National museum were embarrassed by no other limitations than those of money and space. Whatever might be studied or exhibited was, to their management, a "function." With the over-crowded halls of the National museum in Washington to draw upon, with all created things to be illustrated, it paused only long enough to learn what its sister branches proposed to do, and then selected for its field what was left. Trained by years of practice, profiting by an experience embracing all preceding expositions, it selected speedily, modestly and well. Its twenty odd thousand square feet of space are filled with the handiwork of the taxidermist and modeller, illustrative of that which is rarest in natural history and ethnology, while gems, instruments, curios and works of mechanical art help to teach, in their arrangement, casing and display, all that is most valuable in the modern museum management.

The Post-office department, following and improving upon its own precedents at Philadelphia, New Orleans and Cincinnati, exhibits a model working post-office, so arranged that all the internal

workings may be studied by the visitor; and serving at the same time the postal necessities of the Fair.

The leading features of the display made by the Treasury department are from the offices of the coast survey, the marine hospital service, the light-house board and the mint. The first named—the eldest of the scientific institutions of the Government—exhibits a wealth of instrumental equipment, for the determination of all the problems in geodesy and hydrography, and publishes specimen charts in the presence of the visitor.

The exhibit of the Mint comprises a press in operation, from which souvenir medals, not unlike double eagles in size and appearance, are struck off—twenty to the minute. Its numismatic collection embraces more than seven thousand coins dating from the Greek and Roman republics to the present day.

The Marine Hospital service has contributed the equipment complete of a model hospital ward; models and apparatus of the National maritime quarantine and articles illustrative of the methods of the inter-state quarantine. The varied processes of disinfection, of bacteriological research, and of the collection of information with regard to the health of our own and foreign peoples, may be studied exhaustively from the material and records at hand.

The Light-House establishment makes a brilliant exhibit of illuminating apparatus, embracing the mammoth hyperradiant, within which a dozen persons may stand in comfort, and which will ultimately be placed on the outer diamond shoals off Cape Hatteras.

The exhibit of the Department of State is largely documentary. It is designed to illustrate the processes of negotiation of whatever nature with foreign powers; of correspondence between the national and state executives; of the issuance of proclamations by the president, and the publication of the laws of Congress, and of the collection and publication of intelligence relating to foreign trade and commerce. Under the last-named function an extensive collection of pictures and material has been made illustrative of the life and commercial needs, taste, and habits of the Latin-American peoples, with whom this nation is seeking to establish more intimate relations.

The contribution of the Department of Justice is also chiefly of a documentary nature, illustrating the beginning, growth and present conditions of various features of our judicial system, colonial, state and national. It is enriched for the interest of the lay visitor by many mementos and paintings of the leading jurists of American history, and by fac-similes of rare historic documents.

The Government exhibit comprises auxiliary features of great value and interest, among which are a fully equipped life-saving station, manned by a picked crew; a light-house of iron, nearly a hundred feet in height, built for, and soon to be placed at Waackaack station in the Lower Bay of New York harbor; a weather service station in which are carried on all the operations of that branch of the public service, from the taking of periodic observations to the printing and distribution of weather maps; an Indian school, with teachers and pupils drafted from the schools and maintained at Government expense; a model military camp of two companies of United States infantry, and a model marine camp of one company of United States marines.

The Board of Management of the Government exhibit has undertaken nothing for the mere purpose of display. It has limited itself religiously to the illustration of Governmental functions, and of these it has selected only those which do not come into active competition with the private exhibitor. It has not attempted in respect to any department, bureau or division of the Government, to show all that was possible, or to illustrate all their functions, holding that the branch which dealt more largely with facts, theories or principles, could reach the people with sufficient readiness through the publications authorized by Congress; while the branches dealing more largely with unpublishable *things*—"Articles and materials"—to quote the terms of the law—deserved the preference in this enterprise. The purpose of its creation as defined being to prepare an exhibit of "such articles and materials as illustrate the function and administrative faculty of the Government in time of peace and its resources as a war power, tending to demonstrate the nature of our institutions and their adaptability to the wants of the people."

ETHNOLOGY AT THE EXPOSITION.

By Franz Boas.

At great expositions the achievements of individuals and of nations may be set forth in two ways: either by competitive exhibits, in which each individual and each country endeavors to show to best advantage the points of eminence of its products; or by selected exhibits, which are arranged with a view of giving a systematic series of exhibits covering a certain field. The latter method gives the best result for the student of the history of civilization; the former is unavoidably pursued in all portions of an exposition which have a commercial interest, as the producer considers the exhibition of his works a profitable investment, and as the consumer or trader is given an opportunity to find the best source of supply for his demands. This method cannot be avoided even in art exhibits which rely upon contributions of living artists. It is the method which subserves best the interest of the exhibitor; it is the exposition method. The method of selected exhibits is more advantageous to the student; it is the museum method.

Many departments of the World's Columbian exposition have a series of exhibits arranged from the latter point of view; but it is the distinctive feature of one only—of the Department of Ethnology. If the department had relied upon contributions of exhibitors only, there would have been danger of an accumulation of heterogeneous collections, arranged according to the fancy and taste of collectors; a systematic representation of the present status and methods of ethnology would have been almost out of the question. Besides this, the best available material is massed in museums, which naturally can send a small portion of their collections only to an exposition.

The abandonment of the plan to bring together isolated ethnological collections, and the effort to create a systematic and comprehensive exhibit, characterize the ethnological department of the World's Columbian exposition. The lines on which the exhibit was to be developed were laid down in the request of the World's Fair committee to Professor F. H. Putnam, of Harvard university, to present a plan for a department which should illustrate early life in America, from remote ages down to the period of Columbus. Thus the anthropology of America was made the leading point of view and determined the direction in which the department developed.

Professor Putnam was selected chief of the department, and at his suggestion a considerable sum of money was set apart for original scientific work on the anthropology of America. The results obtained by means of these funds form the nucleus of the ethnological exhibits at the World's Fair.

First in importance stands the work in American archæology. Four subjects, which cover some of the most important problems in this field, were selected for special studies: the age of man in America; the culture of the mound-builders; the archæology of Central America; and the ancient culture of Peru. Therefore, these subjects are most fully represented in the exhibits of the department. The work has been favored by good fortune, and it may safely be said that some of the most important finds have been made during those investigations.

The much-disputed palæolithic implements are fully represented, together with material relating to their stratigraphical position. The question of the antiquity of man hinges upon the undisputed find of rude stone implements in undisturbed layers, the geological age of which can be determined beyond doubt. Disputed ground has been subjected to a new examination, and a number of new finds have been made, which seem to favor the theory that man inhabited the Delaware valley at the time when the glacial gravels were being deposited. Incidentally, numerous remains of the Indians of this region have been found, and a series of well-preserved graves have been opened, the contents of which are shown in the collections of the department.

The culture of the mound-builders of the Ohio valley is represented by a magnificent collection. Models of a series of

earthworks illustrate a number of types of those structures. The beautiful implements and ornaments made of stone, copper, bone and shell, the clay altars on which burnt offerings were found, the variety of objects buried with the dead, convey a most vivid idea of the arts, industries and customs of those people. They also show that we must not imagine the mound-builders to have been a people very far in advance of the Indian tribes at the time of their discovery, but that their culture was on a similar level.

The results of those systematic explorations form the nucleus of the exhibits on North American archæology. They are supplemented by a series of collections which give a comprehensive review of types found in certain regions. Ontario, Ohio, Missouri, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Arkansas and California deserve special mention in this connection.

The archæological exhibit of the state of Colorado is also the result of special exploration, and the ancient culture of the cliff dwellers is one of the best represented subjects at the exposition, as, outside of the Anthropological building, where the department collections are exhibited, the "cliff dwellers exhibit" is devoted entirely to this subject.

Perhaps the most impressive exhibit of the archæological section is the one devoted to Central America. Never before has so complete a collection of sculptures of the ancient peoples of this region been attempted. In front of the Anthropological building are found facsimiles of some of the most remarkable edifices of Yucatan—the famous portal of Labna, the Parade of the Serpents, the arch of Uxmal, and several others. The moulds which served for the construction of these facsimiles were taken by agents of the department. The collection of sculptures in the Anthropological building contains casts from Mexico, Guatemala, Yucatan and Honduras, and is supplemented by an excellent series of photographs. The achievements of the Central American Indians, and the stage which their civilization had reached in early times and long before it was so ruthlessly destroyed, is forcibly illustrated by these works of art. Costa Rica has furnished a collection of beautiful stone carvings, of pottery and gold ornaments, which shows another side of the varied arts and industries of Central America.

The civilization of the highlands of South America is well represented through collections made under the direction of the department. Explorations in the necropolis of Ancon have yielded a large series of mummies, with which are found specimens of pottery and wonderfully preserved textile fabrics, woven in highly artistic designs. The exploration was not confined to this region, but covered all the more important centers of South American culture.

Another section of the department is devoted to ethnology and endeavors to set forth the customs and arts of various people before they were influenced by the whites. Naturally, American collections predominate in this section as well as in archæology. Although nowadays it is difficult to obtain good collections, which show native industries entirely unaffected by our civilization, they have the advantage over archæological collections that the implements can be seen in actual use and that the meaning of ceremonial objects and of ornaments can be learned from the people who use them. The Eskimo of North Greenland and of Alaska, the numerous tribes of the North Pacific coast, the Indians of the northwest territories of Canada and the tribes of Wisconsin are best represented. The Indians east of the Rocky mountains have been so much modified by contact with the whites that, taken as a whole, a small amount of material only has been gathered. A number of excellent collections from South America represent the ethnology of parts of that continent quite exhaustively. Brazil sends a large collection of its curious pottery, dancing masks and drums and stone implements. Paraguay has a magnificent display of feather ornaments, weapons and utensils of the tribes of the Gran Chaco, of Paraguay and of southeastern Brazil, which can hardly be equalled by any other collection. British Guiana and Venezuela, Bolivia and Peru add their share to the ethnological exhibit, which illustrates the recent status of the Indian. All this material is arranged in geographical groups, in order to convey to the mind as clearly as possible the culture of each tribe. This tribal exhibit is supplemented by a few very good collections illustrative

of certain manufactures of the American Indians. There are collections of basketry, of beadwork and of pottery, gathered from all over North America.

The meaning of the ethnographical specimens is made clearer by the presence of a small colony of Indians, who live in their native habitations near the Anthropological building. The most striking among these buildings are the houses from British Columbia, with their carved totem posts. The collection from this region is particularly strong in paraphernalia used in religious ceremonials, and their use is illustrated in the dances which the Indians perform. Another instructive group of dwellings are the bark-houses of the Iroquois Indians, which are inhabited by a number of members of the various tribes composing that stock. Other tribes and dwellings represented in this group are the Eskimo, Cree, Chippewayan, Winnebago, Navajo, and the Arawak of British Guiana. In this connection must be mentioned the highly instructive villages of Midway Plaisance, in which a great variety of races are found. A mere enumeration will give an idea of the scope of these exhibits: Java, the South Sea Islands, Dahomey, the Soudan, Lapland, Arabia, Turkey and Algeria are represented here.

The ethnological collections from foreign continents are not numerous. Those from Australia, the South Sea Islands, and from parts of Africa, are fairly good, but cannot be compared with those of the great museums of Europe.

One section of the Department of Ethnology is devoted to religions, games and folk-lore. In this section the historical development of a number of games is illustrated by an elaborate series of specimens. Naturally, the games of the Old World, the history of which can be traced through long periods and through many countries, have received fullest attention, but homologous games of primitive people are not wanting. In the arrangement of this section the wide spread of ideas as well as the recurrence of similar ethnic phenomena among a great variety of people, is brought out with great force. Objects of worship, idols and amulets form another attractive group in this section.

The anatomical and psychological aspects of anthropology are treated in the anthropological laboratories. The methods of studying the anatomy of races are illustrated by means of a series of the principal apparatus used in anthropological investigations. The results of researches on certain races, and on people of the same race living under different conditions, exemplify the scope and the objects of these researches. In order to attain this end more satisfactorily, a number of instruments are shown in operation, and measurements of visitors who present themselves are taken. A very full collection of crania and skeletons illustrates the anatomy of human races. A second section of the laboratories is devoted to the anatomy of the nervous system. The growth of the brain and its anatomy are set forth by means of specimens, casts and diagrams. The third section of the laboratories is devoted to experimental psychology. There a very full collection of psychological apparatus is found, and the methods of investigation are illustrated in a working laboratory, in which a number of the simpler tests are shown. These laboratories serve to explain the objects of psychological and anthropological research, but at the same time the accumulating material will prove to be of considerable scientific interest.

The remaining parts of the laboratories are devoted to two special subjects: the development of children, and the anthropology of the North American Indians. In the former section the results of special investigations on the physical and psychical development of American children are exhibited. This collection of material will be of special interest to educationists who believe that the experimental study of children is the true basis of the art of education. There also are found Dr. D. A. Sargent's statues of the typical American man and woman, the dimensions of each being derived from an extensive series of measurements of college students.

This brief sketch of the ethnological exhibit at the World's Fair shows that its strong side lies wholly in a full representation of American anthropology. Its great merit is the large amount of material, new to science, that has been accumulated and which has considerably advanced our knowledge of the history and characteristics of man in America.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

By Benjamin Harrison.

I READILY comply with your request for a few words about the World's Columbian exposition, because my interest, which has followed the great enterprise from the beginning, has been kindled into enthusiasm by a recent visit.

It was a national invitation that assembled the representatives of all nations and tribes at Chicago. Our official representatives at foreign courts, at formal audiences and under the great seal of the nation, announced the event and bade them come. Chicago could not correspond with them. A nation must be the host at this great entertainment. Our arrangement with Chicago was a private one—wholly within the family. There have been complications—they were to have been expected; but their solution would have been easy if the national character of the enterprise had been constantly kept in mind. Chicago was to supply the grounds and buildings, in consideration of the enormous special benefit that the location brought to it. The city had much beside money at stake upon the success of the Fair, but the nation had more. It was hard for those who had assumed a gigantic financial burden to surrender the direction in matters that affected the question of the return of contributions that had strained the public spirit of the most enterprising and public spirited of our great cities. We do not know how much patience and wisdom has been expended in the effort to keep the national commission and the local corporation from going apart, and to organize an effective and harmonious executive direction. But the work we can see, and it is wholly and greatly creditable.

Only upon one question—Sunday closing—has the divergence between the general and the local direction been so serious as to attract much attention. I do not enter into the question of Sabbath observance at all; it was not before the commission, because it had been authoritively settled. Before the acceptance of the $2,500,000 in souvenir coins from the United States it was an open question—after acceptance it was a closed question. The promise to repay the par value of the souvenir coins, which had brought to the treasury of the Fair double that value, was not a good rescission in law or in conscience. Not a promise to pay, but payment of the full value received was the condition—if the act of congress in diverting some part of the donation, which I do not justify, furnished ground for a rescission. It is not pleasant to have our foreign visitors see a national exposition open on Sunday which the law of congress requires to be closed on that day. In everything else Chicago has done so magnificently that this bad break is the more to be regretted. But I have no sympathy with those who threaten to boycott the exposition on account of Sunday opening. The Sabbath observer does not refuse to avail himself of the Monday train because of the Sunday train. No more should we deny ourselves the inspiring and instructive spectacle which the "White City" offers on week days. If the American Sabbath, that great conservator of health and social order, to say nothing of its higher uses, is not illustrated, there is much to the praise of man and to the glory of man's Creator to be seen, without involving the spectator in Sabbath desecration.

Five days at the Fair does not qualify even the most industrious and retentive for the work of description. He must go again and again. A benevolent and wise Christian friend of mine, who has a Sunday-school class in a western city, composed largely of young mechanics, has planned to take them, three or four at a time, to see the exposition. What a spread of thought and imagination, what an education in mechanics they will get! To them, coming from humble homes and grimy shops, a new world will be opened—like that Columbus exposed to the geographers. It is a suggestive example, and one that the employers of labor might well imitate. Some will have to inaugurate economies if they see the Fair—but it is worth while. I use the words of soberness when I say that it is worth while to

cross the continent just to see the outside of things; and the interior of anyone of the greater buildings is worth as much. I am not a travelled American, in the New York sense. My own country I know, but no other. Consequently, I cannot compare the Columbian exposition with those of London, Paris or Vienna. The Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, however, when contrasted with this, gives a glorious vision of the growth in power, wealth, invention and art, which sixteen years have brought to the world. But we are not without competent comparisons with the greatest previous expositions. Sir Henry Trueman Wood, the English representative, says over his own signature:

"So far in advance is it of all expectation, that I find it hopeless to convince my countrymen of the marvellous nature of the spectacle, or to make them believe how well it is worthy the long journey from England. Only those who have seen it can justly appreciate how far this latest of international exhibitions has surpassed all its predecessors in size, in splendor, and in greatness both of conception and of execution."

The German commissioner, the Honorable Adolph Wermuth, in response to a request from one of the Chicago newspapers for his opinion, very happily and tersely expressed the feeling of every true American who sees the exposition. His answer was, "Hail Columbia!"

President Anderson, of the Royal Institute of British Architects, in presenting the queen's gold medal of that society to one of the designers of the great buildings at Jackson park, said: "These buildings are the most wonderful development to which international exhibitions have attained, or are likely to attain in the future." They are, indeed; and, when the awards are made, suitable recognition should be given to the architects who designed them. It would be altogether appropriate for congress to give them medals of honor.

The acreage enclosed is three times greater than was ever before set apart for an exposition, and the roof space nearly twice as great. If this "expansiveness" subjects the visitor to added labor, he is more than compensated by the fact that a wider distribution enables him to see everything closely, and with comfort. Only in the fisheries exhibit, about the aquaria, did our party find any difficulty in getting a near and satisfactory view. The transportation facilities, to and from Jackson park, are adequate and excellent.

I have avoided statistics—they have their use—the dealer in art has to do with inches; the lover of art, with tone, color, perspective, expression. I like to keep in mind the indefinite sense of vastness which one gets as he ascends towards the high roof of the building dedicated to manufactures and liberal arts. To be told that the building covers thirty-one acres of ground rather limits than enlarges. The Fair is not only a success, but a triumph—an American triumph. When it closes we can think rightly and gratefully of the men who made it such. They would be knighted in England or Germany; but, perhaps, all they can expect in free democratic America is that the newspapers and people, who knew all along, and in everything, a better way, shall admit that on the whole it was well they were not in the management, and that New York shall admit that there are two cities in the United States that can adequately and creditably entertain the world.

M. BÉRANGER is undergoing the fate of a "Turk's head." I am not sure whether the English language affords a satisfactory translation of this eminently Parisian locution. In the fairs of Neuilly and St. Cloud are to be seen certain blocks, fashioned after the human figure and invariably bearing a Turk's head. Two sous pay for the right to test one's muscular strength as with a heavy mallet he strikes this Turk's head and, according to his vigor, scores four hundred or five hundred pounds. Thus a man who has become the Turk's head of his fellow-citizens is one who has got to be hit by every passer-by, without having the privilege of retaliating.

There is a proverb with us that says that the ultimate form of celebrity, which consists in one's likeness ornamenting clay-pipes, can only befall men who have been first "Turk's heads." A man's glory can, to a great extent, be measured by the abuse offered him; the stones thrown in his garden serve so well to erect his pedestal!

Using that material, M. Béranger will be able to raise for himself one as high as the Eiffel tower. Seldom has a but been chosen with such unanimity by the Parisian press and the worldly chronicles as has been the unlucky organizer and speech-bearer of the League against License in the Streets.

In America you cannot form an idea of the excesses which we had gotten to. We are so ready to profess our hate for hypocrisy, that, really, we had ceased to have enough of it left.

Do you remember that pretty anecdote of the eighteenth century?

Duclos, maintaining before two great ladies that honest women were those who best prized frankness and who could smile without false shame at a spicy story. To sustain his argument, he treated them at once to a very risky tale, followed it with another still worse, and as he lingered on the details—

"Now, Duclos, beware!" interrupted one of the ladies. "You take us for much more honest women than we are."

Evidently, our national taste for Gallic salt has been unduly stretched—considering those papers whose specialty was off-color stories and the display of licentious illustrations, often verging on the obscene, with which our news-stands were decked from early morning. The sacred name of art was invoked as palliative. Art, alas! has little to do with those exhibitions, which most of the time are simply unclean.

Police and magistrature kept still; we are very ticklish on that subject in France. There is no doubt that had a writer or an artist been prosecuted for infringing on the laws of decency, the immediate result of this step would have been to call on the offending one an attention far from unfavorable to him. The best course was to wait until the public, saturated with these spectacles, called for repression.

By that time was founded the League against License in the Streets. Its promoters were three prominent men: M. Béranger, M. Passy and M. Jules Simon. At first their initiative was very well received in Paris. The campaign they opened seemed quite legitimate. They were the cause which decided the disappearance of those licentious prints so offensive to public decency. And this won them applause. A number of adherents enlisted in their ranks. These were the palmy days of the league—its honeymoon, which came to an end as all honeymoons do.

Public favor encouraged the leaders so well, that they imagined they could go ahead and would be followed with the same confidence. They did not reckon sufficiently on the instincts of our race, devoted to artistic freedom and to a lenient philosophy. Where great tact and great deftness were needed to carry on the pursuit and repression, their hand was a trifle too heavy.

The pupils of our national school of fine arts are wont to give every year a fête, where merriment bears a rather décolleté character. I believe that this year, on the occasion of that famous and much-talked-of ball (the ball of the four branches of art), our students rather overdid the thing. An exhibition of almost nude women in a garden is not to be countenanced, to say the least; yet it would have been more sensible not to take any heed of it. Instead of that, M. Béranger goes and denounces the students' lark to the court. The court, of course, cannot do otherwise than to prosecute; the tribunal cannot do otherwise than to pass a sentence of condemnation, which, although lenient, sets all our young men in ebullition. They start, Indian file, three or four thousand in number, to call on poor M. Béranger, whom they have nicknamed "Old Pudor;" they hoot him, and they smash his window-panes. All this row, however, cannot be tolerated; the police interferes, blows are exchanged, blood flows. A young man, wounded in the fray, dies next morning. Thus matters grow worse; for very little "Old Pudor" would be charged with the accident and be called an assassin.

Interpellations at the house and at the municipal council follow. At the hour I write these words it is uncertain whether the prefect of police will not be compelled to resign, and whether the cabinet will not topple over this ridiculous pebble thrown by fate across its way—and all that because two or three foolish virgins disported themselves in too slender attire at a ball given in artistic Bohemia.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

* * *

CHRONIQUE PARISIENNE.

MBÉRANGER est en train de passer *tete de turc*. Je ne sais si vous trouverez dans la langue anglaise—pour vous traduire cette locution toute Parisienne. Dans les foires de Neuilly ou de St. Cloud, il y a des mannequins sur lesquels on achète pour deux sous le droit d'essayer sa force. Ces mannequins sont invariablement une tête de turc. On tape dessus, et l'on amène quatre ou cinq cents, selon sa vigueur musculaire. Passer tête de turc, c'est donc se mettre dans le cas de recevoir sur le crâne les coups de poing de tous ceux qui passent et de les recevoir, sans y répondre.

C'est une espèce de proverbe chez nous de dire qu'il faut avoir été tête de turc pour devenir tête de pipe. C'est qu'à Paris, le dernier terme de la célébrité pour un personnage très en vue, c'est de voir son visage sculpté en bois orner le fourneau d'une pipe. Il n'y a que ceux sur qui l'on a fortement daubé qui couquièreut une illustration suffisante pour être choisis par les fabricants de pipes, comme parure à leurs produits.

La gloire d'un homme se compte en grande partie des iujures que ses adversaires lui ont adressées. Il se fait un piédestal des pierres que l'on a lancées dans son jardin.

M. Bérauger pourra s'en élever un monument aussi haut que la tour Eiffel. C'est dans ce moment-ci dans tout le journalisme parisien, dans toute la chronique mondaine un feu de file des plus nourris coutre la ligue dont il a été l'orgauisateur, dont il est aujourd'hui le représentant et le porte paroles. Cette ligue c'est la ligue contre la licence des rues.

Vous ne pouvez vous imaginer là-bas en Amérique à quel excès cette licence était montée chez nous. Nous nous faisons volontiers gloire de notre haine pour l'hypocrisie mais vraiment nous avious fini par ne plus en avoir assez.

Vous rappellez-vous une jolie anecdote du XVIIIe siècle.

Duclos causant avec deux grandes dames soutenait cette thèse que les honnêtes femmes étaient celles qui estimaient le plus la franchise et qui savaient sans fausse pudibonderie rire d'une anecdote salée. Et là-dessus il enfile une histoire égrillarde, qui est bientôt suivie d'une autre plus nue encore, et comme il jouissait de son effet.

—"Ah! prenez garde, Duclos!" lui dit une de ces dames l'arrêtant du geste, "vous nous croyez aussi par trop honnêtes femmes."

Peut-être aurait-on abusé de notre goût pour la gauloiserie. Nos kiosques étalaient chaque matin une foule d'images licencieuses, certains journaux s'étaient fait de contes graveleux une sorte de spécialité; ils les illustraient de dessins dont quelques-uns étaient presque obscènes! Ils alléguaient les droits sacrés de l'art. L'art hélas n'avait pas grand chose à voir dans ces exhibitions qui n'étaient le plus souvent que fort malpropres.

La police et la magistrature ne disaient rien. Nous sommes très-chatouilleux eu France sur l'article, et si

l'on se fût avisé de poursuivre soit un écrivain soit un artiste pour outrage à la pudeur on eût été sûr de provoquer un mouvement d'opinion en faveur du prévenu. On attendait donc que le public saturé de ces spectacles se révoltât de lui-même et appelât la répression.

C'est alors que se fonda la ligue contre la licence des rues, dont les promoteurs furent trois personnages très-considérables: M. Béranger, M. Passy et M. Jules Simon. A Paris on leur sut gré d'abord de leur initiative. La guerre qu'ils avaient déclarée à une pornographie décidément trop éhontée, parut légitime. Ils firent disparaître des vitrines les images licentieuses qui offensaient la pudeur publique. On les applaudit; nombre d'adhérents se rangèrent derrière eux; ce fut le beau temps, la lune de miel de la ligue, lune qui ne dura guère comme toutes les lunes de miel.

Ces messieurs encouragés par la faveur publique crurent qu'ils pouvaient aller de l'avant et qu'on les suivrait toujours avec la même confiance. Ils ne tinrent pas assez de compte des instincts de notre race qui aime par dessus tout deux choses, la liberté dans l'art et la gaité dans la gaudriole. Il aurait fallu beaucoup de légèreté et de tact dans les poursuites et les répressions; ils eurent la main un peu lourde.

Les élèves de notre école des beaux arts ont l'habitude de donner chaque année une fête où la joie est quelque peu décolletée. Je crois bien que cette année dans ce fameux bal des *quatre-z-arts*, qui a fait tant de bruit, ils étaient allés un peu loin. Des exhibitions de femmes à peu près nues dans un jardin, c'est un peu raide! Mais il eût été plus spirituel de ne pas s'en apercevoir.

M. Béranger dénonce cette gaminerie au parquet; le parquet est obligé de poursuivre; le tribunal de condamner. Il l'a fait d'ailleurs avec une grande modération.

Mais voilà tous ces jeunes gens en ébullition! Ils organisent des mouômes contre le pauvre M. Béranger qu'ils appellent ironiquement le père "la pudeur;" ils vont au nombre de deux ou trois mille le "conspuer" sous ses fenêtres et lui casser ses carreaux. On ne peut pourtant leur laisser faire impunément tout ce tapage. Voilà la police en mouvement; on cogne de part et d'autre; le sang coule, un jeune homme est blessé dans la bagarre et meurt le lendemain.

Les têtes s'échauffent. Peu s'en faut qu'on n'accuse le père "la pudeur" de cet accident, et qu'on ne le traite d'assassin.

Interpellation à la chambre, interpellation au conseil municipal. A l'heure où j'écris on ne sait pas si le préfet de police ne sera pas forcé de donner sa démission, et le ministère ne culbutera sur le méchant caillou jeté par le hazard au travers de la route.

Et tout cela parceque quelques rapins en humeur de rire ont promené, gorge au vent, dans un bal deux ou trois filles de demi vertu!

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

HEINRICH HEINE.

HEINRICH HEINE, the daring cosmopolite who professed to labor for the abolishment of national prejudice, would seem to be an ideally appropriate subject for a World's Fair number. His familiar letters to his mother and sister now for the first time published under the title "The Family Life of Heinrich Heine," (and admirably translated into English by Charles de Kay) supplement his character on rather an important side; but make an end, too, of some of the picturesque legends which had gathered about his name. The pathetic story, for instance (for which Heine's first biographer Strodtmann is responsible) that he wrote the jolliest letters home while he was writhing in agony, in order to conceal his terrible condition from his old mother, is apparently a piece of generous imposture which the lovers of Heine will be loath to dismiss. However, here the unpleasant fact stares you in the face. He entreats, to be sure, his sister to keep the old lady in ignorance as to the nature of his illness; but a few weeks later he must have forgotten this request, for he himself informs her that he has all the symptoms which are the forerunners of paralysis.

Our fundamental conception of Heine as a brilliant, dashing, but rather unreliable guerilla in the warfare for human progress, is strengthened and clarified by many of these intimate confessions. He was an egotist to the core, and essentially lacking in nobility. Though he is fascinating, he is never truly admirable. He was too much of a scoffer and too much interested in the figure he was cutting, to surrender himself with generous ardor to any cause. Though a lover of liberty and a professed hater of tyranny, Napoleon was his hero, and every instinct of his soul was aristocratic. It was the fact that (being born a Jew) he felt the thorn in his own flesh, which inspired him with a sympathy for the under dog in the struggle for existence. But when the under dog encouraged by this printed sympathy, presumed to grow

friendly and companionable, Heine's first impulse was to kick him down stairs. As for the three grand abstractions which the French revolution emblazoned in blood and fire upon the horizon of the expiring century, Heine's devotion to them, as exemplified by his life, was more than half Pickwickian. He loved liberty, except in so far as it made men free; equality, except in so far as it made his inferiors unpleasantly familiar; and fraternity, except in so far as it made the mob his brothers. He loved with the instinctive predilection of a fastidious soul, what was eminent, exceptional and heroic, and I cannot but believe that it was the accident of his birth, identifying him with those whom he disliked, which made him enlist in the ranks of the revolutionists. In a beautiful passage, written on his bed of agonized suffering—his mattress-grave as he called it—he begged that a sword, rather than a laurel wreath, be placed upon his coffin. "For," he said, "poetry, much as I have loved her, was with me nothing but a divine plaything. . . . . But I was a valiant soldier in the cause of the emancipation of humanity."

Matthew Arnold has already remarked upon the pathetic self-delusion of this passage. And yet it is not to be denied that Heine, in his own inconsequent way, did effective service in the cause which he professed to have at heart. If not a sword, then at least, a dagger ought to have been placed upon his coffin—a keen, bright, jeweled dagger, the beauty of whose workmanship half disguises the fact that it is a deadly weapon.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

MR. CHIVY SLIME described himself as "the most literary fellow breathing," and, assuredly, Mr. Gosse's "Questions at Issue" (Heinemann) is the most literary book of the month. It is entirely concerned with literary problems, modern literary problems, so that Mr. Gosse is able to say, "that Homer is a great poet is not a question at issue." Alas, it *is* a question at issue, for the immense majority of critics believe Homer to have been: one great poet, one inferior ditto, one multitude of reciters and ballad-mongers, four or five rédacteurs (all bad), a crowd of interpolators, and ancient editors beyond all reckoning. Indeed, Wilamowitz Möllendorff frankly avers that Homer (as we take him) is *not* a great poet. So the question is at issue, though not for Mr. Gosse, with his eyes fixed on the magazines, the newspapers, the successors of Lord Tennyson. But all this discussion deals only with a casual remark in a preface. The book is lively and easily read, and provocative of controversy. Mr. Gosse, asking "What is a great poet?" makes up an English twelve, and remarks: "In the case of Scott, I must still be firm in excluding him." The attitude, the voice, are those of Miss Pinkerton, arranging the prize list of her academy for young ladies. It is very difficult to select, say, an eleven of England, or even of Oxford, at cricket. Are you for Mr. Arkwright, or for young Mr. Palairet? There is no certainty, no absolute test, in such selections. Personally, I might put in Scott, and exclude Byron and Pope, if I were making up a poetic team. But would not Mr. Gosse think it funny if I wrote: "In the case of Pope, I must still be firm in positively excluding him." It is extremely funny. But everyone who still cares for the literature of the day is sure to read "Questions at Issue," to agree or disagree; but to disagree in a friendly and sympathetic manner. The "Lucianic" essay is diverting, though it rather reminds one of "Friendship's Garland" than of Lucian.

The amateur of Scotch history and manners will welcome Mr. T. F. Henderson's "Old World Scotland" (Fisher Unwin). The style is rather heavy and complicated, in places, and the essay on the "Border Reiver" somewhat jejune. But the study of

"Kirk Discipline" must open Presbyterian eyes to the truly monstrous and intolerable pretensions of the kirk, when she was like "an army with banners." Every statesman, however profligate, selfish, or dull, who lived between 1560 and 1688, had to fight the kirk for the very life of the state; thus even Morton, even James VI., even Lauderdale, became sympathetic and appear as friends of human freedom. The essay on Darnley's murder tries to knock another nail into the coffin of Queen Mary's reputation—but the subject demands minute discussion, impossible here.

Mr. Whibley has edited old Nyren's delightful "Young Cricketer's Tutor" (1833), with a preface. He takes Nyren, not Charles Cowden Clarke, for the writer of the book. But Mr. Whibley cannot have read Clarke's preface to the second edition (1840), where Clarke says "his little book was compiled from unconnected scraps and reminiscences during conversations concerning his old playmates." This settles the question, A critic in the Academy is correct: Clarke is the author, Nyren only provides the materials of this charming book, as English as cricket itself. (Published by Nutt.)

Though I edited it myself, I will venture to mention another reprint: Mr. Kirk of Aberfoyle's "Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies." (Nutt.) Mr. Kirk was carried away from earth in 1692, by the "good folk," the fairies. His manuscript lay unpublished till 1815, when Messrs. Longmans put out one hundred copies.

Mr. Kirk's charmingly innocent psychical researches may be compared with those of Mr. Ernest Hart in "Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft." (Smith & Elder.) Mr. Hart has rather a domineering style. What he believes in (hypnotism) is a fact in nature; many queer phenomena, which, in all ages, and by Mr. Kirk, are said to accompany the hypnotic state, Mr. Hart rejects as "impostures." It may be so; but Mr. Hart's arguments and manner are very far from being persuasive.

Among books of fiction, Mr. Kipling's "Many Inventions" (Macmillan) is far the most popular, and deserves its popularity. There are great varieties of excellence in the tales. The fun of "The Children of the Zodiac" I fail to see, but "In the Rukh" is a surprising piece of modified were-wolfism; "The Best Story in the World" is one of the five or six best stories in the world. "The Lost Legion" shows a new kind of skill in the supernatural, and the three soldiers are as good as ever, except in "Love o' Women," which seems, to my taste, rather dully disagreeable than really "powerful." But it is all a matter of taste.

A writer quite new to me, Mr. Hope, published last year a most diverting novel, "Mr. Witt's Widow," and this year "Change of Air." (Methuen.) As Mr. Hope is apparently young, and may be guileless, it might pay to pirate "Mr. Witt's Widow." It is full of humor and of irony, reminding one of Mr. Norris at better than his best. Mr. Hope has written other novels, which I have not read. A. LANG.

IN Peru (as is told by travellers returned hence out of that far country) there happens once perhaps in a century a rain-fall in the high region back from the coast—near two miles above the sea-level—that otherwise, from generation to generation, is parched by the unclouded sun. And scarce is this rare luxury of water poured out from heaven (the travellers say farther) than is all that desolate region—until that moment as bare as the peaks of rock above it—covered over with delicate

green grasses and all manner of flowers: for God so manages this matter that seeds remain always in that dry earth, in waiting for the time when He shall bid them germinate by sending them His rain.

Much in the way of the Peruvian miracle, as it has seemed to me, was the sudden upspringing of refining influences in this country which followed the Centennial Exhibition of 1876—when, the needed conditions being fulfilled, there was instantly a germination of gracious seeds which all along had lain hidden in a neglected yet not sterile soil. Then was reached one of the deeply, yet at the moment not clearly, marked turning-points in our life national: when, without proclamation, silently, almost unconsciously to ourselves, began our emancipation from undivided ultilitarianism and we openly (yet still a little shamefacedly) made the principle of beauty an active factor in our lives. And so great has been the national change wrought by the refining influences then implanted—influences which somehow all at once put us in the way of knowing that we needed ideals and of creating them and of striving to realize them—that those of us who are so unfortunate as to be old enough to remember distinctly how matters stood seventeen years before that Centennial sometimes now, seventeen years after it, being pulled up short by a sudden confronting with one or another of its many elevating results, fall to wondering if we have not slipped by accident across an orbit or two into another and superior planet revolving in a purer sort of space.

There is no record in Peru (for the reason that the event has not occurred there) of what luxuriant beauty of vegetation would cover all those bare mountain heights should fresh rain descend upon them ere yet the first growth of flowers and grasses, withering for want of moisture, had fallen into the soft slumber which is rest with nature but with men is death. Therefore the parallel that I have drawn between the revival of those desert places of the Andes and of the not less, yet differently, desert places of this our own country is not a complete one: for the fortunate reason that with us, while the growth of the first germination prosperously continues, a second germination is about to begin.

As we all know, the Columbian creations of beauty at Chicago, before which the present world stands still in a wondering admiration, are the flowers which less than a score of years ago at Philadelphia sprouted in the Centennial soil; and we have but to contrast the two exhibitions, point by point, to arrive at a just appreciation of the prodigious advances which we have made on the lines of intellectual development since an understanding love of things beautiful became consciously a part of our national soul. This much we perceive easily. But to perceive, in a spirit of prophecy, the logical outcome of the fresh and wider germination which now has begun at Chicago puts even the most sanguine of us—because of the very dazzle and glory of it—almost to a stand. For though the matter, obviously, is but a simple enough calculation in the rule of three—the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 being to the condition of the country now as the Columbian Exhibition of 1893 is to the condition of the country in 1910—the result thus arrived at is so overwhelming in its promise of magnificent achievement that to accept it demands great steadfastness in faith.

Also, being perceived, this result demands great thankfulness. I believe—for I hold that happiness and sorrow, with the emotions thereon attendant, are not the monopolistic attributes of man alone—that those high desert places in the Andes are full of gratitude when God sends His rain upon them and their seemingly dead and forgotten solitudes for a little while are gladdened (yet through that short season are made as blithe as the freshest garden in the tropics) by an outburst of beautiful life. Far deeper, then, should be our gratitude for the beauty which has been added to our natures, and for the open promise that yet greater beauty will be given us in the ripening fulness of time. For in our case, as in the case of those thankful mountains, our barrenness in part has been hidden; and with the happy difference in our favor that with us the beautiful growth continues, and promises to be augmented continually, instead of being lost in a long trance again at the end of one bright year.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

TWENTY BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

FICTION.—The Niagara Book, by W. D. Howells, Mark Twain and Others. Underhill & Nichols. $1.25.

Pietro Ghisleri, by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co. $1.00.

The Refugees, by A. Conan Doyle. Harper & Bros. $1.75.

Those Girls, by John Strange Winter. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.00.

A Tillyloss Scandal, by J. M. Barrie. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.00.

The Prince of India, by Gen. Lew Wallace. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

SCIENCE.--Decipherment of Blurred Finger Prints, by Francis Galton. 80 cents.

A Dictionary of Birds, by Alfred Newton. Part I. Macmillan & Co. $2.60.

The Unseen Foundations of Society, by the Duke of Argyll. Macmillan & Co. $3.50.

ESSAYS.—Woman's Mission, edited by Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

National Life and Character: A Forecast, by C. H. Pearson. Macmillan & Co. $4.00.

RELIGION.—The Defence of Prof. Briggs before the General Assembly. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

BIOGRAPHY.—Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier. Brentano. $2.40.

Women Adventurers, edited by Menie Muriel Dowie. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

Edwin Booth, by Lawrence Hutton. Harper & Bros. 50 cents.

Autobiography of Georg Ebers, translated by Mary J. Safford. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

TRAVEL.—Americans in Europe, by one of them. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.00.

The Journal of Marianne North, edited by Mrs. John Addington Symonds. Macmillan & Co. $3.50.

The Columbus Memorial, edited by George Young. Cranston, Stowe & Co. $1.00.

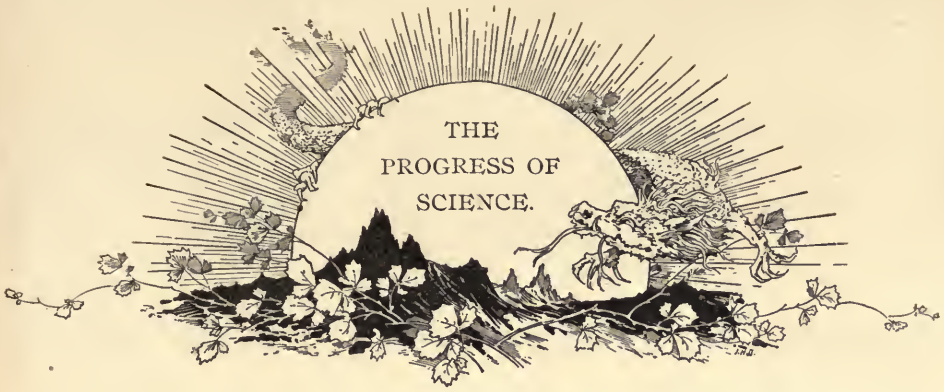
The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians, by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

ALIENATION.

By Edward Lucas White.

The stars shine out above the barren wold,
Each sending unto me some weary light,
Starved and diminished by an endless flight
Through everlasting samenesses untold.
And lower; yea, and brighter; I behold
Your lamp that glimmers in the aching night,
Some clovered furlongs from my yearning sight,
Piercing with mellow rays the dripping cold.

As I perceive the wind-tunes in the trees,
I seem to feel the music of the spheres
Thrill all about, from every chanting star;
But the near songs you sing I cannot seize,
With my strung soul or with my eager ears,
Your heart is distant from my heart so far.



THE great Fair has its scientific features, and some of the exhibits in this line are said to be admirable. So far, however, as one, prevented by circumstances from seeing for himself, can learn, astronomy is not specially conspicuous, though scattered here and there through the various sections a great deal is to be found which is really interesting and important. The principal exhibits by our American instrument makers are those of Warner & Swasey and Saegmuller. The former presents a part of the mounting of the great Yerkes telescope, which when finished will be by far the most powerful instrument in the world with its 40-inch object-glass (by Clark) and its tube nearly seventy feet in length. They also show a very beautiful 12-inch telescope, and a number of smaller instruments. Saegmuller shows some elaborate equatorial telescopes, an excellent meridian-circle, and various field instruments. Brashear exhibits a number of the magnificent and really epoch-making "diffraction-gratings" of Professor Rowland, and with them some fine spectroscopes, which contrast in a very interesting way with the historical apparatus of Kirchoff and Bunsen exhibited in the German section. The foreign makers of astronomical instruments appear to have sent very little. Queen & Co., of Philadelphia, in their extensive exhibit of scientific apparatus, show a collection of imported telescopes and minor instruments, and Sir Howard Grubb, of Dublin, has some astronomical instruments in his exhibit in the English section. But so far as we can learn the great French and German opticians are not represented at all.

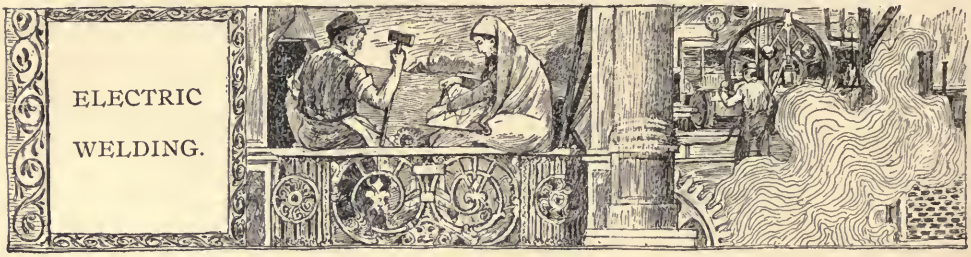
To one interested specially in the progress of the science, the most noteworthy objects are the astronomical photographs of various kinds. The English section, in addition to many eclipse photographs, contains the wonderful nebula photographs of Roberts and Common. In some respects Professor Pickering's collection in the Harvard college exhibit, is still more notable, containing not only the latest results obtained at Cambridge and in South America by the Harvard observers, but beginning with Bond's historical daguerreotypes of the moon which excited so great interest in 1851 at the Crystal Palace exhibition. There are numerous other negatives, well deserving notice, from the Kenwood observatory of Chicago, and other astronomical establishments.

Quite probably, before the meeting of the Astronomical congress, on August 21st, the exhibits will have been considerably increased by specimens of recent work brought with them by the various delegates.

From information received since the above was written, we learn that Mr. Brashear's exhibit also contains two fine object-glasses, one eighteen and the other fifteen inches in diameter; also, that in the Electricity building, in the exhibit of the German opticians, there are some fine specimens of the new Jena optical glass, including a pair of disks twenty-three inches in diameter. There are also a number of object-glasses by Merz, from ten inches aperture down, and a considerable collection of small

telescopes, spectroscopes, etc., by Merz, Steinheil and others. The Johns Hopkins university exhibits a number of Rowland's diffraction gratings and his unrivalled photographs of solar and metallic spectra. There are also numerous other exhibits of considerable astronomical interest, which we have not space to mention.

C. A. YOUNG.



WITHIN the recollection of men but little past middle life, means of travel were nowhere in advance of those possessed by the most remote recorded antiquity. The chariot of English Elizabeth was no whit better than that of Egyptian Rameses three thousand years earlier. Even the seventeenth century contrivance of carriage springs marked no radical advance. It was during this prenatal period of "rapid transit" that, as a child, I witnessed, in the city of London, a panorama of a strange new contrivance called a "steam railway," said to be in actual operation somewhere in "the north countrie." A few years later, while employed in one of the great locomotive shops of Lancashire, I became an eye-witness of the system in some of its early stages and of the throng of distinguished visitors. Among these, the venerable astronomer, Friedrich Wilhelm Bessel, is well remembered, because it became my duty to conduct the measurer of astral spaces through the establishment.

The Liverpool and Manchester railway was the work of men who "builded wiser than they knew." The original scheme simply contemplated the application to a public thoroughfare of an iron tramway such as long used in mines. The type of tram adopted required, indeed, a special form of track-wheels, but vehicle-propulsion by a self-contained power, was an afterthought. Such vehicles, however, and such a track were soon found to be essential complements of each other, but, of the two, no one then thought that the seemingly far simpler problem of a perfect track would be the last to reach a satisfactory solution.

Every traveller is aware of the annoyances arising from lack of continuity in the track; to some, it has come in the serious form of impairment of vision or hearing, to the railroad manager it means wear and tear of rolling stock and of the track itself. In the incipiency of the system, the mills could supply only short sections, and the greater lengths since obtainable, having been accompanied by a corresponding acceleration of travel, the frequency of jolts due to the still numerous and constantly deteriorating joints has remained about the same. The various expedients of bolted fish-plates, chairs, etc., have proved only temporarily effective. When the proposition of welding end-to-end in situ was first suggested, the objection was raised that contraction after summer welding would result in transverse fracture, and expansion after winter welding in dangerous lateral swerving of the track, but, in default of any then known mode of welding in situ, these objections possessed no practical significance. Inasmuch, however, as under the method now to be described the sections *are* welded in situ, it may be proper to call attention to the fact that the now ascertained change of length of a bar of Bessemer steel (the present material of track-rails), under the greatest known range of atmospheric temperature, being considerably less than its limit of elasticity, no trouble is expected by the projectors, especially where, as in the present case, welding is confined to the hottest months, and, therefore, only the lesser evil of contraction need be considered.

The Problem Solved.—End-to-end welding of the rail-sections, coupled with perfect alignment has, at last, been made possible by Professor Elihu Thomson's electric

welding process. The application of this invention to railway engineering is now undergoing its first practical application on the Harvard Square electric railway of Cambridge, Mass., under direction of the engineer, Mr. Milton Brown. As has so often been observed with inventions of the first rank, the details are extremely simple. Before application of the welding apparatus, the sides of two abutting rail-sections, near their respective extremities, are scoured at four places, each about eight square inches, by means of an emery-wheel mounted on the end of a flexible revolving shaft, differing in size only from those which, it may be feared, have already been familiarized to the reader in his dentist's laboratory. This flexible shaft is rotated by a small motor having electrical connection with the trolley-wire. Before application of the weld-plates, any opening found between the abutting sections is closed by sheet-iron plugs. The weld-plates, two to each joint, consist of slabs of mild Bessemer steel, 1 x 4 x 8 inches. Against these plates two copper-faced jaws (cooled by currents of cold water) of a powerful vise are brought to bear. A switch enables the operator to include these jaws, together with the rail-sections and their enclosing plates, in an electric circuit. The plates having been placed in position and the jaws made to bear against them with the desired pressure, the electric current is turned on, and, accumulating in the relatively slow-conducting plates and rail-sections, these parts, in a few seconds, reach a white heat. As the parts become thus softened, the operator gradually increases the jaw-pressure. In about three minutes, the current being switched off, a final squeeze of the still glowing metal completes and solidifies the weld. Where a joint is found to be in proper alignment this final squeeze perfects the work for that particular joint, but, where otherwise, the operator, while the parts are still in the glowing and plastic condition, takes the opportunity thus afforded to bring them into line. The red-hot plates and rail-ends yield and take new forms under the swinging blows of a ponderous hammer, but the welds hold fast. The operation thus combines the advantage of continuity and perfect alignment. The weld-plate, in its horizontal section, being of ⌐¬ form, touches the rail-side only by its two flanges, which become flattened against the rail by the joint action of the heat and mechanical pressure.

In the experiment noted, a continuous current of about five hundred volts four hundred ampères, is taken from two trolley-wires into a motor-dynamo on the operating car by which it is converted into an alternating current of three hundred and fifty volts electrical pressure, thence, traversing a system of induction coils, the electric force becomes transformed into a current of four volts fifty thousand ampères, that is to say, a current of large volume having just sufficient electrical pressure to force it through the point of contact. In the present early stage of the experiment the work proceeds at the rate of about four joints an hour. GEORGE H. KNIGHT.

A KNOWLEDGE of chemistry is undoubtedly more essential to all classes and consequently more general than that of any other science. The hygienic requisites to reasonable health and comfort enforce this knowledge upon all peoples of whatever clime, country or condition. The greater the knowledge of the more general laws of chemistry the higher is the physical life of the people. Chemistry is likewise the science most generally and generously drawn upon by all the learned professions and liberal arts.

These facts are strikingly illustrated in the exhibits at the Columbian Fair. More

than three-fourths of the general departments represented at the exposition have chemical laboratories as part of their equipment. In nearly all of the buildings are model laboratories for special purposes, and in all are shown the results of the practical application of the science. These applications are entirely too numerous for any attempt at general mention in this place; indeed, such mention would include a large proportion of the arts and industries whose products are shown at the Fair and which are seen on every side.

While chemistry could not be expected to prepare new bodies especially for the Fair, it may be interesting to note that the Johns Hopkins university has on exhibition a series of such bodies which have, at different times, been isolated at that institution. Among the exhibits of the Mining building the curious will find many of the rarer elementary bodies, such as will never be seen, except by specialists, outside of show-cases. Among these may be mentioned silicon, boron, osmium, iridium, ruthenium and palladium. Along with these is shown, by a London firm, a single appliance of chemistry, made of platinum, for concentrating sulphuric acid, which is valued at over fourteen thousand dollars, and which is capable of concentrating thirteen tons of acid in twenty-four hours. In the same building may also be seen considerable quantities of the valuable metal aluminum, becoming constantly more important because of its increasing cheapness.

Perhaps the most remarkable and valuable Columbian contribution to the science of chemistry is a volume bearing the title, "A Select Bibliography of Chemistry, 1492 to 1892." It is the work of Professor Henry Carrington Bolton, already widely known to the scientific world through his previous researches and writings, and now president of the New York Academy of Sciences. The book is shown in the model library exhibited by the Bureau of Education in the Government building.

It contains the titles of the principal books on chemistry published from the rise of the literature to the end of the year 1892, and embraces over twelve thousand titles in twenty-four languages. It will be of great value to librarians as well as to chemists.

This portly octavo of 1212 pages forms Vol. XXXVI of the Smithsonian Miscellaneous collections. S. E. TILLMAN, COLONEL U.S.A.

* * *

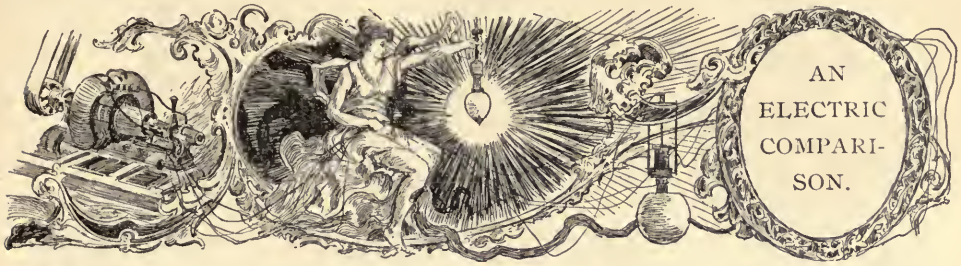
DIAMONDS AT THE FAIR.

ONE of the most attractive exhibits in the Mining building is that of South African diamonds. Here one may see not merely the familiar finished gem, but the process of cutting; and not merely the uncut stones, but lumps of dark rock from which large, more or less well-formed crystals of diamond protrude like pieces of citron from a fruit pudding. This rock is a very basic one of eruptive origin (peridotite or a closely allied rock), and the diamonds are porphyritic constituents which probably reached their full size before the molten mass started upon its journey toward the surface. The precise depth from which eruptive rocks reach the surface is not known, but that the distance is a considerable number of miles no one doubts. It is scarcely possible that it should be so little as ten miles and is probably nearer twenty. In either case the eruptives originated below the stratified rocks of sedimentary origin, and therefore the carbon of which these diamonds are formed is not derived from vegetable or animal matter. On the contrary it must be furnished by subterranean supplies of the element which have never entered into organic structures.

The diamond has also been found in meteoric iron from Diablo cañon, Arizona, in the form of small grains, which display all the physical and chemical properties of the gem. These meteorites contain some carbon, too, in another form, namely, in union with iron and nickel. This is the same way in which carbon exists in the nickel-steel now being manufactured for armor-plates, and it is never absent from the metallic meteorites in this form. Metallic iron, again, has in some cases reached the surface of the earth embedded in basic eruptions containing, like peridotite, a mineral called olivine, also known in meteorites. Now, since diamonds, metallic iron and olivine are all interterrestrial substances and all also meteoric constituents, it is extremely probable that portions at least of the earth's interior are similar in composi-

tion to the meteorites. The great average density of the earth, five and a half times that of water, would be quite intelligible if one were to assume that it consisted in great part of nickel-steel like so many of the meteorites.

Real translucent diamonds have been artificially produced by Mr. Henri Moissan, whose method was stated in the July Cosmopolitan. GEORGE F. BECKER.



HOW rapid the development of the electrical arts has been within the past few years may be seen by comparing the electrical exhibits at the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, with those at the Columbian exposition now at Chicago. Then, electrical apparatus consisted mostly of telegraphic devices, galvanic batteries, static machines, leyden jars, etc., for school illustrations and measuring instruments such as galvanometers and resistance coils. There were a few crude dynamos and one small imported Gramme machine, none of them intended to maintain more than one arc light. Now, there is rivalry for space in which to exhibit dynamos capable of lighting fifty or more in one circuit.

Then, there was not a single incandescent lamp in the world. Now, they are to be seen by the tens of thousands and with all degrees of brightness from that of a tallow dip to those but little inferior to the arc itself, and every exhibit is thus lighted.

Then, there was not a single electrical motor that was more than a toy to be run by a galvanic cell. Now, motors for all kinds of service from driving a fan to those running printing-presses, looms, machine shops, and threatening the existence of the locomotive itself.

Then, all welding was done by hammering at the forge. Now, electricity heats the ends to be joined and in less time than it takes to describe the process, heavy shafts and rails may be welded even better than was possible before. Then, it was not possible to weld steel or other metals than iron. Now, almost any metal may be electrically welded to another as easily as iron to iron.

Then, there were induction coils for producing sparks a few inches long. Now, such sparks have been made five feet long and it is believed could be made fifty feet long if it were worth the while. Then, induction coils were employed only for changing low potentials to higher. Now, the transformer reverses the process and makes electric lighting feasible miles away from the dynamo.

Then, it was possible to send but two telegraphic messages in opposite directions simultaneously. Now, seventy-two messages can be sent, thirty-six in each direction, on one wire without interference. Then, the telephone was first exhibited on a line the length of a building. Now, one can talk with another a thousand miles away.

Then, it was believed that a continuous conductor was essential for doing any kind of electrical work. Now, it is shown that all kinds of such work may be done without material connections.

Then, it was thought that light was one of the physical forces. Now, it is believed that light is an electro-magnetic wave.

Then, it was believed and taught that electricity could never be economically employed for driving machinery and that its light could not be subdivided. Now, it is believed that electricity is in its infancy.

Then, all the electrical exhibit could be put in a space fifty feet square. Now, a huge building, covering acres, is found insufficient for the needs of exhibitors.

All this since '76. A. E. DOLBEAR.

JOSÉ LOPEZ was standing ankle-deep in the sand beside his lamed pony, swinging his sombrero back and forth by his side and swearing in a rich, sonorous mellifluous strain which swept on and on as uninterruptedly as the winds ranged over the plains. Introduction : andante, pianissimo—a soft-voiced appeal to some of the lesser saints of his calendar to stand by and see fair play. Opening strain : a creditably performed presto movement in good, short, stout oaths, serving to inspire the performer with confidence and to acquaint the listener with the theme of the composition in its simplest expression ; then theme in octaves, allegro furioso, with elaborate appoggiatura effects, drifting in the third strain into a short fugue movement, difficult of execution and bringing the perspiration in beads ; then, finale, a mighty crescendo, woven close with sweeping arpeggios—an unreserved condemnation of all things earthly to an eternity of existence in a very lurid and real perdition of unimaginable horrors.

When he had done, and was panting for breath, he made his pony limp a few steps along the trail. It was of no use ; the beast was hopelessly lame, and there was nothing in José's immediate future but a weary march of ten miles on foot over the sinuous dusty trail which stretched out ahead of him, a streak of brown desolation, toward Socorro. So, with a final brief anathema upon the head of the prairie-dog which would dig a burrow in the middle of a trail, and upon the awkwardness of the pony which would blindly thrust his foot into it, he threw the bridle rein over his arm, gave a fierce hitch to his buckskin trousers and took up his walk.

The mere circumstance of walking was bad enough in the abstract, for he was possessed of an infinite capacity for ease. But that was not the worst of it ; tomorrow was the day of the correr el gallo, with the fandango in the evening. It was in honor of that that he had attired himself in his best buckskin and his silvered sombrero and was going on this pilgrimage. And now in the game he would have to ride a strange pony, one unaccustomed to the work perhaps ; there was no dependence to be placed upon the temper of a strange pony : it might mean defeat in the game, and ignominy in the sight of Florita Espalda. Ah ! Florita Espalda was the attraction to Socorro, and not the correr—a curse upon the breakneck game ; he would not have stirred a step but for the hope of seeing her and winning a mark of her favor—a smile or a glance or some sign of her pleasure when she should bow acceptance of the token of his valor.

Was there ever so fair a señorita? Even now, when he half closed his own lids, he could see the glorious languid eyes, the round throat and the oval face, and he swore a soft little oath of simple ecstacy. But that died away unfinished, before a sharp spasm of jealous fear. It was a month since he had seen her — a whole month. What might not have happened in a month? When they had parted he had held her little fingers for an instant— long enough to carry them passionately to his lips. But a month! The lips of a dozen lovers might have kissed her hand: the right might no longer be his.

But even the passion of love or the pangs of jealousy will take on a secondary importance under present pressing physical discomfort, and it was a mighty discomfort to lift the dead weight of his feet through mile after mile of yielding dry sand under a broiling sun, with nothing to relieve the monotony but the interminable red hills and the patches of cactus and sage-brush, reduced to the same tiresome color by their coat of yellow dust. They did not relieve the monotony; they only served as accent and punctuation marks. At last the red sun went down behind the low range to the westward, with José's blessing upon it, and the outer confines of the dreary landscape grew confused and indistinct under the gathering darkness, the circle of shadows narrowing closer and closer about him until he could only see the trail with difficulty. Then the moon came up, blood-red, looking tired and hot, too, and kept him company on the last mile of his walk, until he reached Socorro and became one of the roisterers upon the plaza, who were drinking themselves into a state of proper enthusiasm for the festivities of the morrow.

When a Spaniard unbends, he grows thirsty; it is a natural sequence. Thirst, fathomless and unquenchable, had possession of every human soul upon the plaza. No one tried to disguise it; no one pretended to satiate it; what they drank only teased and irritated it to a more vigorous expression of itself. José drank too. Again that fair round-throated vision rose before his eyes; the pulque had dispelled his fears as it warmed his blood. He pronounced her name, and bade his friends drink with him to his success.

"There is need to drink to thy success in strong liquor," one of the revellers said, with lips smiling over the rim of his glass. There was a question in José's eyes, half closed, menacing, and in the poised hand with its glass of pulque.

"Thy señorita has not suffered of loneliness," the other explained; "Only today I saw her, forgetful of propriety, walking under the cottonwoods with a señor Americano, and she listened to him willingly. He is entered for the correr tomorrow, too, and if he wins, I doubt not she will wear his favor."

"Caramba!" José burst forth. "A señor Americano! And she looks at him! She shall see! And he is entered for the correr? It is well; she shall see. Drink! Drink!" The poised glass went to the lips and the narrowed eyes widened. He shared a common contempt for los Americanos. He had soon drunk himself into forgetfulness of the despised dog of a gringo.

* * *

Upon the northern side of the picturesque sunlit plaza which formed the center of life in the village of Socorro, there opened a narrow, winding adobe-walled lane, its snake-like course cast into deep grateful shade by the interlaced branches of the giant cottonwoods growing in the yards and courts upon either side. Here and there throughout its length rude seats of stone or hewn timbers were placed, wooing the idle Spaniard. It was the one cool retreat in the village from the persistent desolating glare of the southern sun.

John Vannerson was keenly alive to the charms of the place as he loitered among the shadows that August afternoon, with the warm breath of the valley air stirring in the cottonwoods and fanning his bared head. He was still more keenly alive to the delicate charms of the companionship of Florita Espalda, the dark-eyed señorita, the belle of every village fandango, who sat upon the bench beside him listening, with kindling color and dainty deliciously natural coquetry, to his speeches in badly muddled Spanish. She too was charmed; her lovers had been of the fiery, compelling Spanish type hitherto; she had known nothing of the winning ingenious gentleness of the Yankee lover, who pleaded instead of commanding. And John himself, with his sturdy Saxon height, laughing blue eyes and fair hair, was so differ-

ent a man. And so she listened, with her pretty head bent, with round bared arms crossed in her lap, with brown bosom rising and falling gently under the folds of the loose mantilla, while John Vannerson talked. It was this that Juan Pino, José's friend, had seen. Poor José!

* * *

In their parlance the next day was a "saint's day," although it might have puzzled the saint—whoever he was—to discover just what part he had in it. An extra candle or two burned in the little adobe church, and the wrinkled old men and withered women who knelt about upon the earthen floor were somewhat more gaily attired and a trifle more precise in their prayers than was common, but other signs were wanting.

Outside the church, in the warm air, all was life and fervid activity. Age was the dominant element among the worshippers; youth was in the ascendant without—pretty speech, softly intoned laughter and shy juggling tricks of the dark eyes. The wide plaza was all aglow with its gay decking of green branches, colored ribbons and mantillas, and brave with holiday trappings of men and ponies. Even the low red hills which hedged them in were not altogether unlovely today.

A shout, a gay babbling of many tongues and a scattering of the multitude toward the center of the plaza disturbed the slow noon. It was the beginning of the game—the correr el gallo. An impressive figure in jeweled sombrero and brilliant serape stood apart from the others, urging them to listen. Under his arm he carried a finely plumed barnyard cock, which jerked its head about with many chucklings of surprise. He of the brilliant serape declared the rules. The bird, with neck well greased, would be buried in the earth so that nothing but the head and neck remained in sight; the contestants would mount, retire to the further end of the plaza, fifty yards away, and as each one's name was called he would strike his pony into a gallop, charge upon the unlucky fowl, throw himself upon his animal's side, and endeavor to seize the bird's head in his hand, and tear it from the body or lift the body from the earth. This done, the successful sportsman was at liberty to present a bit of the plumage to his chosen lady, as a token of esteem, and if accepted she would wear it at the dance in the evening, as a mark of her favor. It was soon arranged: then the master of ceremonies had a hole made in the earth of the court, where the bird was buried, too much surprised now to do aught but blink his round eyes helplessly.

José was mounted, as he had feared, upon a strange pony, a beast of pure white with trappings of yellow. Vannerson had a sturdy bay. Upon the breast of his shirt he wore a tiny knot of ribbon. The furtive eyes of the Mexican, measuring the lithe figure, detected this fleck of color and his brow lowered. Florita wore ribbon of the same hue in her dark hair. There was a dangerous light in his glance now, but Vannerson was innocent and calm. Twice in the morning José had sought Florita; twice he had found her and the madre with John Vannerson. His nervous fingers toyed with his belt and his sensuous lips were compressed and colorless.

"Ready!" the master of ceremonies called, and the contestants grouped themselves in their place, waiting.

"Manuel Espejo!" It was the name of him who stood first upon the list. A bit of a lad, hardly out of his teens, struck spurs into his pony and leaped forward. He was but a novice; he went wide of the mark, but the crowd cheered his effort.

"Carlos Baca!" The second had no better success, nor the third, nor the fourth; then the fifth succeeded in grasping the hapless bird's head lightly, but it slipped through his fingers.

At last, "José Lopez!" A sharp stroke of the heels, and José was away. He was a bold rider, and the fire of determination burned in his heart and shone out of his eyes. But a prairie-dog had dug a burrow in the trail back there on the plains; upon such little things do events hang. With cool courage José threw himself down upon the pony's side and stretched out his eager hand, but the beast was not used to the correr. He shied nervously out of his path, reared, and José sprawled in the yellow dust of the plaza, while the gay throng laughed. He picked himself up and limped away, furious.

"Juan Gonzales!" But Juan was luckless. Then, "El señor Americano, Juan Vanareson!"

The bay was off like a shot, and in a moment the assembly was cheering generously. John swung himself from the saddle, his sinewy hand closed about the neck of the buried fowl and lifted it bodily from its place and waved it high in the air.

He clipped a dozen feathers from the cock's bright plumage, then loosed him, squawking. With bridle rein over his arm he walked to Florita and knelt before her.

"Will you wear these for me?" he asked, and her pretty hand thrust the feathers into the fine masses of soft hair coiled upon her head.

* * *

"Drink! Drink!" José and his friend, Juan Pino, sat together through the afternoon in a small room back of one of the saloons. "Drink! Drink!" was José's constant plea, and Juan drank. Why not? José was paying, and the wine was rich and warm and cheered his heart. For hours they had sat together thus, drinking now and again, until Juan was well mellowed. When José saw that his eyes were dancing and heard his loosened tongue wagging, he drew his chair close to the other and bent forward, whispering impressively. Did you ever know that whispers will inspire attention and confidence where thunders would fail? "Juan, brother of my soul," he began, and Juan's tongue ceased its din: "We have always been friends; is it not so?"

"Always, my José—always," Juan returned, warmly—a warmth bred of José's wine.

"And now I have that to ask which will show thy love of me. Drink! Drink!" and he filled his companion's glass with the dusky liquor. Juan lifted it to his lips; it was ripe and fragrant.

"Ask what thou wilt!" he cried, wiping the beads of wine from his moustache, "ask what thou wilt."

"Softly, softly!" José warned in his most winning whisper; "it is of vast import and none must hear. I shall not ask it of thee for mere friendship's sake; I have gold to give thee too, if it is well done," and he held some shining pieces in his hand. Juan's eyes glistened; the world was not a bed of roses for him; his couch was commonly the hard ground of the mesa, among his few sheep. A piece of gold was an unaccustomed sight. Juan extended his hand and locked it in that of his friend. "I am thine," he said, "thou hast but to command."

"It is well," José answered; "I knew I should not ask amiss. Thou hast seen my deep love of the señorita Florita, and thou hast seen the greater success of the dog of an Americano. Caramba! it makes my blood boil in my veins! He has won the correr, and she has taken his favor and tonight she will wear it in the dance. Is it not enough? But she does not love him, think you? She is only charmed by his big body and his blue eyes. She loved me once, and Dios! she must love me again! It is this that I ask of thee; here is liquor—drink, drink what thou wilt and strengthen thy heart. Then tonight, at the dance, thou must find cause to quarrel with this dog. It will be easy, for I have seen him drinking today, too. Thou must have thy knife convenient—dost thou comprehend?" His narrowed eyes were searching his friend's face; the coins chinking in his hands were speaking eloquently. Juan smiled, nodding and draining his glass.

"It is so simple," he said; "I wonder that thou hast need to ask it of another."

José's face brightened. "Ah!" he said, "thou forgettest that the señorita will be there; it must not be my quarrel with the Americano; it must not be my knife, or she will not look upon me again. It is well. Drink! Drink!"

* * *

By ten in the night the fandango was well a-going; the low-ceiled wide room was stifling with the smoke of the lights, but through the sultry air sounded the ceaseless, throbbing, palpitating music of guitars and mandolins, and no foot could be still. Even the shriveled dames and men seated in the corners, out of the way of the dancers, trod in quaint rhythm with their old feet, and here and there a faint color came into the hueless cheeks, beneath the strangely bright eyes.

Florita was the gayest of all, and the most beautiful. She had no charms but were shown tonight, as she danced with Vannerson, smiled upon Vannerson, coquetted with Vannerson, until his susceptible Yankee heart burned and glowed, and José, watching with eager eyes, mistook the flush upon the blonde cheeks for

the work of the wine, which flowed without limit. He thought that Juan's quarrel would be easy.

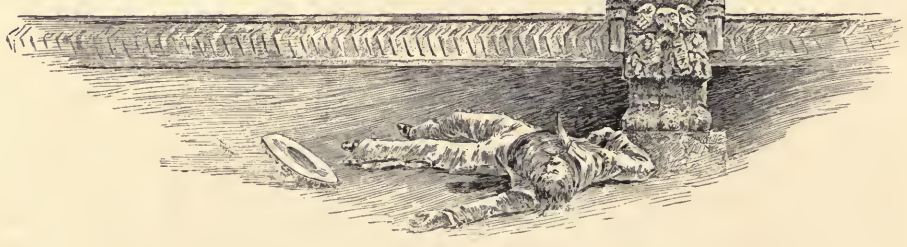
Then there came a brief lull in the hum of the music, and John sat apart, alone, with head bared to the grateful air entering through a low window. He had left Florita's side, but his eyes were still upon her, seated over on the woman's side of the wide room. He saw her leave her place and cross toward him, laughing shyly, her hands hidden beneath her mantilla. She paused before him for a brief instant, quickly released her hands and dashed upon his head a beribboned egg shell, which burst and threw over him a spray of delicate perfume. It was a direct challenge: he must catch her before she regained her seat; then he might kiss her. He was quick to move; his long legs were agile, and midway on the floor his arm encircled her and the merry spectators cheered the sounding kiss upon the brown cheek. They were in gay humor; they would have cheered the appearance of the evil one, had he come with some fresh diversion.

Then, in the midst of the throng, Juan, inflamed, passionate with wine, brushed rudely against the American. It was a studied insult which he muttered under his breath. He saw that there was no knife or pistol at Vannerson's belt, and he felt quite safe. He had forgotten that the great American fist is sometimes a most effective weapon; he only remembered it when he lay sprawling upon the floor, with a deep cut over his eye. He was up again like an infuriated beast, with long, slender knife bared in his hand. Vannerson, unarmed, awaited the savage rush, then stepped aside, thinking to avoid the knife and grasp his fiery little antagonist in his sinewy arms and deprive him of his weapon. Juan, maddened with his long carouse, furious under the ignominy of his flooring, blinded with the blood which flowed from the cut on his forehead, did not see what was done; he only knew that he had leaped forward, writhing his arms and legs about the figure of the man who stood in his path, and then—once—twice—he sent the slender blade deep into the breast of his victim.

"Juan! Mother of God!" It was a long, shrill wail of agony, but Juan knew the voice.

"José!" He brushed the blood from his blinded eyes and bent over the prostrate man: "José! José! Look at me! God in heaven, what have I done! José, brother of my soul, speak to me!"

But there was only a gasping sigh, and the awed revellers looked down into eyes glazed in death.



THE STRONGHOLD OF THE GODS.

By John Vance Cheney.

Here, in this monastery of the rock,
Be mine the kingly comfort of a soul
At peace. In stronghold of the gods' control
I rest, well-sheltered; safe against the shock
Of change, against the horrors all that knock
At hope's lone door. Here life is sweet and whole,
As Heaven means it; doubt is not, no dole,
Pain's bony finger cannot break this lock.
The stanchest monarch never wore this crown;
High on the hilltop, trouble lies far down.

IS HE LIVING OR IS HE DEAD?

By Mark Twain.

I WAS spending the month of March, 1892, at Mentone, in the Riviera. At this retired spot one has all the advantages privately, which are to be had at Monte Carlo and Nice, a few miles further along, publicly. That is to say, one has the flooding sunshine, the balmy air and the brilliant blue sea, without the marring additions of human pow-wow and fuss and feathers and display. Mentone is quiet, simple, restful, unpretentious; the rich and the gaudy do not come there. As a rule, I mean, the rich do not come there. Now and then a rich man comes, and I presently got acquainted with one of these. Partially to disguise him, I will call him Smith. One day, in the Hôtel des Anglais, at the second breakfast, he exclaimed:

"Quick! Cast your eye on the man going out at the door. Take in every detail of him."

"Why?"

"Do you know who he is?"

"Yes. He spent several days here before you came. He is an old, retired and very rich silk manufacturer from Lyons, they say, and I guess he is alone in the world, for he always looks sad and dreamy, and doesn't talk with anybody. His name is Theophile Magnan."

I supposed that Smith would now proceed to justify the large interest which he had shown in Monsieur Magnan, but, instead, he dropped into a brown study, and was apparently lost to me and to the rest of the world during some minutes. Now and then he passed his fingers through his flossy white hair, to assist his thinking, and meantime he allowed his breakfast to go on cooling. At last he said:

"No, it's gone; I can't call it back."

"Can't call what back?"

"It's one of Hans Andersen's beautiful little stories. But it's gone from me. Part of it is like this: A child has a caged bird, which it loves, but thoughtlessly neglects. The bird pours out its song unheard and unheeded; but, in time, hunger and thirst assail the creature, and its song grows plaintive and feeble and finally ceases—the bird dies. The child comes, and is smitten to the heart with remorse; then, with bitter tears and lamentations, it calls its mates, and they bury the bird with elaborate pomp and the tenderest grief, without knowing, poor things, that it isn't children only who starve poets to death and then spend enough on their funerals and monuments to have kept them alive and made them easy and comfortable. Now—"

But here we were interrupted. About ten, that evening, I ran across Smith, and he asked me up to his parlor to help him smoke and drink hot Scotch. It was a cosy place, with its comfortable chairs, its cheerful lamps and its friendly open fire of seasoned olive-wood. To make everything perfect, there was the muffled booming of the surf outside. After the second Scotch and much lazy and contented chat, Smith said:

"Now we are properly primed—I to tell a curious history, and you to listen to it. It has been a secret for many years—a secret between me and three others; but I am going to break the seal now. Are you comfortable?"

"Perfectly. Go on."

Here follows what he told me:

A long time ago I was a young artist—a very young artist, in fact—and I wandered about the country parts of France, sketching here and sketching there, and was presently joined by a couple of darling young Frenchmen who were at the same kind of thing that I was doing.

We were as happy as we were poor, or as poor as we were happy—phrase it to suit yourself. Claude Frère and Carl Boulanger—these are the names of those boys; dear, dear fellows, and the sunniest spirits that ever laughed at poverty and had a noble good time in all weathers.

At last we ran hard a ground in a Breton village, and an artist as poor as ourselves took us in and literally saved us from starving—François Millet—

"What! the *great* François Millet?"

Great? He wasn't any greater than we were, then. He hadn't any fame, even in his own village; and he was so poor that he hadn't anything to feed us on but turnips, and even the turnips failed us sometimes. We four became fast friends, doting friends, inseparables. We painted away together with all our might, piling up stock, piling up stock, but very seldom getting rid of any of it. We had lovely times together; but, O my soul! how we were pinched now and then!

For a little over two years this went on. At last, one day, Claude said:

"Boys, we've come to the end. Do you understand that?—absolutely to the end. Everybody has struck—there's a league formed against us. I've been all around the village and it's just as I tell you. They refuse to credit us for another centime until all the odds and ends are paid up."

This struck us cold. Every face was blank with dismay. We realized that our circumstances were desperate, now. There was a long silence. Finally, Millet said, with a sigh:

"Nothing occurs to me—nothing. Suggest something, lads."

There was no response, unless a mournful silence may be called a response. Carl got up, and walked nervously up and down a while, then said:

"It's a shame! Look at these canvases: stacks and stacks of as good pictures as anybody in Europe paints—I don't care

who he is. Yes, and plenty of lounging strangers have said the same—or nearly that, anyway."

"But didn't buy," Millet said.

"No matter, they said it; and it's true, too. Look at your 'Angelus' there; will anybody tell me—"

"Pah, Carl—my Angelus! I was offered five francs for it."

"When!"

"Who offered it!"

"Where is he!"

"Why didn't you take it!"

"Come—don't all speak at once. I thought he would give more—I was sure of it—he looked it—so I asked him eight."

"Well—and then?"

"He said he would call again."

"Thunder and lightning! Why, François—"

"Oh, I know, I know! It was a mistake, and I was a fool. Boys, I meant for the best; you'll all grant me that, and I—"

"'TAKE IN EVERY DETAIL OF HIM.'"

"Why, certainly, we know that, bless your dear heart; but don't you be a fool again."

"I? I wish somebody would come along and offer us a cabbage for it—you'd see!"

"A cabbage! Oh, don't name it—it makes my mouth water. Talk of things less trying."

"Boys," said Carl, "*do* these pictures lack merit? Answer me that."

"No!"

"Aren't they of very great and high merit? Answer me that."

"Yes."

"Of such great and high merit, that, if an illustrious name were attached to them they would sell at splendid prices. Isn't it so?"

"Certainly it is. Nobody doubts that."

"But—I'm not joking—*isn't* it so?"

"Why, of course it's so—and *we* are not joking. But what of it? What of it? How does that concern us?"

"In this way comrades—we'll *attach* an illustrious name to them!"

The lively conversation stopped. The faces were turned inquiringly upon Carl. What sort of riddle might this be? Where was an illustrious name to be borrowed? And who was to borrow it?

Carl sat down, and said:

"Now I have a perfectly serious thing to propose. I think it is the only way to keep us out of the almshouse, and I believe it to be a perfectly sure way. I base this opinion upon certain multitudinous and long established facts in human history. I believe my project will make us all rich."

"Rich! You've lost your mind."

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have—you've lost your mind. What do you *call* rich?"

"A hundred thousand francs apiece."

"He *has* lost his mind. I knew it."

"Yes, he has. Carl, privation has been too much for you and—"

"Carl, you want to take a pill and get right to bed!"

"Bandage him first—bandage his head, and then—"

"No, bandage his heels; his brains have been settling for weeks—I've noticed it."

"Shut up!" said Millet, with ostensible severity, "and let the boy say his say. Now then—come out with your project, Carl. What is it?"

"Well, then, by way of preamble I will ask you to note this fact in human history: that the merit of many a great artist has never been acknowledged until after he was starved and dead. This has happened so often that I make bold to

found a law upon it. This law: that the merit of *every* great unknown and neglected artist must and will be recognized and his pictures climb to high prices after his death. My project is this: we must cast lots—one of us must die."

The remark fell so calmly and so unexpectedly that we almost forgot to jump. Then there was a wild chorus of advice again—medical advice, for the help of Carl's brain; but he waited patiently for the hilarity to calm down, then went on again with his project:

"Yes, one of us must die, to save the others—and himself. We will cast lots. The one chosen shall be illustrious, all of us shall be rich. Hold still, now—hold still; don't interrupt—I tell you I know what I am talking about. Here is the idea. During the next three months the one who is to die shall paint with all his might, enlarge his stock all he can—not pictures, *no!* skeleton sketches, studies, parts of studies, fragments of studies, a dozen dabs of the brush on each—meaningless, of course, but *his*, with his cipher on them; turn out fifty a day, each to contain some peculiarity or mannerism easily detectable as his—*they're* the things that sell you know, and are collected at fabulous prices for the world's museums, after the great man is gone; we'll have a ton of them ready—a ton! And all that time the rest of us will be busy supporting the moribund, and working Paris and the dealers—preparations for the coming event, you know; and when everything is hot and just right, we'll spring the death on them and have the notorious funeral. You get the idea?"

"N–o; at least, not qu—"

"Not quite? Don't you see? The man doesn't really die; he changes his name and vanishes; we bury a dummy, and cry over it, with all the world to help. And I—"

But he wasn't allowed to finish. Everybody broke out into a rousing hurrah of applause; and all jumped up and capered about the room and fell on each other's necks, in transports of gratitude and joy. For hours we talked over the great plan, without ever feeling hungry; and at last, when all the details had been arranged satisfactorily, we cast lots and Millet was elected—elected to die, as we called it. Then we scraped together those things which one never parts with until he is betting them against future wealth—keepsake trinkets and suchlike — and these we pawned for enough to furnish us a frugal farewell supper and breakfast, and leave us a few francs over for travel, and a stake of turnips and stuff for Millet to live on for a few days.

"EVERY FACE WAS BLANK WITH DISMAY."

Next morning early, the three of us cleared out, straightway after breakfast—on foot, of course. Each of us carried a dozen of Millet's small pictures, purposing to market them. Carl struck for Paris, where he would start the work of building up Millet's fame against the coming great day; Claude and I were to separate, and scatter abroad over France.

Now, it will surprise you to know what an easy and comfortable thing we had. I walked two days before I began business. Then I began to sketch a villa in the outskirts of a big town—because I saw the proprietor standing on an upper verandah. He came down to look on—I thought he would. I worked swiftly, intending to keep him interested. Occasionally he

fired off a little ejaculation of approbation, and by and by he spoke up with enthusiasm and said I was a master!

I put down my brush, reached into my satchel, fetched out a Millet, and pointed to the cipher in the corner. I said, proudly:

"I suppose you recognize *that?* Well, he taught me! I should *think* I ought to know my trade!"

The man looked guiltily embarrassed, and was silent. I said, sorrowfully:

"You don't mean to intimate that you don't know the cipher of François Millet!"

Of course he didn't know that cipher; but he was the gratefullest man you ever saw, just the same, for being let out of an uncomfortable place on such easy terms. He said:

"No! Why, it *is* Millet's, sure enough! I don't know what I could have been thinking of. Of course I recognize it now."

Next, he wanted to buy it; but I said that although I wasn't rich I wasn't *that* poor. However, at last, I let him have it for eight hundred francs.

"Eight hundred!"

Yes. Millet would have sold it for a pork chop. Yes, I got eight hundred francs for that little thing. I wish I could get it back for eighty thousand. But that time's gone by. I made a very nice picture of that man's house, and I wanted to offer it to him for ten francs, but that wouldn't answer, seeing I was the pupil of such a master, so I sold it to him for a hundred. I sent the eight hundred francs straight back to Millet from that town and struck out again next day.

But I didn't walk—no. I rode. I have ridden ever since. I sold one picture every day, and never tried to sell two. I always said to my customer,—

"I am a fool to sell a picture of François Millet's at all, for that man is not going to live three months and when he dies his pictures can't be had for love or money."

I took care to spread that little fact as far as I could, and prepare the world for the event.

I take credit to myself for our plan of selling the pictures—it was mine. I suggested it that last evening when we were laying out our campaign, and all three of

"ALL JUMPED UP AND FELL ON EACH OTHER'S NECKS."

us agreed to give it a good fair trial before giving it up for some other. It succeeded with all of us. I walked only two days, Claude walked two—both of us afraid to make Millet celebrated too close to home—but Carl walked only half a day, the bright, conscienceless rascal and after that he traveled like a duke.

Every now and then we got in with a country editor and started an item around through the press; not an item announcing that a new painter had been discovered, but an item which let on that everybody knew François Millet; not an item praising him in any way but merely a word concerning the present condition of the "master"—sometimes hopeful, sometimes despondent, but always tinged with fears for the worst. We always marked these paragraphs, and sent the papers to all the people who had bought pictures of us.

Carl was soon in Paris, and he worked things with a high hand. He made friends with the correspondents and got Millet's condition reported to England and all over the continent, and America, and everywhere.

At the end of six weeks from the start, we three met in Paris and called a halt, and stopped sending back to Millet for additional pictures. The boom was so high, and everything so ripe, that we saw that it would be a mistake not to strike

now, right away, without waiting any longer. So we wrote Millet to go to bed and begin to waste away pretty fast, for we should like him to die in ten days if he could get ready.

Then we figured up and found that among us we had sold eighty-five small pictures and studies, and had sixty-nine thousand francs to show for it. Carl had made the last sale and the most brilliant one of all. He sold the Angelus for twenty-two hundred francs. How we did glorify him!—not foreseeing that a day was coming by and by when France would struggle to own it and a stranger would capture it for five hundred and fifty thousand, cash.

"I SUPPOSE YOU RECOGNIZE THAT!"

We had a wind-up champagne supper that night, and next day Claude and I packed up and went off to nurse Millet through his last days and keep busybodies out of the house and send daily bulletins to Carl in Paris for publication in the papers of several continents for the information of a waiting world. The sad end came at last, and Carl was there in time to help in the final mournful rites.

You remember that great funeral, and what a stir it made all over the globe, and how the illustrious of two worlds came to attend it and testify their sorrow. We four—still inseparable—carried the coffin, and would allow none to help. And we were right about that, because it hadn't anything in it but a wax figure, and any other coffin-bearers would have found fault with the weight. Yes, we same old four, who had lovingly shared privation together in the old hard times now gone forever, carried the cof—"

"Which four?"

"*We* four—for Millet helped to carry his own coffin. In disguise, you know. Disguised as a relative—distant relative"

"Astonishing!"

But true, just the same. Well, you remember how the pictures went up. Money? We didn't know what to do with it. There's a man in Paris today who owns seventy Millet pictures. He paid us two million francs for them. And as for the bushels of sketches and studies which Millet shoveled out during the six weeks that we were on the road, well, it would astonish you to know the figure we sell them at now-a-days—that is, when we consent to let one go.

"It is a wonderful history, perfectly wonderful!"

Yes—it amounts to that.

"Whatever became of Millet?"

Can you keep a secret?

"I can."

Do you remember the man I called your attention to in the dining-room today? *That was François Millet.*

"Great—"

Scott! Yes. For once they didn't starve a genius to death and then put into other pockets the rewards he should have had himself. *This* song-bird was not allowed to pipe out its heart unheard and then be paid with the cold pomp of a big funeral. We looked out for that.

A TRAVELLER FROM ALTRURIA.

By W. D. Howells.

XI.

"I COULD not give you a clear account of the present state of things in my country," the Altrurian began, "without first telling you something of our conditions before the time of our evolution. It seems to be the law of all life, that nothing can come to fruition without dying and seeming to making an end. It must be sown in corruption before it can be raised in incorruption. The truth itself must perish to our senses before it can live to our souls; the Son of Man must suffer upon the cross before we can know the Son of God.

"It was so with His message to the world, which we received in the old time as an ideal realized by the earliest Christians, who loved one another and who had all things common. The apostle cast away upon our heathen coasts, won us with the story of this first Christian republic, and he established a commonwealth of peace and goodwill among us in its likeness. That commonwealth perished, just as its prototype perished, or seemed to perish; and long ages of civic and economic warfare succeeded, when every man's hand was against his neighbor, and might was the rule that got itself called right. Religion ceased to be the hope of this world, and became the vague promise of the next. We descended into the valley of the shadow, and dwelt amid chaos for ages, before we groped again into the light.

"The first glimmerings were few and indistinct, but men formed themselves about the luminous points here and there, and when these broke and dispersed into lesser gleams, still men formed themselves about each of them. There arose a system of things, better, indeed, than that darkness, but full of war, and lust, and greed, in which the weak rendered homage to the strong, and served them in the field and in the camp, and the strong in turn gave the weak protection against the other strong. It was a juggle in which the weak did not see that their safety was after all from themselves; but it was an image of peace, however false and fitful, and it endured for a time. It endured for a limited time, if we measure by the life of the race; it endured for an unlimited time if we measure by the lives of the men who were born and died while it endured.

"But that disorder, cruel and fierce and stupid, which endured because it sometimes masked itself as order, did at last pass away. Here and there one of the strong overpowered the rest; then the strong became fewer and fewer, and in their turn they all yielded to a supreme lord, and throughout the land there was one rule, as it was called then, or one misrule, as we should call it now. This rule, or this misrule, continued for ages more; and again, in the immortality of the race, men toiled and struggled, and died without the hope of better things.

"Then the time came when the long nightmare was burst with the vision of a future in which all men were the law, and not one man, or any less number of men than all.

"The poor, dumb beast of humanity rose, and the throne tumbled, and the sceptre was broken, and the crown rolled away into that darkness of the past. We thought that heaven had descended to us, and that liberty, equality and fraternity were ours. We could not see what should again alienate us from one another, or how one brother could again oppress another. With a free field and no favor, we believed we should prosper on together, and there would be peace and plenty for all. We had the republic, again, after so many ages now, and the republic, as we knew it in our dim annals was brotherhood and universal happiness. All but a very few who prophesied evil of our lawless freedom, were rapt in a delirium of hope. Men's minds and men's hands were suddenly released to an activity unheard of before. Invention followed invention; our rivers and seas became the woof of

commerce where the steam-sped shuttles carried the warp of enterprise to and fro with tireless celerity. Machines to save labor multiplied themselves as if they had been procreative forces; and wares of every sort were produced with incredible swiftness and cheapness. Money seemed to flow from the ground; vast fortunes 'rose like an exhalation,' as your Milton says.

"At first we did not know that they were the breath of the nethermost pits of hell, and that the love of money which was becoming universal with us, was filling the earth with the hate of men. It was long before we came to realize that in the depths of our steamships were those who fed the fires with their lives, and that our mines from which we dug our wealth were the graves of those who had died to the free light and air, without finding the rest of death. We did not see that the machines for saving labor were monsters that devoured women and children, and wasted men at the bidding of the power which no man must touch.

"That is, we thought we must not touch it, for it called itself prosperity, and wealth, and the public good, and it said that it gave bread, and it impudently bade the toiling myriads consider what would become of them, if it took away their means of wearing themselves out in its service. It demanded of the state absolute immunity and absolute impunity, the right to do its will wherever and however it would, without question from the people who were the final law. It had its way, and under its rule we became the richest people under the sun. The Accumulation, as we called this power, because we feared to call it by its true name, rewarded its own with gains of twenty, of a hundred, of a thousand per cent., and to satisfy its need, to produce the labor that operated its machines, there came into existence a hapless race of men who bred their kind for its service, and whose little ones were its prey, almost from their cradles. Then the infamy became too great, and the law, the voice of the people, so long guiltily silent, was lifted in behalf of those who had no helper. The Accumulation came under control, for the first time, and could no longer work its slaves twenty hours a day amid perils to life and limb from its machinery and in conditions that forbade them decency and morality. The time of a hundred and a thousand per cent. passed; but still the Accumulation demanded immunity and impunity, and in spite of its conviction of the enormities it had practiced, it declared itself the only means of civilization and progress. It began to give out that it was timid, though its history was full of the boldest frauds and crimes, and it threatened to withdraw itself if it were ruled or even crossed; and again it had its way, and we seemed to prosper more and more. The land was filled with cities where the rich flaunted their splendor in palaces, and the poor swarmed in squalid tenements. The country was drained of its life and force, to feed the centers of commerce and industry. The whole land was bound together with a network of iron roads that linked the factories and foundries to the fields and mines, and blasted the landscape with the enterprise that spoiled the lives of men.

"Then, all at once, when its work seemed perfect and its dominion sure, the Accumulation was stricken with consciousness of the lie always at its heart. It had hitherto cried out for a free field and no favor, for unrestricted competition; but, in truth, it had never prospered, except as a monopoly. Whenever and wherever competition had play, there had been nothing but disaster to the rival enterprises, till one rose over the rest. Then there was prosperity for that one.

"The Accumulation began to act upon its new consciousness. The iron roads united; the warring industries made peace, each kind under a single leadership. Monopoly, not competition, was seen to be the beneficent means of distributing the favors and blessings of the Accumulation to mankind. But as before, there was alternately a glut and dearth of things, and it often happened that when starving men went ragged through the streets, the storehouses were piled full of rotting harvests that the farmers toiled from dawn till dusk to grow, and the warehouses fed the moth with the stuffs that the operative had woven his life into at his loom. Then followed, with a blind and mad succession, a time of famine, when money could not buy the superabundance that vanished, none knew how or why.

"The money itself vanished from time to time, and disappeared into the vaults of

the Accumulation, for no better reason than that for which it poured itself out at other times. Our theory was that the people, that is to say the government of the people, made the people's money, but, as a matter of fact, the Accumulation made it, and controlled it, and juggled with it; and now you saw it, and now you did not see it. The government made gold coins, but the people had nothing but the paper money that the Accumulation made. But whether there was scarcity or plenty, the failures went on with a continuous ruin that nothing could check, while our larger economic life proceeded in a series of violent shocks, which we called financial panics, followed by long periods of exhaustion and recuperation. There was no law in our economy, but as the Accumulation had never cared for the nature of law, it did not trouble itself for its name in our order of things. It had always bought the law it needed for its own use, first through the voter at the polls in the more primitive days, and then, as civilization advanced, in the legislatures and the courts. But the corruption even of these more enlightened methods was far surpassed when the era of consolidation came, and the necessity for statutes and verdicts and decisions became more stringent. Then we had such a burlesque of—"

"Look here!" a sharp nasal voice snarled across the rich, full pipe of the Altrurian, and we all instantly looked there. The voice came from an old farmer, holding himself stiffly up, with his hands in his pockets and his lean frame bent toward the speaker. "When are you goin' to git to Altrury? We know all about Ameriky."

He sat down again, and it was a moment before the crowd caught on. Then a yell of delight and a roar of volleyed laughter went up from the lower classes, in which, I am sorry to say, my friend, the banker, joined, so far as the laughter was concerned. "Good! That's it! First-rate!" came from a hundred vulgar throats.

"Isn't it a perfect shame?" Mrs. Makely demanded. "I think some of you gentlemen ought to say something! What will Mr. Homos think of our civilization if we let such interruptions go unrebuked!"

She was sitting between the banker and myself, and her indignation made him laugh more and more. "Oh, it serves him right," he said. "Don't you see that he is hoist with his own petard? Let him alone. He's in the hands of his friends."

The Altrurian waited for the tumult to die away, and then he said, gently: "I don't understand."

The old farmer jerked himself to his feet again: "It's like this: I paid my dolla' to hear about a country where there wa'n't no co'perations, and no monop'lies, nor no buyin' up cou'ts; and I ain't agoin' to have no allegory shoved down my throat, instead of a true history, noways. I know all about how it is *here*. Fi'st, run their line through your backya'd, and then kill off your cattle, and keep kerryin' on it up from cou't to cou't, till there ain't hide or hair of 'em left—"

"Oh, set down, set down! Let the man go on! He'll make it all right with you," one of the construction gang called out; but the farmer stood his ground, and I could hear him through the laughing and shouting, keep saying something, from time to time, about not wanting to pay no dolla' for no talk about co'perations and monop'lies that we had right under our own noses the whole while, and you might say in your very bread-troughs; till, at last, I saw Reuben Camp make his way towards him, and, after an energetic expostulation, turn to leave him again.

Then he faltered out, "I guess it's all right," and dropped out of sight in the group he had risen from. I fancied his wife scolding him there, and all but shaking him in public.

"I should be very sorry," the Altrurian proceeded, "to have anyone believe that I have not been giving you a bona fide account of conditions in my country before the evolution, when we first took the name of Altruria in our great, peaceful campaign against the Accumulation. As for offering you any allegory or travesty of your own conditions, I will simply say that I do not know them well enough to do so intelligently. But, whatever they are, God forbid that the likeness which you seem to recognize should ever go so far as the desperate state of things which we finally reached. I will not trouble you

with details; in fact, I have been afraid that I had already treated of our affairs too abstractly; but, since your own experience furnishes you the means of seizing my meaning, I will go on as before.

"You will understand me when I explain that the Accumulation had not erected itself into the sovereignty with us unopposed. The workingmen who suffered most from its oppression had early begun to band themselves against it, with the instinct of self-preservation, first trade by trade, and art by art, and then in congresses and federations of the trades and arts, until finally they enrolled themselves in one vast union, which included all the workingmen whom their necessity or their interest did not leave on the side of the Accumulation. This beneficent and generous association of the weak for the sake of the weakest did not accomplish itself fully till the baleful instinct of the Accumulation had reduced the monopolies to one vast monopoly, till the stronger had devoured the weaker among its members, and the supreme agent stood at the head of our affairs, in everything but name our imperial ruler. We had hugged so long the delusion of each man for himself, that we had suffered all realty to be taken from us. The Accumulation owned the land as well as the mines under it and the shops over it; the Accumulation owned the seas and the ships that sailed the seas, and the fish that swam in their depths; it owned transportation and distribution, and the wares and products that were to be carried to and fro; and, by a logic irresistible and inexorable, the Accumulation *was*, and we were *not*.

"But the Accumulation, too, had forgotten something. It had found it so easy to buy legislatures and courts, that it did not trouble itself about the polls. It left us the suffrage, and let us amuse ourselves with the periodical election of the political clay images which it manipulated and moulded to any shape and effect, at its pleasure. The Accumulation knew that it was the sovereignty, whatever figure-head we called president, or governor, or mayor: we had other names for these officials, but I use their analogues for the sake of clearness, and I hope my good friend over there will not think I am still talking about America."

"No," the old farmer called back, without rising, "we hain't got there, quite, yit."

"No hurry," said a trainman. "All in good time. Go on!" he called to the Altrurian.

The Altrurian resumed:

"There had been, from the beginning, an almost ceaseless struggle between the Accumulation and the proletariate. The Accumulation always said that it was the best friend of the proletariate, and it denounced, through the press which it controlled, the proletarian leaders who taught that it was the enemy of the proletariate, and who stirred up strikes and tumults of all sorts, for higher wages and fewer hours. But the friend of the proletariate, whenever occasion served, treated the proletariate like a deadly enemy. In seasons of over-production, as it was called, it locked the workmen out, or laid them off, and left their families to starve, or ran light work, and claimed the credit of public benefactors for running at all. It sought every chance to reduce wages; it had laws passed to forbid or cripple the workmen in their strikes; and the judges convicted them of conspiracy, and wrested the statutes to their hurt in cases where there had been no thought of embarrassing them even among the legislators. God forbid that you should ever come to such a pass in America; but, if you ever should, God grant that you may find your way out as simply as we did at last, when freedom had perished in everything but name among us, and justice had become a mockery.

"The Accumulation had advanced so smoothly, so lightly, in all its steps to the supreme power, and had at last so thoroughly quelled the uprisings of the proletariate, that it forgot one thing: it forgot the despised and neglected suffrage. The ballot, because it had been so easy to annul its effect, had been left in the people's hands; and when, at last, the leaders of the proletariate ceased to counsel strikes, or any form of resistance to the Accumulation that could be tormented into the likeness of insurrection against the government, and began to urge them to attack it in the political way, the deluge that swept the Accumulation out of existence came trickling and creeping over the land. It appeared first in the country,

a spring from the ground; then it gathered head in the villages; then it swelled to a torrent in the cities. I cannot stay to trace its course; but suddenly, one day, when the Accumulation's abuse of a certain power became too gross, it was voted out of that power. You will perhaps be interested to know that it was with the telegraphs that the rebellion against the Accumulation began, and the government was forced by the overwhelming majority which the proletariate sent to our parliament, to assume a function which the Accumulation had impudently usurped. Then the transportation of smaller and more perishable wares—"

"Yes," a voice called out, "express business. Go on!"

"Was legislated a function of the post-office," the Altrurian went on. "Then all transportation was taken into the hands of the political government, which had always been accused of great corruption in its administration, but which showed itself immaculately pure, compared with the Accumulation. The common ownership of mines necessarily followed, with an allotment of lands to anyone who wished to live by tilling the land; but not a foot of the land was remitted to private hands for purposes of selfish pleasure or the exclusion of any other from the landscape. As all businesses had been gathered into the grasp of the Accumulation, and the manufacture of everything they used and the production of everything that they ate was in the control of the Accumulation, its transfer to the government was the work of a single clause in the statute.

"The Accumulation, which had treated the first menaces of resistance with contempt, awoke to its peril too late. When it turned to wrest the suffrage from the proletariate, at the first election where it attempted to make head against them, it was simply snowed under, as your picturesque phrase is. The Accumulation had no voters, except the few men at its head, and the creatures devoted to it by interest and ignorance. It seemed, at one moment, as if it would offer an armed resistance to the popular will, but, happily, that moment of madness passed. Our evolution was accomplished without a drop of bloodshed, and the first great political brotherhood, the commonwealth of Altruria, was founded.

"I wish that I had time to go into a study of some of the curious phases of the transformation from a civility in which the people lived *upon* each other to one in which they lived *for* each other. There is a famous passage in the inaugural message of our first Altrurian president, which compares the new civic consciousness with that of a disembodied spirit released to the life beyond this and freed from all the selfish cares and greeds of the flesh. But perhaps I shall give a sufficiently clear notion of the triumph of the change among us, when I say that within half a decade after the fall of the old plutocratic oligarchy one of the chief directors of the Accumulation publicly expressed his gratitude to God that the Accumulation had passed away forever. You will realize the importance of such an expression in recalling the declarations some of your slaveholders have made since the civil war, that they would not have slavery restored for any earthly consideration.

"But now, after this preamble, which has been so much longer than I meant it to be, how shall I give you a sufficiently just conception of the existing Altruria, the actual state from which I come?"

"Yes," came the nasal of the old farmer, again, "that's what we are here fur. I wouldn't give a copper to know all that you went through beforehand. It's too dumn like what we have been through ourselves, as fur as heard from."

A shout of laughter went up from most of the crowd, but the Altrurian did not seem to see any fun in it.

"Well," he resumed, "I will tell you, as well as I can, what Altruria is like, but, in the first place, you will have to cast out of your minds all images of civilization with which your experience has filled them. For a time, the shell of the old Accumulation remained for our social habitation, and we dwelt in the old competitive and monopolistic forms after the life had gone out of them. That is, we continued to live in populous cities, and we toiled to heap up riches for the moth to corrupt, and we slaved on in making utterly useless things, merely because we had the habit of making them to sell. For a while we made the old sham things,

which pretended to be useful things and were worse than the confessedly useless things. I will give you an illustration in one of the trades, which you will all understand. The proletariate, in the competitive and monopolistic time, used to make a kind of shoes for the proletariate, or the women of the proletariate, which looked like fine shoes of the best quality. It took just as much work to make these shoes as to make the best fine shoes; but they were shams through and through. They wore out in a week, and the people called them, because they were bought fresh for every Sunday—"

"Sat'd'y night shoes!" screamed the old farmer. "I know 'em. My gals buy 'em. Half dolla' a pai', and not wo'th the money."

"Well," said the Altrurian, "they were a cheat and a lie, in every way, and under the new system it was not possible, when public attention was called to the fact, to continue the falsehood they embodied. As soon as the Saturday night shoe realized itself to the public conscience, an investigation began, and it was found that the principle of the Saturday night shoe underlay half our industries and made half the work that was done. Then an immense reform took place. We renounced, in the most solemn convocation of the whole economy, the principle of the Saturday night shoe, and those who had spent their lives in producing shams—"

"Yes," said the professor, rising from his seat near us, and addressing the speaker, "I shall be very glad to know what became of the worthy and industrious operatives who were thrown out of employment by this explosion of economic virtue."

"Why," the Altrurian replied, "they were set to work making honest shoes; and as it took no more time to make a pair of honest shoes, which lasted a year, than it took to make a pair of shoes that lasted a week, the amount of labor in shoemaking was at once enormously reduced."

"Yes," said the professor, "I understand that. What became of the shoemakers?"

"They joined the vast army of other laborers who had been employed, directly or indirectly, in the fabrication of fraudulent wares. These shoemakers—lasters, buttonholers, binders, and soon—no longer wore themselves out over their machines. One hour sufficed where twelve hours were needed before, and the operatives were released to the happy labor of the fields, where no one with us toils killingly, from dawn till dusk, but does only as much work as is needed to keep the body in health. We had a continent to refine and beautify; we had climates to change, and seasons to modify, a whole system of meteorology to readjust, and the public works gave employment to the multitudes emancipated from the soul-destroying service of shams. I can scarcely give you a notion of the vastness of the improvements undertaken and carried through, or still in process of accomplishment. But a single one will, perhaps, afford a sufficient illustration. Our southeast coast, from its vicinity to the pole, had always suffered from a winter of antarctic vigor; but our first president conceived the plan of cutting off a peninsula, which kept the equatorial current from making in to our shores; and the work was begun in his term, though the entire strip, twenty miles in width and ninety-three in length, was not severed before the end of the first Altrurian decade. Since that time the whole region of our southeastern coast has enjoyed the climate of your Mediterranean countries.

"It was not only the makers of fraudulent things who were released to these useful and wholesome labors, but those who had spent themselves in contriving ugly and stupid and foolish things were set free to the public employments. The multitude of these monstrosities and iniquities was as great as that of the shams—"

Here I lost some words, for the professor leaned over and whispered to me: "He has got *that* out of William Morris. Depend upon it, the man is a humbug. He is not an Altrurian at all."

I confess that my heart misgave me; but I signalled the professor to be silent, and again gave the Altrurian—if he was an Altrurian—my whole attention.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.

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By Vierge. *"Après," page 241.*

By Vierge. *"Apres," page 242.*

THE BASIN ILLUMINATED.

A FAREWELL TO THE WHITE CITY.

By Paul Bourget.

THE fog arose suddenly after a glorious morning of blue sky and sunlight. A north fog, cold and gray, enveloping Chicago, then the suburbs, then the extraordinary group of buildings which the popular fancy has so aptly termed "The White City." All white they had been that morning, the morning of my farewell; white as a marble town outlined against a sky untarnished as themselves. How they stood out, still white, in the dense enshrouding fog; but it was the whiteness of a phantom village, whose contours were merged in mist, whose domes, colonnades and towers lost all solidity—a dreamy vision of architecture, vague scenery about a phantom crowd. They were no longer men whom I saw coming and going, but moving spots, forms so well obliterated that the hum of voices escaping that crowd, confused and muffled by the fog, became the faintest murmur, so I thought I no longer heard a chorus of individual words, but a concert of the grand, anonymous voices of nature, the plaint of a stormy element. In the last glance I gave that fading, shifting panorama, it seemed to me, that chancing there that autumn day, first clear, then veiled, I had experienced in a few short hours the extremes of that city's fascination: first, its dazzling brilliancy, then its fading gloom, all of which would give it legendary charm. I had realized the melancholy touch which every human masterpiece requires to make it truly beautiful—effacement in the past.

How enchanting that glorious sunny morning had been. The eyes of those who, like myself, sauntered by the lagoons, were dazzled by the green waste of Lake Michigan through the white columns. But a greater fairy charm will clothe the scene when we are far from here; when memory recalls it, freed from the vulgarity necessary to every similar surrounding, recalls it distantly, indistinctly, with that conjured, almost supernatural charm wrought by the magic of this fog. It is only a drifting vapor which a sunbeam will drive away, but a poet, were one there, might keep the symbolism of that, which in this universe, where all is

*The manuscript of M. Bourget was placed in the hands of Mr. Walter Learned, to whom the editors of The Cosmopolitan are indebted for its translation.

fleeting, remains the most precious treasure of the soul, the poetry of reminiscence.

Reminiscence, the power which transforms sensations into thought, images into ideas, the frivolous feast of the eyes into food for the mind, the pleasure and emotion of yesterday into a precept! A precept in the truest sense of that word, for one might say that the real philosophy of life comes from reminiscences—and we all have them—a real philosophy, however humble we may be, however enthralled by nature, however enervated by slavery to passion, we all have a hopeful or disheartened way of considering ourselves and our destiny, we all have a faith in man, or a distrust of him, a hope or a despair for our country, our city, our family, the corner where we live, the community to which we belong. That philosophy, clear in the man of moral sense, almost animal in the man of instinct, comes elaborated through thousands of individuals, then loses itself in one of those mighty currents of united wills, which make a nation. So considered, one might say that every event which leaves a memory of common impressions to many people is a factor of the moral life of that people which should not be neglected.

Mere flatterers or fanatics have said that immense national spectacles like the Paris and Chicago expositions mark epochs in the existence of France and America; but without exaggeration, it is safe to assert that the colossal experience of perhaps the half of her people has modified the conscience of France, and that similarly when the gates of the World's Fair are closed, the American conscience will be altered. But how?

Driving back to Chicago that foggy October afternoon, this problem, often presented to my mind during my visit to that astonishing rendezvous of industry and art, pleasure and study, took hold of me with even more intensity. Although early, electric lamps burning in the streets lighted my way, and lost in dreaming, I saw through the open window bits of the suburbs passing successively before me. Through the fog they seemed like fragmentary carvings presenting themselves to my glance one ofter another. Then I saw groups of little, low, wooden houses march by like camps of settlers taking possession of a new territory; then colossal buildings of brick and iron; huge cliffs holed with luminous windows, against which the fog broke like a sea of vapor; then bits of park—kept like those of London; then vague lots, enclosed by wooden fences smeared with posters, with cows inside munching the scanty grass; then more hovels, more buildings; here a concrete sidewalk, carefully tended, there a battered one of wood; one moment a properly paved street, the next a sea of mud where the grip-car tracks glistened with a metallic luster. Never has the unfinished state of that enormous city impressed me more. A hundred years ago

THE ILLINOIS.

it did not exist. Twenty years ago it had ceased to exist. It began again. It grows still. One sees it grow, like a tropical tree which between sunrise and sunset sprouts upward the height of a hand. By a singular contrast, the White City I left, constructed only for a season and finished to the minutest detail, must disappear forever, while the black city, which will endure forever, is only at its commencement. Strange contrast. I felt it was unique. I saw it presented the exceptional feature of this exposition, distinguishing it from all others. Whether held at London, Vienna or Paris, however vast their buildings, those other expositions were only the inferior or momentary adornment of a city far more beautiful and already finished. Monuments consecrated by centuries arose beside them whose splendor defied comparison with edifices temporarily reared by the caprice of architects. Those expositions were a supreme result, a final apotheosis. The White City of Jackson Park, with its palatial monuments of human achievement lacking only in stability, standing at the gates of a city still incomplete, is not an apotheosis, it is a hope. It is not an end, it is a commencement. It is not a result, it is a promise. Then I felt that was not the only lesson the fête of those six months would teach, but one at least of its lessons, the most general, the most accessible perhaps, the one for which all of us who have had the ecstatic pleasure of that vis-

FROM THE TOP OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

ion must remain forever indebted to those who have produced it.

A promise, I said. What promise? And to whom given? To the men of this country first. Chicago, the enormous town we see expanding, the gigantic plant which grows before our eyes seems now in this wonderfully new country to be in advance of the age. But is not this more or less true of all America? Yes. This vast, ingenuous commonwealth, fed unceasingly by heterogeneous elements which it must assimilate; this vast civilization, with its contrasts of extreme refinement and primitive crudity, is unmistakably symbolized by its central city—

miracle of native will; summary of calculating, panting energy and inexhaustible impulse. But to what end does this impulse tend, toward what goal marches the new world, which the cold, feverish indomitable energy of America is constructing? After vigorously organizing the universe of materialism, is that energy capable of reaching that supreme goal of a struggling nation, the creation of a national art, the perfection of an ideal, surpassing the needs of the hour? That question seldom presents itself so clearly, but it is the question which agitates the mind of every patriotic Yankee. It explains the feverish, often touching craving for culture which drives Americans in bewildering, tantalizing haste towards the libraries, theaters and museums of Europe. Because he feels this hunger gnawing in his heart, the American receives supersensitively the strictures of critics, incapable of appreciating his willingness to learn, his longing for knowledge, his passion for a superior civilization. But what form shall this civiliza-

IN THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

LOOKING WEST DOWN THE NORTH POND.

tion take? Shall it be a mere copy of things European? The national conscience rebels against this thought. It feels its work to be the creation of a personal ideal. That is why, side by side with a passionate craving for French, German and English culture, we find spiteful resentment against those who instead of studying, merely imitate. Emerson understood this when he wrote: "Why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought are as near to us as to any."

That is the promise the White City leaves. Coming after so many others, this exposition is indisputable evidence that the off-shoots of antiquarianism transplanted here by three centuries of immigration will, when given leisure blossom, in this virgin soil, into beautiful flowers. These enormous, splendid palaces of a day, simply and ingeniously constructed, reared with Aladdin-like magic by the shores of this free inland sea, and announcing, as they do, the birth of a new art, do not realize the absolute originality of Emerson's dream, but they prove that the merely colossal, unaccompanied by grace and symmetry, can no longer satisfy the taste of their builders. To the innumerable spectators, gathered from the four corners of their stupendous country, those buildings have given, one might say, an indelible object lesson. Speaking of exposition crowds, some one suggested to me that "the people were so anxious to see everything that they forgot to be amused." That is not entirely true. There were many merry faces there, but everywhere was the serious attention of minds imperfectly grasping new ideas. In the gaze of those rustics there was less pride than curiosity—or shall I call it the awakening of a dormant mind, first learning how to comprehend? They saw before them the work of their own countrymen, who can repeat it. Those buildings must vanish tomorrow; but why should their durable counterparts not be reared? What else were the births of the great schools of antiquity and mediævalism, what else the enchanting renaissance? Had the Greeks who laid the ponderous stones of the Acropolis of Tyrinthus any thought but of de-

DIDN'T GET HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS.

fense and employment for their energy? Did the fugitives of the catacombs, hiding their religion in the earth, dream of building cathedrals? What care had mediæval Italians but for the thickness of their walls? Then an impulse was born to ornament that metropolis, this church, those fortresses. The moment when Greeks desired an embellished citadel, when Christians dreamed of a basilica, when Tuscans conceived a beautiful stronghold, the Parthenon, Notre Dame and the Palazzo-Vecchio of Florence were born. It was only a question of years. A national desire for monuments to admire as well as to use, an artistic capacity able to respond to this need—that is the entire genesis of the national lot. The White City proves the possession of this capacity. It has awakened this desire. That is its hope. That is its promise.

There is, however, another hope, another promise. Americans have not been alone amongst the streets and colonnades of the exposition; we Europeans have come also, some enthusiastically, others defiantly, none indifferently. To us America is not merely unknown land we cross for recreation. Careless though we be, we cannot take a steamer at Havre, or Southampton, regardless of great problems, unmindful that the mighty ocean bears us towards a decisive acquaintance with the greatest example of audacious modernism.

Two equally unmeasurable, equally uncontrollable forces disturb old Europe. One is democracy, the other science. Both toiling through centuries with ceaseless activity are transforming our world, our heritage, and all we love. What will they make of it? We know the world in which we live; we know the worth of its nobility and grandeur; but we know nothing of the world those unknown toilers are elaborating with their countless hands, irresistible as those of the old Fates. We can see those terrible hands destroying; we are ignorant of what they are creating. Why hide the fact that the best of us—those ready to sacrifice our preferences to duty and to collaborate with the future—tremble before those gloomy powers, and ask if their reign does not mark the definite decadence of the great races, of humanity's reason for existence? Let us take two simple examples. Does democracy respect disinterested thought, the cult of art beyond its utilitarian phase, letters, or scientific speculation incapable of industrial application?

It is doubtful whether those two terrible geniuses of the new world are in accord. If they are, may not that implacable science be the murderer of the human heart, and by developing in extreme the positive side of knowledge, will it not diminish, even destroy, its other aspects? Is it not destined to dry up the source of mysteries, where for ages the soul has quenched its thirst and found its vitality and solace? Will the reign of science have a poetry? Will it have a re-

BEWILDERED.

THE COURT OF HONOR.

ligion? America has not been awed by those drudges of the new age. They have made her. Two menacing, vigorous sponsors, they have fondled her on their knees since the hour of her birth. She was a democracy before she was a republic. A democracy founded upon science, compelled from the first to exercise, at all cost, the most drastic methods, and bring the machines of science to bear upon a virgin nature. That is why this country is so intensely interesting for us. The chance of history has made her try experiments in which we recognize, not the anticipated design of our future—the conditions are too different—but a prophetic reflection of that future. Too many signs prove that a democracy cannot easily sever the manacles of utility, and attain the ideal. That is demonstrated too clearly by the rude American cities, so barren of monuments, so scanty in structures of delicate and simple style, or any style whatever. But the delightful grace of the White City proves that democracy is not incapable of conceiving, loving, creating an ideal.

The Chicago congresses of the past six months indicate that democracy suffers from intellectual homesickness. I know no book more comforting than the little pamphlet published here last April and bearing this motto: "Not Things, but Men." Its offical title is "The General Programme of the World's Congresses of 1893." What a thirst for knowledge it contains, what a respect for all that constitutes the spiritual and moral treasure-house of humanity, and what a sign of the invincible vitality of Christianity, even in face of the triumphs of science, is that religious parliament held in the very capitol of the positivist, industrial universe. The results of that parliament were inadequate. It did not reach, it could not reach a practical and satisfactory conclusion, but it will remain the surpassing excellence of that exposition. In the words of the poet, it is the hand of a clock pointing from the spire of a huge cathedral towards heaven. Seated in the amphitheater of that parliament hall, and seeing a multitude of attentive faces about me—amiable faces of tradesmen and laborers—I felt the certainty revive, which told me that in spite of the moral and mental transformation the human heart is undergoing, it need not fear for its most precious or most mournful gems. I felt that certainty revive again during my last visit to the palaces of the White City. I long to see it again as I left it, in its dreamy whiteness, enshrouded by its weird, gray mist, and behind it the sun.

LESSONS OF THE FAIR.

By John J. Ingalls.

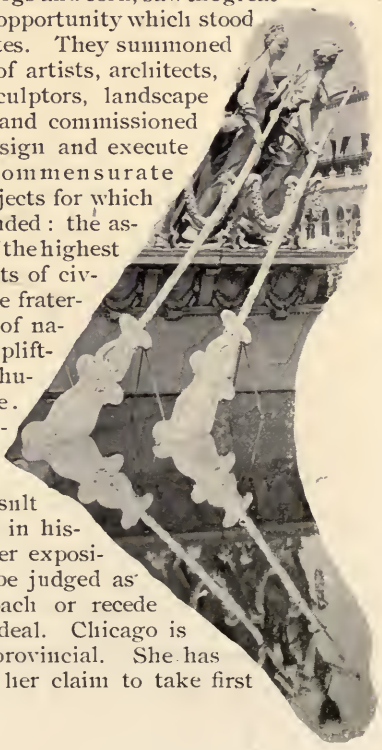
NIGHT is the magician of the Fair. By day the illusion is not complete. The outlines and masses, the groups and spaces, the vistas and perspectives, the lawns and the lagoons, are superb and inspiring; but the sun is pitiless and reveals too much. The glare bewilders, and the absence of color and lack of horizon leave a vague sense of desolation, like that which broods over tropical cities in the desert. The monotonous multitudes that incessantly wander to and fro, apparently without interest or enjoyment in the marvels by which they are surrounded, become oppressive. The unspeakable débris of innumerable luncheons seems incompatible with the terraces of temples and the porticos of palaces; but the Fair was made for man, and not man for the Fair. These are the flies in the incomparable amber, the rift in the lute, the flaws in the gem, necessary to bring it within that limitation in all earthly achievements which forbids perfection. But when evening comes, and the shadows ascend from the feet of the golden statue of the Genius of the Republic to the wings upon her globe and the cap upon her spear, and the effigies above the great gateway stand dim against the eastern firmament, then the reign of enchantment begins. The discordant and inarticulate murmurs are succeeded by silence made audible by the whisper of falling waters. The darkness becomes mysteriously luminous. Distant domes grow translucent with interior flame. Cornice and pediment and colonnade are traced in golden beads of fire. The pallid pinnacles are etched upon the ebony sky, and, suddenly, "the long light shakes across the lakes, and the wild cataract leaps in glory!"

Deep beyond words, at such an hour, is

the subtle pathos of this transitory beauty and splendor; of this fragile architecture, so soon to vanish, like the insubstantial fabric of Prospero's vision, and leave not a rack behind: gleaming as a marvelous mirage above an alien horizon, only to disappear and be seen no more. That so much glory should be evanescent, like a flower, a rainbow or a radiant sunset, seems an incongruous catastrophe. It realizes Burns' epitaph on the snowflake in the river — "one moment white, then gone forever." But its magnificence is imperishable. It can never die. These structures are as immortal as the Alhambra or the Parthenon, and more fortunate than these, because they will know neither decrepitude nor decay. Art will retain their lineaments and proportions, and they will survive in the memories of the millions who have been charmed and elevated by their contemplation.

The wonder that these noble, artistic conceptions were realized at all is increased by the fact that they were realized in Chicago. It would have seemed possible in ancient and opulent cities, with traditions, superfluous wealth, hereditary culture, galleries, museums and schools of art; but Chicago! The original suggestion of the name was received with mingled derision and disdain. Its competitors affected incredulity. It was not serious. It was a frontier joke, an advertisement, a bid for notoriety. The city was so far inland that failure was inevitable. And after the location was determined, the cynics sneered and the scoffers jeered, and instead of hearty, generous, cordial, patriotic coöperation, there was indifference, jealousy and malevolence.

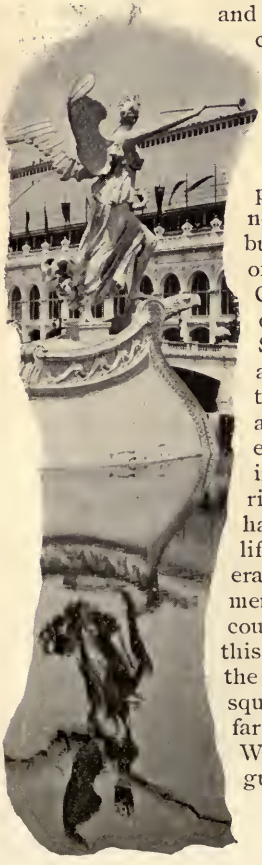
Even those who knew the wealth, courage and audacious energy of Chicago held their breath for a while. The time was short. The amount of money required was enormous, although the largest sum named was one-third less than the amount that has been expended. The site selected was remote and repulsive. But the undaunted spirit that had once lifted the city bodily out of the morass in which it stood, and once rebuilt it from the ashes of the most destructive conflagration of modern times, proved equal to every emergency. Moderate success would be worse than absolute failure. It was necessary not only to refute the prophecies of rivals, but to surpass expectation and amaze the world. To enclose a barren waste, prosaic as their stockyards, and cover it with structures rude as their cattle-sheds and grain elevators, would have been a cheap and practical solution of the problem. It would have afforded space for exhibits, room for spectators, and remunerative salvage at the close. But the men who had built the railroads and warehouses, and grown rich by the barter in cattle and hogs and corn, saw the greatness of the opportunity which stood at their gates. They summoned a congress of artists, architects, painters, sculptors, landscape gardeners, and commissioned them to design and execute a scheme commensurate with the objects for which it was intended: the assemblage of the highest achievements of civilization; the fraternal rivalry of nations; the uplifting of the human race. The conception was Napoleonic, and the result is an epoch in history. Other expositions will be judged as they approach or recede from this ideal. Chicago is no longer provincial. She has established her claim to take first



rank among the great capitals of the world.

With characteristic ardor the twenty-second anniversary of the great fire was observed as "Chicago day," when the largest multitude ever assembled within a space so circumscribed subjected the arrangements for public convenience, comfort and accommodation to the severest test. It was an inundation of humanity, sweeping along every avenue, overflowing upon the roofs and terraces and ornamental reservations as resistlessly as the current of the Mississippi river when the June rise comes down. The restraint and discipline were remarkable. It was like a veteran army on the march or in the bivouac, without captains or commanders. There was neither disorder nor rude and selfish disregard of common rights. Courtiers in the garden alleys of Versailles or Fontainebleau could not have been more deferential and observant of the decorum of place and occasion than these obscure and anonymous myriads of unknown laborers from the bench and the forge and the mill; country shop-keepers, and sedate farmers from the prairies of the Great Valley. The demonstration was a signal and unprecedented triumph, not alone of Chicago, but for the new empire of the west, of which Chicago is the foreordained metropolis. Surveying these unawed multitudes amid the unwonted splendor and majesty of their environment, it seemed incredible that the fabric of this civilization had been reared in the life-time of a single generation; that there were men in the throng who could remember when this gorgeous arena was the worthless suburb of a squalid hamlet upon the far frontier; that Oliver Wendell Holmes had begun to charm the world with song, and Gladstone had commenced his extraordinary parliamentary career before the name of Chicago was written upon the map.

HONEYMOONING AT THE FAIR.



Any attempt to measure or estimate the lessons of the Fair, its educational results and material benefits must be premature. We know what the investment has been, but what the profits will be is conjectural. They will probably be indirect rather than direct, and incapable of computation upon the ledger. They will be gradually unfolded in the future condition of the national life. The number of those who have seriously studied and compared the exhibits is very small. It is doubtful if one hundred persons will see the entire exhibition and subject it to analysis. By the majority of visitors it has not been attempted. The immensity is appaling. Minute inspection is impossible. It is an embarrassment of riches from which the spectator shrinks in despair. The visits are mostly brief and without previous preparation, and for pleasure rather than advantage. To millions it is only a carnival, a spectacle, a pageant to be enjoyed for a summer holiday. They stroll through the crowded

halls, glancing casually at some striking object and then yielding to the invincible fascination of the exterior, wander by the lake and the lagoons, returning again and again to the entrancing Court, which satisfies the unspoken aspirations of the soul for unattainable beauty and will be forever luminous in memory with that "light which never was on sea or shore—the consecration and the poet's dream." Others succumb to the harmless seductions of the Midway Plaisance, which is full of human interest, redeemed from the commonplace by Hagenbeck's marvelous display of subjugated lions, and the Ferris wheel, whose huge circumference seems like a part of the solar system. Here Fatima and the houris smile upon the jeunesse dorée of the Dakota plains and the Missouri

THE PERISTYLE FROM THE TOP OF THE LIBERAL ARTS.

A GONDOLA IN THE COURT OF HONOR.

bottoms; and the bad men from Borneo, savages from the Cannibal islands, Algerians, Bedouins, Turks, Indians, Laplanders and Javanese represent the manners and customs and costumes of their respective countries with reasonable accuracy for moderate compensation.

But whether in the Court of Honor, or the Midway, or the Palace of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, the most obtuse observer cannot fail to perceive that the path of humanity has been upward from the beginning; that every century has been better than that which preceded; that development and progress are the laws of the race; and that we are living in the best age of history and the most favored portion of the globe. We stand on the summit of time. Man has never receded. Nations have decayed; dynasties have perished; governments have expired; races have become extinct; but man has moved, physically, intellectually and spiritually, onward and upward. Had the exposition taught no other instruction than this, it would have been enough. There is infinite consolation in the precept. The strongest faith often falters in the presence of the ignorance, vice, poverty, misery and folly of modern society, and pessimism seems the only creed; but doubt is banished here. Never before have the beneficent energies, charity, education, religion, been so active and efficient as now; never before have the means of knowledge been so nearly adequate to the desire to know, or the opportunities of happiness so nearly commensurate with the capacity to enjoy.

Nor can anyone fail to be impressed with the thought that man has advanced further and more rapidly in the last fifty years, than in the previous fifty centuries. The rule of human progress appears to be spasmodic rather than constant and gradual. The condition remains stationary for an interval, followed by a period of intense and violent activity. It is like

an intermittent spring that discharges its contents and ceases to flow till its reservoir is filled again, or ground that lies fallow after an abundant harvest while its fertility is renewed.

Without disparaging the great discoveries and inventions of the past, the mariner's compass, the printing-press, the telescope, the steam-engine, and the cotton-gin, which have rendered modern civilization possible, it is not perhaps too much to say that the exposition conclusively shows that those of the present epoch surpass in interest and importance all former achievements of the human mind. The application of steam to land and water transportation, which has revolutionized the commerce of the world; the telegraph and telephone, which have annihilated time and space; the spectroscope, which has detected the secrets of the universe; the use of anæsthetics, which has conquered pain and robbed death of its terrors; agricultural machinery, which has subjugated the desert; truss, tubular and suspension bridges; the application of electricity for light, heat and power; photography; the phonograph; the typewriter and the sewing-machine, these are a few of the intellectual trophies of an era extending back no further than the incorporation of Chicago, and the coronation of Queen Victoria. And they have all been in the direction of enriching and enlarging the daily life of the common people, alleviating its harsh conditions and equalizing the injustice of destiny. The humblest artisan today enjoys facilities for improvement, travel, knowledge, health and happiness that monarchs could not command from their treasuries when America was discovered four centuries ago. The New York and Pennsylvania workingmen's cottages contain conveniences and comforts that were then absent from the palaces of kings. Free schools and universities afford to the poor ample access to the store-houses of learning that were once the exclusive possession of the rich. Instruction in hygiene and the laws of health have lengthened the term of human life. The multitude of scientific applications and laboratory devices have diminished the hours of toil and left more leisure for rest, study and recreation. The harvest no longer yields to the sickle, nor the globe to the furrow of the weary plowman,

THE PIER AND TRAVELLING SIDEWALK.

but the jocund farmer drives his team afield, plowing and planting and reaping with appliances that have made agriculture a sedentary occupation. In all that makes life valuable and worth living, the intelligent American mechanic and wage-worker live longer, in a single year, than did Methusalah in all his slow and stagnant centuries.

The emancipation of the American woman is practically complete. The tendency from subordination to equality has been rapid, and her exhibit marks its triumphant consummation. For ages the plaything, or the slave of man, she is at last, in the United States, his acknowledged equal in everything except political sovereignty, and this distinction will soon be obliterated. But to the impartial, unprejudiced, and disinterested observer, which ever way his convictions may be, woman's part in the great exposition has been a disappointment. She has had ample scope and verge enough. Vast space was ungrudgingly accorded without interference or divided control, but the result has not been satisfactory. The Woman's building, its contents and its congresses, have been an object lesson which strikingly illustrates the weaknesses, defects, infirmities and limitations of woman's nature; the want of executive force, of self-restraint, of concentration of purpose, of comprehensive generalization, and the substitution of a superfluous multiplicity of petty and trivial details. Much worthy work has been done by women, but it has suffered because of the demand that it should be judged by the standard of sex rather than of merit. It would have obtained wider recognition had it been subjected to the general conditions of competition, and relieved from the dwarfy association of a discouraging mass of commonplace mediocrity. It is more obvious now than ever before that woman has no separate intellectual functions, and that her place in the world is with man; that their interests and destiny are mutual; that they are auxiliaries and not rivals, competitors and not antagonists.

ART GALLERY.

GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

Historically, the most interesting and impressive feature of the exposition is the Convent of La Rabida, with its documents, portraits, relics and memorials of Columbus. A truer dramatic insight would have given it a more central and prominent location. The sandy promontory with its sea wall of rugged rock and terrace of tropical plants is artistic, and the site may have been selected in pursuance of the original design of the architects, that the main entrance should be from the lake front, through the Court of Honor, but its environment is deplorably unfortunate. Had it been placed where the Victoria House stands, and the caravels moored in the dock with the boat of the Vikings and the brick warship, the effect would have been greatly enhanced. Interest naturally centers about the commission of Columbus, protected by an armed guard, and in presence of which gentlemen are somewhat theatrically requested to uncover. It is justly described as the most important paper in our history. Supplemented by the charters of the Massachusetts and Virginia colonies,

the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, the collection would have been complete. It would have accentuated and emphasized the greatest lesson of the exposition—the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

When the commission was signed and Columbus set sail on his memorable voyage, Spain was mistress of the seas and arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Cortez, Pizarro, De Soto and Balboa completed the discovery and conquest of the New World, while England was yet a detached and semi-barbarous suburb, with less population than the State of New York today. Shakespeare was born seventy-two years later, and when Hamlet was written it is doubtful if there were six million people on earth who could speak or understand the English language. Debauched by the incredible wealth obtained by the plunder of Mexico and Peru, Spain has declined into servile decrepitude, while the political ideas and institutions, the laws and the literature of the Anglo-Saxon have dominion over four hundred and fifty million people, occupying one-fourth part of the land surface of the earth. Haughty and rapacious, it has displayed the highest capacity for conquest, but prefers charters to the sword. It has compelled kings to surrender their prerogatives and priests to relinquish their authority. Vast as has been the material growth and development of the race, its chief victories have been moral and intellectual. It has triumphed by the dissemination of potential ideas and just precepts, rather than by violence and force. It has made states powerful by making them free. It has made men fit for self-government by stimulating their intelligence. It has corrected the evils of society by establishing liberty of conscience For the divine right of tyrants it has substituted the

HORTICULTURAL BUILDING FROM THE WOODED ISLE.

sovereignty of the people. To such a race nothing is impossible. It recognizes obstacles only to overcome them. It perceives barriers only to remove them. It pauses in its career only to meditate new achievements.

The genius of the race is intensely practical. It is concerned with the solution of material problems. One of the most notable facts in connection with the exposition is that nearly all the remarkable inventions and discoveries of the recent epoch, to which allusion has been made, have come from English-speaking people, and largely from the United States. Franklin, Fulton, Morse, Field, Howe, Bell, McCormick and Edison have accomplished results of immeasurable value to mankind. They have gone so far that it sometimes seems as if the limit had been reached, and that progress must be at an end.

COLONNADE IN THE FISHERIES

THE AQUARIUM.

But the exposition is not history alone. It is inspiration and prophecy. No one can witness the marvels in the buildings of Electricity, Transportation and Manufactures without the conviction that we are in the vestibule of the temple, and greater wonders are yet to come. That a traveller should make the journey from New York to San Francisco between sunrise and sunset, is not so incredible as would have been the prediction when Sutter discovered gold in California, that it would be made before the close of the century, in a week, with the luxurious appliances of a metropolitan hotel. It is no longer visionary to affirm that the merchant in Boston will converse by telephone with his correspondent in Calcutta and St. Petersburg, or that electricity will supplant steam as a motive power for propelling trains on land and ships upon the sea.

The victories of the future are to be in the domain of the application of science to the arts of human life. This is the secure basis for that universal civilization which is the hope of the philanthropist and the dream of the poet. Prodigious as has been our progress, it is depressing to

reflect how much remains to be done. Of the fifteen hundred million inhabitants of the earth, more than one-half are yet living in huts and caves, or roaming like beasts unclad without shelter or home. Recognizing the brotherhood of man, the times-spirit is striving by these parliaments of nations to accomplish the "federation of the world."

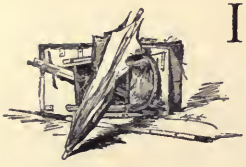
The thinkers and workers of this era are not engaged in intellectual speculation. The World's congresses, from which so much was anticipated at the exposition, were a disappointment. They were interesting, but they made no lasting impression upon the public mind. They contributed little to the knowledge or the entertainment of mankind. The congress of religions was unique, and strikingly illustrated the decay of bigotry and the growth of toleration which accompany the extension of the intellectual horizon. Whether it brought the followers of Christ, Mahomet, Buddha and Confucius, Catholics, Protestants and Pagans, into nearer fellowship, or promoted the establishment of a universal religion, does not yet appear.

While the æsthetic sense of the dominant race is strong, and its imagination active and bold, it is evident from the exhibits at the Fair that neither are creative and constructive in literature and art. Architecture, scripture painting and poetry seem to have culminated and passed their zenith. Certainly for centuries they have made no progress. Architecture has reproduced in the Palace of the Fine Arts the outlines, proportions and ornaments of the Grecian Ionic style. The Apollo Belvedere, the Laocöon and the Venus of Milo remain the despair of sculpture, whose excellence is judged as it approaches or departs from those ancient models. The Transfiguration and the Sistine Madonna have no rivals in modern painting. Poetry flowered three centuries ago in Shakespeare, and Tennyson, Dickens and Thackeray have left no successors. Science has become more dramatic than art. Engines, ships and towers of flame are the poems of today. Utility is the highest beauty, and the genius of the Anglo-Saxon finds expression in action and not in reverie.

THE CENTER OF THE MACMONNIES FOUNTAIN.

A WHITE UMBRELLA AT THE FAIR.

By F. Hopkinson Smith.



IT was at the Fifty-Seventh street entrance. I had presented my pass, for the first time; a sort of trip-slip affair, bound in a book, embellished by a photograph of myself, and stamped by the powers that be, guaranteeing me the free use of the grounds for every day of the great Exposition. I had just edged my sketch-trap through a complicated turnstile that looked like an umbrella frame turned upside down and wide open, when a young man, with gold letters on his hat, called out:

"Say! Yer can't take that in!"

"Can't take what in?"

"That tripod."

"What tripod?"

"That there tripod that you've got covered up there. Kodaks is two dollars. Cameras is ten."

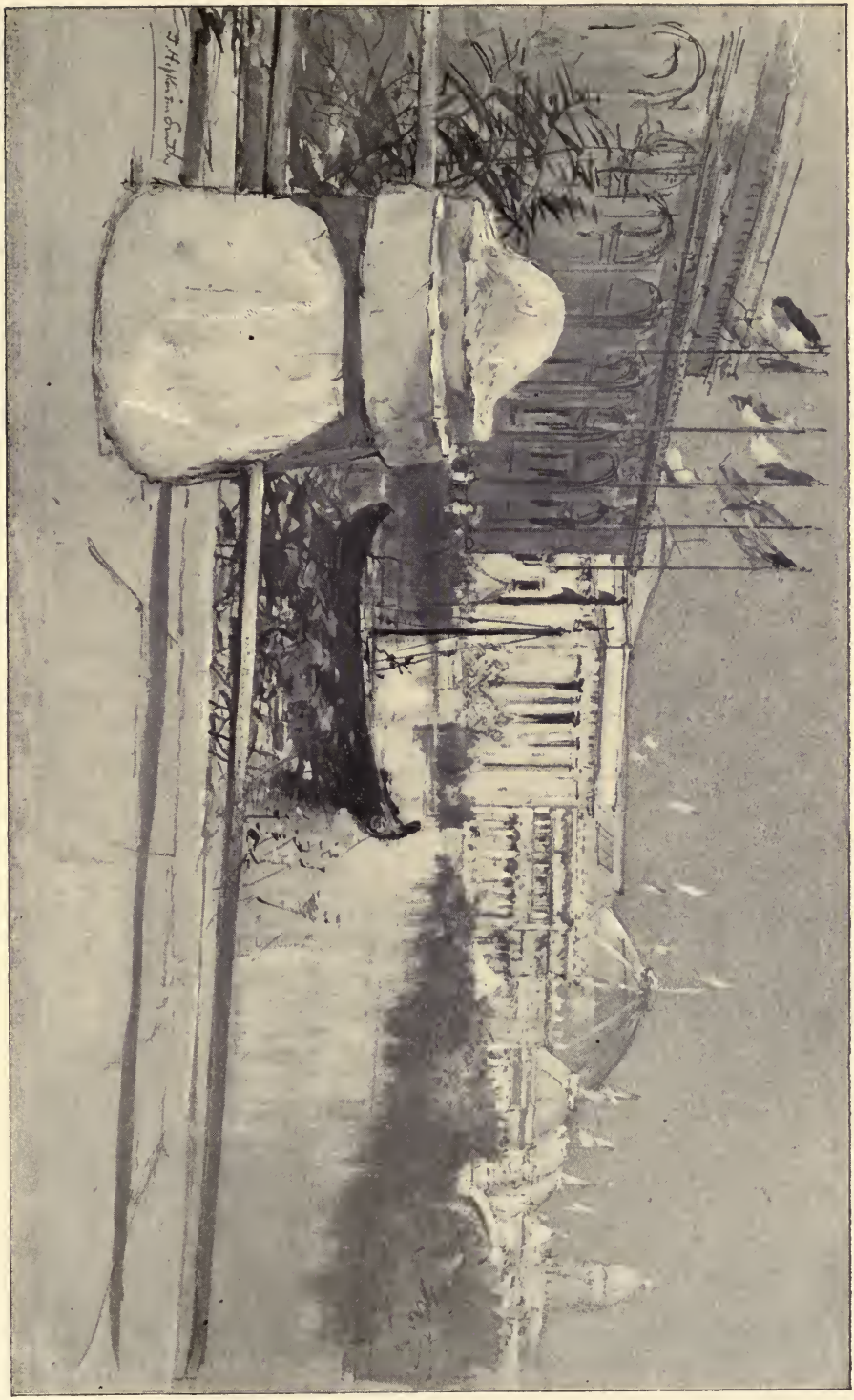
I mildly denied the suspected smuggling, and then, as a smile of unbelief broke over his face, insisted, perhaps too pointedly, that the suspicious combination contained only the staff of my white umbrella; its grateful, protecting cover; my easel with adjustable legs—perhaps misleading to the unpracticed, unartistic eye before me; my portfolio, stool, palette, and brush-case.

But the young man with the officially decorated hat knew better. He had graduated somewhere or other—or expected to—and understood his business. His orders were to seize everything that could possibly conceal every other thing that might possibly reproduce any of the beauty and glory of the white city within, and—"that there kit couldn't pass."

The designation was irritating. It suggested a burglar's outfit. In all my travels up and down the globe my beloved sketch-trap had never before been stigmatized as a "kit."

A crowd had by this time gathered, a crowd of decidedly opposite purposes. One section, with money, wanted to spend it for tickets and get inside the grounds at once. This section was anxious to throw me over the fence for blocking up the turnstile. The other, having no money, could not get in, and would have been delighted to have broken the monotony of peeping through the gates by witnessing a free fight in the street outside. This section wanted me to protest and defend myself.

One cannot fight even one claw of an octopus, and so I disappointed the last half of the mob by unlimbering my "suspect" on the sidewalk, jointing its slender legs, erecting the umbrella, and occupying with mock deliberation the easily ad-



LOOKING NORTHWARD DOWN THE LAGOON FROM THE MINING BUILDING.

SKETCH ON THE MIDWAY.

justed stool. After the agent of the Society for Fostering the Fine Arts in America had turned my brush-case inside out, pawed over my paint rags, examined carefully the under side of my color-box for a hidden lens, and consulted with a larger and more important official, with less hat but additional buttons, I passed the gate—that gate which is commonly supposed to welcome the world—and mounted the steps of the Art Palace, as a short cut to the Lagoon.

I wanted to paint the West Porch, with its trees and hazy distances, to me the most beautiful of all these entrances—entrances of a building whose grandeur, symmetry and faultless decoration will last as long as the memory of the great Exposition itself, even if it does not outlive, in the grateful remembrance of the American people, any other single object within the boundaries of the Fair itself.

I had barely reached the center of the superb rotunda, the light falling on groups of marble and of bronze—in fact, I was at the moment studying one of Kemy's panthers—when a second agent of the "Soc. F. F. A. in A." touched me on the shoulder.

"Sorry, sir; but you can't bring that through here."

"It is not a camera."

"I know, sir (he had evidently taken a post-graduate course); but nobody is allowed to copy pictures here. It's let to a Philadelphia concern."

So down the steps I go again, still lugging my much-abused trap, and out into the blinding blaze of light, past the great statue of the great master of classic times, who courteously hid his face from me, thereby concealing his feelings at my treatment, no doubt; past the noble statue of Minerva, who looked at me with a saddened expression, indicative of sympathy; past the huge white lions guarding one portal to the art treasures of the world—even they had a Haggenbecked look, as if willing to obey a wave of my hand, turn head, and devour the Philadelphia—well, devour somebody—and so on to a quiet nook between fresh green grass and well-swept gravel-walk, beneath the shadow of one portico of the superb structure. Here I tenderly opened my much-maligned trap and began work.

Then sweet peace settled down upon me and mine. The gentle water-cart veered half a point and sent its spray just clear of my feet. The little launches blew their whistles merrily as they glided by. A gondolier, whom I knew, hailed me as he sailed past, waving his hat. The catalogue boy leaned over the railing of the corridor above my head, and talked respectfully and in whispers about my work to a pencil-seller, adding such criticisms as: "That's his tail he's making now—ain't it splendid!" while even the valedictorian of his class, who was snipping half-fare tickets inside the miniature pagoda, used as a pay-office for the electric launches,

came over between boats and was good enough to remark that it was "way out of sight."

Suddenly a particularly straight, civil-spoken, brass-bebuttoned and black-braided person, impressing you as occupying a position somewhere between an unusually neat park policeman and a Fourth of July militiaman, stopped squarely in front of my easel, obliterating my beautiful lion and the lovely perspective beyond, and delivered himself as follows:

"The captain of the guard has sent me to ask by whose order you paint here."

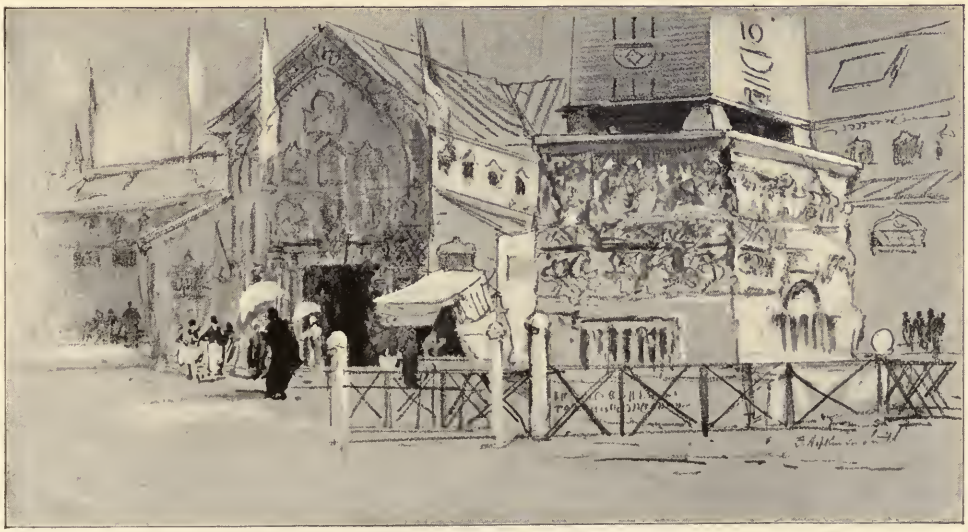
I looked at him in profound astonishment. . . . . Inside the Art Palace, where the descendant of William Penn had monopolized all the privileges—yes; but out here, in the sunlight, under the blue sky, and in the shadow of the temple of my guild—decidedly, no. If he had asked me by whose order I had neglected it, without opening my trap and beginning my devotions with a pencil as reverent as I would have followed the classic lines of the Parthenon, I could have understood the force of his remarks; for any painter who loved this line of subject, and who could stand before this marvelous example, trap in hand, without recording some portion of its beauties, did not deserve the name. Then the absurdity of the inquiry broke over me. . . . Millions of money spent to develop art in America. A city built, as it were, in a day, the story of whose grandeur and beauty it would take a century to forget. The most exquisite art building of modern, and perhaps of any time, casting its shadow at that very moment over my easel, sheltering and enshrining the marbles and canvases of the greatest masters of modern art; the whole world bidden to come and feast its eyes, and then one of its guests and devotees debarred from paying his tribute on a bit of paper ten inches square.

"Do you really mean, guard, that I cannot paint here without somebody's permission?"

The guard said, "Yes," with an expression on his face indicative of a kind of pity for a man who did not realize at once the absurdity of anyone's being allowed free use of the grounds, armed with so dangerous a thing as a white umbrella. You might as well have asked him whether you might break the tail of the lion and carry it away as a souvenir, or add a figure to a French masterpiece.

"Then present my compliments to the captain of the guard and tell him my orders come direct from the genius of Charles B. Atwood, the architect who designed this building."

The guard loosened carefully one button of his coat, thrust two cotton-gloved fingers into the break of his faultless cloth outline, extracted, as with a pair of pincers, a small, narrow book, and with the



IN THE TURKISH VILLAGE.

stub of a pencil wrote slowly, "Permit of Mr. Atwood," and disappeared.

"Well, it can't hurt none," remarked a man, looking over my shoulder. He looked like a farmer.

"Guess they don't want no pictures took, they got so many photographs to sell," said his wife.

"You can't take any photographs at all, without they give you leave," added a young girl in a blue suit, who looked like a country school-teacher, "for they took my camera away at the gate, unless I paid, and I couldn't afford that."

I had no theory, and ventured no reply. I only wanted to be let alone long enough to catch the splash of that noble shadow before the hot sun creeping around that superb column dried it up.

If any such rule as to painters exists, it should be abolished at once. Within the limits of the Fair there is material for all the painters of the earth, and with almost every variety of subject. Fromentin, Schreyer and Pasini could have studied the movements of a group of Arab horsemen, mounted on pure-blooded Arab steeds, sweeping over the plain. Constant and Bridgeman could find here today Oriental interiors, peopled with scores of Turkish, Armenian and Syrian women, smoking narghiles, and playing upon curious barbaric instruments. Gérôme could transfer to his canvas groups of Bedouins in full costumes, among them one beautiful, dark-skinned woman with liquid, melting eyes and low forehead bound with a black silk scarf and fastened at each temple with gold ornaments; or he could catch, if he chose, the dignified, almost majestic movements of this superb Oriental, when with graceful poise she trips down the Midway in the twilight, her half-nude baby perched on her shoulder, balanced like a water-jar.

Zeim and Rico and Whistler could float in Venetian gondolas along the edges of white palaces that are as real in color, form and water reflections, as their beloved Bride of the Adriatic. Tadema could find porticos, loggias and courts—backgrounds for his figures—infinitely more perfect and useful in his studio than could be discovered in a year's travel along the Mediterranean. Remington and Woodville could fill their sketch-books with Indian ponies, cowboys, and a full company of English cavalry, perfectly appointed, down to their very spurs; while a whole new race of painters with untried subjects could find inspiration in South Sea Island and Dahomey war-dances, with brandished clubs and flaring torches.

The crowds, too, that would look over the shoulders of all these painters would be almost as interesting and various as the subjects themselves. For myself, I have painted in almost all paintable lands, and have had the experiences generally incident thereto; but never with such variety as here. In Venice, where today white umbrellas are almost as thick as field-daisies, you rarely attract the idlest of the idle. They all know what you are doing, as they have all known what their own painters have done, from the great Bellini down. In Mexico and Constantinople, the natives swarm like flies about you, so seldom is a painter seen; while in Havana they block up the narrow thoroughfare and every overhanging balcony is filled, so eager is the populace to see a man seated quietly in an open fiacre, sketching a Cuban street. Yet what patience, and what courtesy, too, these people have shown! While in Mexico, the eye of every bystander was riveted on my brush, every tongue was silent. If any onlooker had any positive opinion on outdoor work in general, and landscape work in particular, or any criticisms to make, he kept them to himself.

This crowd here, however, is peculiar and individual, and unlike any other within my experience. I regret, too, to be obliged to state that the ratio of its courtesy is in exact proportion to the number of half-civilized lookers-on scattered through its whole mass. In the Cairo street, for instance, where by far the largest number consists of donkey boys, canal drivers, and other Arabs and Soudanese, one little savage, without word from anyone, ran to her bungalow and brought a curious fan, gently waving it over my head while I worked. Up the Midway, on the contrary, near the great wheel, where the crowd of bystanders was thickly impregnated with types of our American life and the culture of our time, the remarks of those about me, if I correctly translated the several dialects, were strongly indicative of the intention on the part of one at least

SKETCHED AT THE CORNER OF THE ART GALLERY LOOKING ACROSS THE NORTH POND.

of the cultured, to produce certain indentations in my head, for getting in his way and obstructing his view. Another expressed an especial desire to dry up certain portions of the road with my person; while a third, after the excitement had been subdued—this time a flat, angular female in black bombazine, lace collar and a daguerrotype pin, gave vent to the criticism that "it warn't no more like it than nothin'"—an opinion, I regret to say, which was concurred in by a considerable majority of those present.

Then, perhaps, later on, over by the Lagoon, there would come a couple of eager-eyed, slender young girls, sketch-book in hand, who talked to each other in undertones, with long silences of watching between, and who, after wasting an hour of their own precious sight-seeing time, would thank me so sweetly for allowing them to see the sketch, that all the rough edges of the morning were forgotten.

But, seriously, our people are not to be blamed too severely for failing to appreciate an open easel. Our art, after all, is but a quarter of a century old, and, active as are our color and type presses, with their millions of imprints sown broadcast over the land, and earnest and productive as are our collectors and painters, the country grows faster than these civilizing influences. It can be confidently said that it will be very many years before the quiet acceptation of a Venetian audience overtakes our people everywhere up and down our land, and if this much-to-be-desired day is at all hastened, it will be solely because of the marvelous results of this most marvelous Exposition.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE ART GALLERY.

COAST GUN I, 33.

KRUPP PAVILION, WORLD'S FAIR.

By Martha Foote Crow.

Thy lips' stern argument is more for peace
Than war, O cannon-king! When thou dost bend
Thy seaward gaze, thou seemst upon the end
Of life to brood, man's futile wraths increase,
And the inanity of battles' lease.
Hadst thou to hate of men been made to lend
Thy fateful breath, in battle's din to blend
Thy voice, thou hadst long since made war to cease.

Then stand, mute prophet, at the portal where
A child's soft touch can thousands keep at bay;
Guard thou the future's gateway while the mirth
Of gods shall shake man's quarrel into air;
Balk thou world's armies in their vain array;
So shalt thou bring the longed-for peace on earth!

A SWIMMING MATCH.

PEOPLE WHO DID NOT GO TO THE FAIR.

By Robert Grant.

IT is all over, and we, the jubilant, who have neither been held up nor telescoped, have returned to our firesides to mull over the majesty of the Court of Honor, to persuade ourselves that we enjoyed the paroxysms of the Ferris wheel, and to conjure up the manifold mysteries of the Midway Plaisance. We have been and returned, and conscience is satisfied. We have nothing to reproach ourselves with, and we are ecstatic into the bargain. The envious eastern press would have had us believe before we started that the Fair was a failure, and we went, tamely, from a stern sense of duty, merely to make sure that, if it were a success, we had not missed it.

We have returned dazzled, electrified, and almost hysterical. The magnificent proportions of the Liberal Arts building, the architectural grace and symmetry of the Agricultural building, the inspiring effect of the Administration dome, come back to us in the watches of the night. Our retinas retain the impression of the superb staff beasts on the embankments; of swiftly gliding gondolas, manned by quaint, fee-seeking foreigners; of fountains scintillant with electricity, and of fireworks — what fireworks! We have talked with human beings who in their native wilds wear no clothing, and with human beings who feed upon blubber and sleep in bags to protect themselves from the rigors of a climate where conventional thermometers burst; and we have demanded, from all, postage stamps for our son and heir, who is collecting, and paid more for them than any dealer would have charged. We have soared on the pinions of a fascinated imagination, and now we are poised on the wings of exalted retrospect. Our tongues wag gloriously.

We look for Hopkins—poor Hopkins—in the smoking-car, the first thing in the morning, to tell him all about it, and

when, on the third evening, he fails to drop in as usual, we drop in on him so that he may hear everything while it is fresh in our memories.

That is the way I looked at it yesterday; but today I feel a little sober. Hopkins has shown temper. I was going to say he has proved ungrateful; but his words are ringing in my ears, and I am not sure that I should be justified in going to that length. But was it not queer of Hopkins to turn round, in the smoking-car, this morning, and remark, with cold asperity:

"I say, old man, give us a rest—won't you? I didn't go to the Fair, but I was beginning to be sorry and wish I had, until you returned, with your infernal ecstasies and long-winded descriptions, and everlasting prattle about gondolas, and Plaisances, and electrical fountains, and general stuff; and now I am thanking heaven that I remained at home. If you wish me to stay away from the Paris exhibition in 1900, keep on as you have during the past week."

I was a little taken aback. I had noticed that Hopkins had looked glum the last few times we had met, and that he seemed loth to put down his newspaper when I began to talk. On the previous evening he had even seemed to peer at me through the crack of the door and hesitate as if I were a tramp before he let me in. But I had taken it for granted, in the first instance, that he was reading about the Valkyrie, and, in the second, that he had in mind the sneak-thief burglaries that have recently taken place in our neighborhood. Now it seems that I have been dogging him, and that those were gentle hints.

EARTH CONTROLLED.

EARTH UNCONTROLLED.

AIR CONTROLLED.

AIR UNCONTROLLED.
GROUPS FROM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

My first impulse was to be angry and to reproach Hopkins with ingratitude by remarking that if he chose to remain in a condition of crass ignorance regarding the great exhibition, I should no longer trouble myself to enlighten him. Had I not lent him, for the benefit of himself and the little Hopkinses, all my maps, photographs and other guides to knowledge? But having counted ten before speaking, as I try to do when heated, I simply said:

"Why was it you didn't go to the Fair, Hopkins? I forget."

Hopkins looked nettled again—this time with himself—and a faint blush overspread his bronzed countenance.

"Couldn't get away," he retorted.

"Oh, yes. But you got away on a yacht cruise for ten days. You could have seen the Fair in that time, and taken Mrs. H. and your eldest boy."

What a difference it makes whether or not a man has the consciousness of rectitude on his side! A few minutes before, when the charge of making myself a bore

THE CARAVELS IN THE SOUTH INLET.

had been cast in my teeth, I had become tongue-tied so to speak, and been driven to counting ten in order to avoid the risk of making a bad matter worse. But now I had the hardihood of a recording angel. I would make Hopkins smart for his ingratitude to me.

"A man must get some fresh air in the course of the twelve months."

"Didn't you go to Florida to fish in the spring?"

"Yes, and spent all the money I could afford to spend this year."

"But you bought a new phaeton in June and had your house painted."

"Because the old phaeton was worn out, and the house looked like the d—"

"I'll wager, Hopkins, your wife would have gladly made the old phaeton do another season and have endured with equanimity the likeness between the outside of the house and his Satanic majesty, if she could have gone to the Fair."

"I tell you I hate shows," said Hopkins malignantly, and he buried his features in the Times in order to discountenance any further remarks of mine.

He had not told me, but there was the reason in a nut-shell. Hopkins hated shows, and he had prided himself on his consistency in hating this show, and now he was miserable as a consequence.

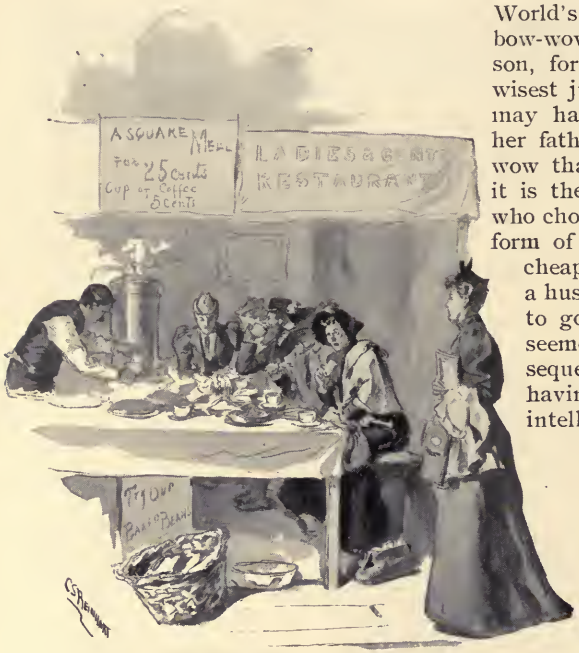
How many poor idiots there are over the country today who are, colloquially speaking, kicking themselves on account of their boast that they were not going to the World's Fair because of their hatred for shows. In May they said so with an air as though any one who enjoyed a show was a garden ass. In June they sneered as they said it, and instanced the discouraging gate receipts as proof of their superior wisdom. In July they sniffed as they said it, and referred to the fact that only Americans were going. In August they said it still, and argued that cholera might break out any day and that the times were hard. In September they coughed meditatively as they said it, and spoke of the crowds, yet admitted that if they had only known in time that this particular show was worth seeing they might have made arrangements accordingly. In October they swore irritably as they said it, conscious that they had made fools of themselves and yet determined to stick out to the bitter end, until, perhaps, just at the last minute when they made up their minds that they would go and found every section in the sleeping-cars taken and all the hotel accommodations gone; whereupon they swore still more irritably, and abused the country and our institutions and railway

systems in general, and the management of the World's Fair in particular. In November they say it no longer, but say that they are going every man and woman of them to Paris in 1900.

Yes. the people who did not go to the Fair are sadder even than the autumn leaves; and I was going to say without their redeeming attraction, until I stopped to count ten again. I could say it with all my heart of Hopkins and the other garden asses (to return the compliment) who sneered at shows and neglected to see the grandest exhibition of modern times from pure vanity, laziness, or lack of patriotism. But these are not all. Too many are there who really could not get away, who really could not afford to go, and who bravely stayed at home and made the best of the picture papers and the garrulity of individuals like myself who had been to Chicago. Shall we grieve for those who did not go in order that the tired sister, a public schoolmistress at a pitiful salary (What abominable salaries we pay them!), or the younger brother on the threshold of life with a talent for art or mechanics might go instead? These do not need our sympathy, but they have it. If by the stroke of a magician's wand we could revive and repeople the Fair for another thirty days, would it not be that we might conduct thither the hundreds and thousands who did not see it so that some one else might? And since it is so simple to declare what one would do if possessed of a magician's wand, let us go a little farther and imagine ourselves into the bargain millionaires making a first use of our prosperity to convey to Chicago à la Raymond all the people who were really so poor that they could not scrape together or borrow the means to have a peep at the Congress of Nations and a ride in a gondola from the Court of Honor to the Art Palace.

Regarding the matter of affording to go, I am sure there is a very considerable number of mourners today all over the country who have awakened to the consciousness, now that it is too late, that they could have afforded the expense after all. They are sad, but do they deserve sympathy? More, surely, than Hopkins and his tribe, but not very much, it seems to me, when we consider the host of those who were wise enough to thrust their fingers clean down to the bottom of the family stocking rather

VIEWS FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.



OUTSIDE OF THE GROUNDS.

than stay at home. There is such a thing in this world as being too economical, and the number of empty stockings and drawn down savings bank-books in every city and town of the republic are splendid evidences this autumn of the national stock of common sense and freedom from niggardliness. To tell the truth, I have decidedly more sympathy for those who borrowed a hundred dollars in order to go, and who are now putting off the purchase of a winter suit or sack from the conscientious desire to blot out their indebtedness, than I have for the conservative folk who stayed at home and are a hundred dollars richer. The man or woman broad-minded enough to borrow once or twice in the course of a lifetime, is to my mind a truer patriot than the hard-fisted soul who makes no distinction between the desire of his daughter to visit the World's Fair and her desire to possess a bow-wow. Nor is the daughter, or the son, for the matter of that, always the wisest judge of what is best for her. She may have been far more clamorous for her father to present her with the bow-wow than to send her to Chicago, and it is the cautious, penny-saving fathers who chose the bow-wow as the cheapest form of extravagance who are feeling cheapest today. I met, a month ago, a husband and wife who had decided to go to the Fair after all, and who seemed in rather high spirits as a consequence. "And the boy?" I inquired, having in mind their son and heir, an intelligent, wide-awake lad of fifteen. You should have seen their countenances fall. They looked positively grave, and paterfamilias, shaking his head, decidedly said: "Oh, no, it wouldn't be at all worth while."

One effect of the Fair at Chicago has been to confound and refute forever that too large body of otherwise intelligent men and women who felt sure that the exhibition could not be a success because it was American and not French or English or German. They would have fought like the beasts at Ephesus to obtain ocean passages to visit Paris, London or Berlin, had it been at either of those capitals; but a World's Fair in the United States, and above all things at Chicago,

A LANDING ON THE WOODED ISLE.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBIT.

must necessarily be an absurdity. It might serve to display somewhat picturesquely our agricultural products and thereby titillate granger vanity; but what cultivated individual would care to travel hundreds of miles in a dusty sleeping-car in order to see bales of cotton and sheaves of corn ranged side by side with spread-eagle monotony? We shall never hear such talk again on our eastern sea-board. If the Fair has accomplished no other thing it has silenced for all time the arguments of those who maintained that it was necessary to go abroad in order to see anything really artistic or inspiring, and that as a people we lack imagination. How those pessimists who went at last must have opened their eyes at the sight of the peristyle and the splendid groups on the Agricultural building, and the Macmonnies fountain, and the free, daring figures on the outside of the Administration dome! How little do the pessimists, who stayed at home until the end and did not see the grace of the landscape gardening, the tasteful blending of land and waterways, the poetic beauty of the whole magical White City, know of the genius, the artistic sensibilities, the aspirations and the strength of their countrymen and countrywomen!

It would be an interesting statistic to know accurately who were the patrons of the Fair, or, in other words, how the millions who visited it were apportioned among the different classes of the community and sections of the country. It was visited, of course, abundantly by all classes, rich and poor, well-to-do and struggling, cultivated and ignorant; but it seems probable that the class most largely represented in proportion to its numbers was the rank and file of the American people, meaning thereby the families to whom the expense was a matter of serious consideration, and the event one of extraordinary and exceptional importance. These went as a matter of course, beset by no shame-faced doubts as to the national ability, and feeling that it was their duty to go, on the ground both of patriotism and of education. Their

empty pocketbooks and stockings lie scattered along the Midway Plaisance, and at the bottom of the waterways, and they have resumed the routine of their uneventful daily lives, knowing that they must labor closely for some time to come to atone for their glorious extravagance. But who would venture to forecast the fruits of their journeying to Chicago, and predict the consequences to follow from the impress on the national intelligence of what they saw there? The grandest effect after all, will be the impetus of fresh ideas and of inspiration given to wistful minds throughout the country.

Under the influence of this reflection our sentiment even toward Hopkins, and much more toward those who stayed at home from less indefensible or from justifiable considerations, is turned to profoundest pity. We must remember that they are men and brothers, and that most of them by this time are grieving bitterly at heart that they let slip one of the grand opportunities of life to learn and to enjoy. Let us too be tactful with them in their somber mood, and not thrust too much upon them the jubilation which we feel because we have been wiser or more fortunate than they. We should not give even to the least deserving of them the occasion which I gave to Hopkins to flinch with the exquisite torture produced by the prattle of pride and self-congratulation. Within bounds they will be glad to look at our photographs and relics, and to hear our adventures and even our descriptions, if we do not dog their footsteps or invade their domestic privacy. But let us not hope to be able to set the Fair before their eyes by our individual powers of language or metaphor. The attempt to do so is akin to playing a jews-harp in the bed-chamber of a sick man who does not care for music. We have had our happy fortnight and the joy of it is still fresh with us; the least we can do is to respect by silence the feelings of those who were not able or chose not to go to the World's Fair.

AN EXHIBIT OF WINDMILLS.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

By Horace Herbert Markley.

GROUPS FROM THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

PHOTOGRAPHY in Fairyland! The most fantastic dream of the ardent amateur who has longed for the ideal and unattainable, could not be more fascinating in its complexity, its variety and its picturesqueness than the reality. It may be said with certainty of the amateur photographer who visited the World's Fair, that he was as little prepared for the surprise that was in store for him, as would have been an individual of a bygone age suddenly introduced to this wonderful nineteenth century. He had read and heard by word of mouth, potent descriptions of the marvelous beauties that would greet his eye, and he yearned for the time when it would be possible to stroll about in this land of enchantment and picture its marvels with the aid of the camera; but when he came to look upon it, he was moved and affected, and felt that descriptions failed because the vision was one that, in its magnificence, was beyond the scope of words, and presented a severe task for him to record pictorially with anything like justice. Thus, unfortunately for the camerist, forewarning could not forearm him, and the first glimpse of this modern fairyland, though an elevating and inspiring one, was nevertheless, a shock, a jar to his artistic sensibilities.

Within the compass of almost two square miles there was spread before him with imposing grandeur the achievement of the master minds of the age, glorifying man's handiwork and attesting his progress. Here were assembled all the nations of the earth, their customs and their costumes. The resources of each country; its trades, arts and sciences; the material and the religious character of the peoples; all were here for him to study—and to photograph. Up and down the broad avenues, and in and out of the massive structures, there elbowed and surged day by day, and night after night mid glitter and glare, the most cosmopolitan throng that could possibly be gathered anywhere; the high and the low, rich and poor, civilized and savage—all the coun-

tries of the earth centralized here and their peoples mingling with harmony and accord! Verily, said the camerist to himself, this is a World's Fair! But what can I do? What shall I take? It is all so splendid, impressive, huge, overpowering!

CAMEL, WITH TRAPPINGS.

When the first dazzling effect was over the camerist proceeded to use his camera, or rather tried to, for none ever fully attained a realizing sense of the conditions that surrounded him. Ask whom you may, he will tell you candidly, his photographic work was, in a degree, aimless. The scene was all too comprehensive for him to grasp it in its entirety; there was no beginning or ending with anything like definition; he was perplexed and lacked clear, guiding thought and method in his pursuit. Perhaps he had traveled over England and the Continent, and had possibly traversed even the dangerous and less accessible parts of the world, without feeling a tremor of fear as to his ability to photograph it all with ease, and well. He had ascended precipitous mountains, descended the craters of burning volcanoes, gone into the very bowels of the earth, and made flashlight pictures, without ever experiencing other than the merely technical difficulties. But here was the whole world, within a few hours walking, actual and startling in its myriad realisms, and he went about much as does a child with some new bauble, fond, yet fearful, and doubting whether it is really his to have and to enjoy. When he returned home and began development, and saw the result of his work, as each picture called to mind the wonderland through which he had passed, then and not till then, did he appreciate the misdirection of his efforts. To such as have been able to return and profit by such a first experience, is due the most creditable work that has been done.

Two of the most fortunate amateurs are Messrs. T. A. and C. G. Hine, of the Newark Camera Club. Together they have made several hundred negatives and covered the field from first to last. There are but few better known than these gentlemen, and their reputation extends wherever a photographic lantern slide is sent; and so careful are they in their work that anything exhibited under their joint signature always receives the highest praise, and often prize, if any is to be awarded. The peculiarity and characteristic quality of their work is seen in the night scenes they made at the Fair. One entitled "Administration Building, Illuminated," and another "The Basin, Illuminated," are beyond doubt two of the most wonderfully clever and artistic pictures of all the millions that have been made there during the season. The Messrs. Hine are not the first to make night pictures, but they are perhaps the only ones to obtain such gems. They vividly recall the splendor and brilliancy of the scene to any one who has looked upon it, and to such as have not, they at least awaken the imagination to an insight of the weird and dazzling power of the night illumination upon the grounds, where every building was outlined with light, and every dome, and arch, and angle had its contour drawn in bright lines of

BRIDGE OF ARCH, OF PERISTYLE.

TWILIGHT, ACROSS WOODED ISLAND.

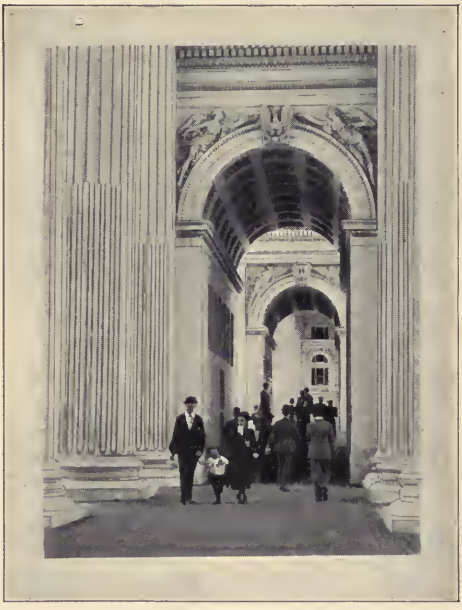
living flame. The extent of this electric illumination will be understood when it is said that figures grouped about the buildings are distinctly seen in the photograph. These pictures were both made from the top of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building. Another excellent picture, novel in its effect, is "Twilight, across Wooded Island," lending to the subject just a sufficiency of the dark and somber shades of falling night, tinged with the high-lights of the setting sun. "Looking South from the Horticultural Building," and the studies of statuary, particularly the eight groups representing the elements—earth, air, fire and water—controlled and uncontrolled, are very fine. "Electricity," "Aerial," "Steam," and "Marine," groups about the Transportation building, are similar symbolic studies.

This is all admirable work, when you recognize that it was done with a hand camera of four by five inches, or less, in size. There are two principal ways of using the dry plate. One is the instantaneous or "snap-shot," to which the amateur was restricted, the other is by means of camera and tripod, giving a longer, or what is called "time" exposure. The latter is the only way to get the best effects of light and shade, and had it been allowable to take even a five by eight camera and tripod into the grounds — which would not have been unreasonable—much more perfect work would have been attained.

Still, notwithstanding the obstacles that beset him, it is to the amateur photographer that will be due the highest and most artistic treatment of the Fair. To be sure, none will have done it thoroughly, but each will possess odd gems of undoubted merit. There are various very good reasons for this. One will be found, I think, in the fact that so many amateurs are men and women of means and leisure; often of a professional and artistic temperament, possessing keen judgment in matters pertaining to art, who follow photography with the same enthusiasm and earnestness that the artist wields his brush or the sculptor his

mallet and chisel. Again, it may well be claimed that the amateur is much more familiar, by common practice, with the use of the hand camera than is the so-called professional. I shall not discuss the unfortunate regulations that hampered the amateur in his attempt to photograph the Fair, but it may not be amiss to briefly consider what specific relation photography had to the exposition, and what benefits were likely to accrue to the art from the opportunities offered for its best and most unrestricted use.

The time when it was regarded as a mere pastime has gone—never to return—and it is now conceded to rank as an art, whose pursuit is elevating and refining. It creates, develops and brings into requisition every latent instinct of the artistic sense; starts the emotions, awakens thought, quickens perception. There could be no higher education, surely, in the school of life than that which fell to the boy of today, when, with camera in hand, he visited this wonderful Fair, to return laden with the fruit of his judgment in the selection and treatment of the most marvelous combinations of landscape and architecture, and the most unique and varied groupings of foreign and native sightseers that were ever assembled in one place.



INTERIOR OF PERISTYLE.

It is almost astounding to learn that two of the largest photographic firms should establish themselves upon the grounds and rent cameras at a given price per day, to gratify the desire for picture-making! Think of the thousands who had, perhaps, never handled a camera before; but here they were briefly transplanted to wonderland, and they availed themselves of the opportunity to carry away a few mementoes The dry plate and the simplification of the process made this possible. The extent to which the camera has been improved in the last few years, renders it quite feasible for a person of inexperience to take one in his hands, ready loaded, and, with slight instructions, to secure a fair percentage of good pictures. It would be a difficult task to estimate the number of new workers in the field of amateur photography due to this great Fair. Of those who thus took the first steps in art on so auspicious an occasion, is it not more than probable that very many will persevere?

The love of pictures is civilizing. From the very earliest days of history the advancement of man is marked pictorially; from the rude drawings of the savage and the barbarian, that were used to record thought and events long before the alphabet was known, and by the degrees of perfection attained in the graphic arts, one can trace the progress and the epochal culmination of the civilization of a nation. There is an innate desire in all people to possess pictures or to make them, or both. It would be hard to say why, but perhaps it is that pictures bear the same relation outwardly to our natures that memory does to our inner consciousness.

After all, nature has made the most wonderful provision for the production of pictures. In that first and most perfect of lenses, the eye, and that subtle sensitive medium, the brain, which not only records visible objects, but sound and even thought from its hidden and mysterious source, do we not find that the wisest and most beneficent gift of that one Power, that is life diffused in nature, has been the perfection of picture-recording apparatus? Conceding, then, that the admiration for pictures is innate,

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, ILLUMINATED.

we must also acknowledge that the more acute, cultivated and truthful the action of these brain-photographs become, the nearer will the mind approach the ideal and the closer this approach, the clearer and keener will become the perception, the appreciation and the judgment of the beautiful.

Pictures are a universal language, and appeal to all, regardless of tongue. The ideals of art may differ with each nation, yet the eye and brain will all alike receive and recognize the symmetry of form, the harmony of arrangement, and the effect of light and shade, in some degree. Pictures of this World's Fair will be as thoroughly understood in Japan or India as here in the States. An illustration of all countries who will not, at one time or another, have seen it photographically, not alone through the individual display of each camerist, but through the lantern slide interchange. So closely are the clubs and societies in communication throughout the world, that they form an entire circuit, and thus thousands of pictures are constantly in circulation. Many sets of pictures of the White City, will journey through the States, the British Isles, across the Continent, China, India, Japan, Australia and back again to the States. Such an all-pervading influence must work incalculable benefits.

Verily, it was the camerist's paradise. Here he could never tire of wandering, day after day, amid a maze of pictorial

WATER UNCONTROLLED AND CONTROLLED.

GROUPS FROM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

the extensiveness of photography and the influence it will exert may be drawn from the statement that many amateurs from Australia, China and other distant countries have spent days at the Fair, making pictures. Further take into account that the number made by each camerist varied from one to three hundred, and one may realize the amount of work done and the great good that must result from so general a practice of this art. Millions could not attend the Fair during the short season of its duration—yet it will be an insignificant minority in effects. Subjects of infinite variety presented themselves at every turn. Vistas of unequalled charm attracted him—here the Lagoon, winding along, its banks lined with great stone embankments, white and gleaming, and here and there the arched bridge, and high above, on either hand, massive façade and arch and colonnade mirrored their gay decorations in the glassy pools, where ever and anon the ancient gondola and the modern launch glided to and fro. Again, the long avenues, whose broad walks were lined with flowerbeds and trees from all parts of the world,

A CORNER OF MACHINERY HALL.

were thronged with moving life, while the vast buildings, continued far as the eye could see, and blended in the distance in an indistinct, uncertain line with the clouds upon the horizon, hung like a fringe upon the design of the foreground.

Not only the unusual and exquisite effect of these perspectives impressed him, however, but also the superb architectural designs of the buildings, and the skilfully executed entrances, about which the groupings of statuary, each symbolic of man's advancement, were elaborately placed. To obtain good pictures of some of these groups, was most difficult and some of the more careful and enthusiastic amateurs actually carried a step-ladder as well as a camera about the grounds, and when such subjects presented themselves as were out of the angle of their lens while walking, they climbed their ladders in order to get on a line with the object to be depicted. Truly, ambitious earnestness prompted that.

Mr. Alfred P. Schoen and Mr. Frank C. Elgar, of the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, made some excellent work, the former, however, carrying off the palm for World's Fair pictures. His "State Avenue" is a wonderfully clear-cut perspective; and a mere trifle, "Interior of Peristyle," is still a very clever thing, for there is no other subject, I think, of the many I have seen, that shows the magnitude of the buildings better than this picture. "A Swimming Match," "Bridge of Arch," and many similar bits of the grounds are quite thoughtfully taken.

Mr. Paul Sala and Mr. D. S. Plumb, of the Newark (N. J.) Camera Club, have done some very artistic work. The "Center of Macmonnies Fountain," by the former, is a beautiful piece of work for a hand camera. Mr. D. Berger Young, of the Society of Amateur Photographers, has a large number of very fine views.

There was one thing in favor of good re-

THE GERMAN BUILDING.

sults, and that is there was plenty of light. Good white light is a prime requisite in obtaining a photograph, and most amateurs did not avail themselves of the very sunny days, but waited until an overcast and cloudy day appeared. This was advantageous in more ways than one ; first, it took away the glare and lent a softer shading to the picture, giving less contrast and greater beauty of detail, for the buildings being in most instances so white the reflections were very strong ; further, the effect of clouds in the sky added much to the artistic value of either land or water views.

It might be remarked here that there is one phase of photography that is in a sense deplorable. It has been increasing to an unwarranted extent during the past two years and it is to be hoped for its own good that its growth will not continue. I refer to the lantern slide exchanges and interchange. This idea of making a lantern slide of every subject that is taken has beyond doubt militated against the more careful production of print photographs. Its tendency has been to destroy that study of composition and light and shade which should ever be a ruling one with the amateur who would make of photography an art, pure and simple. Many, who at one time devoted a great deal of thought and time to the production of a single good negative, that as a print should yield a perfect picture, have fallen into the careless and haphazard way of taking anything and everything that presents itself, and after development, if it is not entirely good, content themselves with getting a good lantern slide out of some portion of it, either by reducing or enlarging a fraction of the original. This is to be deprecated. It is not art ; it is not photography. The elements of a good picture are merely accidental. Had it not been for this predominating thought of the majority of amateurs who visited the Fair, even better results might have been attained, and the regret would not have been so universal that never again, in the time of any living today, would it be possible to look upon so grand and fertile a photographic subject.

THE FISHERIES.

A NEW WORLD FABLE.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THE flashing into vision of the White City by the Lake, and its sudden extinction, is one of the most startling incidents which the American continent has witnessed. It furnishes exquisite material for the myth-making fancy. What a noble legend the Greeks would have made of it! Men, they would have said, in the pride of achievement, rebelled against the immortal gods, as the Titans did of old, and refused to worship them. "Behold," they cried, "can we not, of our own wit and strength, rival your works—nay, surpass them?" So they toiled and moiled, by day and by night, intending to build a wondrous city, which was to make Babylon, Nineveh and Athens pale into insignificance. Thither all the

nations of the earth were to bring their choicest works — the highest evidences of their deftness, wit and skill. All the glorious products of loom and forge, of brain and brawn, of might and cunning, were to be heaped up in the White City by the much-resounding lake. Inflated in

IN THE OSTRICH FARM.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

spirit at the grandeur of this thought, the peoples burst into a pæan of praise, saying: "Behold, we are even as gods; great is man, wonderful are his works!"

But the sounds of this song rose to heaven and smote the ears of the immortals, as they were seated in council on the top of Olympus. "What is this," they cried in wrath, "which the dwellers upon earth have done? Let us send Eris, the goddess of strife, among them, to disturb their councils and bring confusion to their deeds." And Eris, borrowing the swift-winged sandals of Mercury, descended from the purple skies, and, wrapped in a viewless cloud, stole into the council-room of the lily-armed Board of Lady Managers. Straightway a murmur was heard, which gathered volume and grew into a harsh commingling of many voices. All the lily-armed ones rose and talked aloud, with angry gesturing. Each deposed the other from office; some hurled forth accusations, and some brandished their silken-fringed sun-shades threateningly in their neighbors' faces. Then Eris laughed aloud with joy, and, slipping out, betook herself to the council-hall of the men. No sooner had she entered and hovered unseen over the chieftains, than a roar of dissension broke forth: fists were clenched, wrathful voices wrestled in fierce concourse, and confusion reigned galore. Then Eris clapped her hands with delight, and, returning to Olympus, announced that her mission had been accomplished.

But as the moons passed, the men forgot their wrath, and masters of persuasive speech, whose words dropped from their lips sweeter than honey, soothed their passions and fired their hearts anew with noble endeavor. And they toiled again right valiantly, by night and by day; and behold! the city of wonders arose and hung like a radiant vision upon the horizon over the much-resounding lake. Then, again, the high chant of triumph pierced the brazen skies and besieged the ears of the jealous immortals. "Let us descend from the crags of Olympus," they said, "and behold what the dwellers by the much-resounding lake have fashioned."

And cloud-compelling Zeus, with all the radiant throng of gods and goddesses, descended, wrapt in a fragrant gloom, to the White City. And they came as cometh the night. Sore they marveled at that which they beheld. Hephaistos, when he saw the huge revolving wheel, struck at it, hot with ire, and with his mighty sledge strove to shatter it. But his fury was spent like that of a storm against the deeply-rooted mountain. Ares, mighty of limb, when he stared into the yawning throat of the black-mouthed

cannon, hurled in disgust his sword into the lake; and swift-sandaled Hermes, when he heard the roar of the snorting locomotives and saw the starry light flash, with bright-hued rays, swifter than thought, along threads of steel, grasped his head between his rosy palms and trembled like an aspen leaf. Phœbus Apollo, when the music of dire fully commingled strains smote his ear from the Midway Street of the Nations, groaned aloud; and when, haply to escape from the excruciating tumult, he rushed into the Hall of Beauty, he groaned still louder and fled, horror-stricken. But when the torch of day was quenched, the gods looked in vain for the soft veil of darkness to descend. Myriad stars suddenly flashed into view along the water's edge and on the lofty temples, glowing strangely with a pure white light. A great glare arose, pouring its radiance into the dark-blue canopy of the sky. And the moon, like a pallid ghost, drifted along the edge of the horizon, and, seeing that her services were no longer needed, stole out of sight.

IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.—UNIFORMS 1813.

Then cloud-compelling Zeus shook his ambrosian locks, and terrible was he to behold. "Ye gods and goddesses," he cried, "hear! The dwellers upon earth have rebelled against us. They have blotted out the soft and gentle night; they have enkindled suns and moons and stars of their own; they have erected temples for the worship of strange gods, and have reversed the order of the world which we had decreed. Therefore will I bring confusion upon them and destroy the cyclopean works which they have builded."

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, heaven and earth were drenched in darkness; the thunderbolt flew abroad and, crashing, smote the towers and domes of the White City; the lightning cut deep rifts in the roof of the sky, and Æolus unloosed the storms which, bellowing, rode forth, filling the world with their uproar. But when Aurora rose again from the saffron couch of the famed Tithonus, the

AT THE SIDE OF THE GOLDEN DOORWAY.

White City was gone, and ruin and desolation marked the spot where it had been.

Some such myth, I fancy, we should have found in Homer, Herodotus or Lucretius, if a work even remotely comparable with the World's Fair had been achieved and again destroyed, while mankind was young. The tremendous prodigality of the thing is, after all what is to the imagination most imposing. One acquires, inferentially, a conception of the resources of the nation and the city which can afford to squander such a dizzy array of millions on a mere fleeting show, however useful and instructive. That nation or city is yet in its reckless age, when one likes to do things in a big way, and with a youthful bravado which scorns petty calculation as to profit and loss. There is something captivating to me in that spirit of vain-glorious municipal self-assertion which one finds in the principal local promoters of the Fair; and I am quite ready to agree with them that, whatever credit the enterprise has reflected upon us, is due, not to the nation, but to the city of Chicago. It was Chicago's Fair, first and last. The national interference (especially considering the meanness of the appropriation) was chiefly discreditable. If responsibility for a failure were to be apportioned, we should not be slow in placing it solely upon Chicago. Let us be equally generous in awarding her the praise which is the meed of success. For she has placed the whole country under obligation by affording us, practically at her own expense, a great and noble spectacle which each one of us is the richer for having seen.

Such a wealth of achievement — artistic, mechanical and scientific—has probably never before been crowded together in such a circumscribed space. Of the buildings so much has been written that I shrink from putting the language to the strain of describing them once more. But they are, in their simple purity and grace, too lovely to be ignored. They are so nobly impressive, so grandly and unostentatiously appropriate, so richly beautiful, that they sink deeply into the mind and remain as the final and abiding memory, when all else shall have become a mere undistinguishable deposit of featureless impressions. I am filled with a deep respect for the minds which, in spite of divergent temperaments and traditions, could coöperate with so happy an effect. For, with the sole exception of the Fisheries building (which seems to strike a slightly discordant note), all those classic façades, roofs and porticos unite into a chord of delicious harmony. Each edifice has its own individuality, accentuating its own note, as it were; but it is duly subordinate to the grand ensemble. To my mind, nothing more beautiful has ever been devised, in the way of a building, than the Greek temple. There is a noble, tranquil dignity in its straight lines, sculptured pediments and stately columns. It is all so sane, so rational, and yet instinct with loftiness, austerity and grace. Only fancy what a petrified nightmare the Fair would have been, if the Gothic type had been substituted! What bewildering jumbles of fantastic arches, roofs and spires; what a riot of unfettered imagination; what an infinite and discordant variety of unrelated parts would have

ST. GAUDENS' "COLUMBUS."

THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

sprung upon our startled vision! For there is no such restraining unity of type in the Gothic architecture as there is in the Greek. And one sees the latter in Jackson Park in the most favorable environment.

There was a sunny illumination diffused over the whole magnificent spectacle on the morning when it first challenged my attention. I had come with a pair of critical New York spectacles on my nose, and I was not going to be bamboozled by Chicago swagger into approving of anything which did not commend itself to the enlightened eastern judgment. Truth to tell, I was resolved rigidly to preserve my mental equilibrium, and on my return home to talk about the Fair in a judiciously discriminating and slightly patronizing tone, as it behooved a man who, like the wily Ulysses, had "traveled far and visited the capitals of many nations." But the very first glimpse of the White City (from the lake) disarmed me. Possibly I am rather impressionable, liable to be taken off my feet by the sight of something truly beautiful. Things grandly and nobly beautiful are, as most of us are aware, extremely rare on this continent—nay, on any continent. Most of us, too, when we were young, dreamed dreams and had glorious visions which in soberer years we dismissed as foolish and incapable of realization. It is only in this way I can account for the fact that the Fair impressed me with a strange familiarity. I felt sure I had seen it before, though I could not tell when or where. That splendid Court of Honor, with its monumental stateliness and simple grandeur—the long, majestic peristyle, with its sculptured figures, reflected in the lagoon, and the great central arch, with its triumphal quadriga—all bore to me some incomprehensible affinity to something I had seen or read or dreamed in the present or in a previous existence. The statue of the Republic welcoming the nations was, to be sure, distinctly new, and for that reason seemed a trifle out of tune; though I soon managed to fit her into a vacant niche in my memory.

The fact that all this felicity of effect is attained primarily by an appeal to the

imagination does not in the least disturb me. To transform the perishable "staff" into pure Carara marble presents no difficulties to a poet, and even if it did, the magic touch of transfiguring illusion is furnished by the electric illumination at night. This, I venture to assert, is the greatest spectacle we, of this generation, have seen or shall be likely to see. It is a radiant vision of beauty, which fills the soul and which one is the better for having seen. The strange white light weaves an enchantment over the scene, giving it that ethereal remoteness which belongs to things not wholly of this earth. As I glide in and out of the quiet lagoons in the electric launch, the first sense of surprise passes away, and a deep and exquisite contentment possesses me. It is a mood which in my happy, foolish years was familiar enough, but which maturity seemed to have banished. It came upon me as a sweet, calm expansion of spirit, a gentle exhilaration, a complete and joyous surrender to the moment, and a delighted acceptance of all that it afforded. I drifted deliciously in a world of glorious sights. All those noble Greek façades shone and glistened in the imperishable substance, fit alone to embody such lovely designs; the Republic, pure gold from crown to sandals, loomed up in austere majesty, colossal and imposing; the Wooded Island lay upon the water, light as eiderdown, wrapped in a mysterious enchantment which made me feel as if I were hovering on the borders of fairyland. Nothing could now stagger my credulity; and if the Diana of St. Gaudens, on the top

SLEEP OF THE FLOWERS.

POMONA

AWAKENING OF THE FLOWERS.

of the Agricultural building, had sent an arrow whizzing over my head, or the quadriga of the peristyle had galloped off into space, it would scarcely have excited my wonder. It seemed therefore but a fitting finale to the pantomimic miracle-play, when, silently and without prelude, the Macmonnies fountain flung into the air its gorgeous columns of liquid fire. Now great spirals, consisting of innumerable tiny sprays, glowing in intensest orange, green and crimson, came whirling upwards; now silvery torrents shot toward the sky, uniting above in brilliant arches; and for half an hour, with constantly changing design, the great masses of water kept up their dazzling phantasmagoria..

I wonder whether it is ungracious to say that the majority of the buildings, erected by foreign governments, seem, from the classical point of view, a trifle barbaric. The German building, for instance, is a fine specimen of early German renaissance, and in all respects eminently appropriate and satisfactory; but, for all that, it stirred in me the reflection that the renaissance was not an improvement upon the Greek, but a debasement of it. The Swedish building is terribly fantastic and exhibits a vain chase after originality. Norway is modest as to size, and conscious, apparently, of her smallness, makes a modest display. Her building

is, at least, national, and presents a revival of certain archaic features (as, for instance, the dragon-heads on the gables), which have of late suffered a resurrection.

The English building is commonplace and uninteresting, as are also those of Canada and New South Wales; and the only foreign structures which can lay claim to beauty are those of France and India. The latter presents, to my mind, an exquisite combination of richness of decorative detail with purity of design. Brazil is large and pretentious; and, in fact, all the South American buildings show a complete absence of individuality.

As for the State buildings, they exhibit many varieties of beauty and ugliness, and, with a few exceptions, are not artistically successful. The best of them all is, to my mind, the Colonial Massachusetts mansion, so simple, gray and sober, with an air of old-fashioned gentility, and so charged with Puritanical reminiscence. It calls up the august shades of Winthrops, Standishes and Endicotts, and gives one an agreeable sense of the age and dignity of American history. The exhibit within is also appropriate and impressive: portraits and relics of the great men the state has contributed to the politics and literature of the nation. I felt a thrill of something like veneration at the sight of the cradle which had rocked three (or was it six?) generations of Adamses. If ever a museum of American antiquities is founded in Boston, New York or Philadelphia, I hope it will acquire this precious relic.

A WET DAY IN THE PLAISANCE.

The Pennsylvania building, too, is in excellent taste, and presents an historic physiognomy. Inaudible echoes of the American Revolution seem to tremble in the air about it, and the venerable Liberty bell makes us realize how far wrong Dr. Johnson was when he declared patriotism to be the last resort of a scoundrel. Here is a state with a distinct individuality, which has something in her past of which she is justly proud. New York's part in the Revolution was, indeed, less conspicuous, but yet well worth commemorating. Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris and John Jay were New Yorkers. But in the New York building, what do we find? Absolutely nothing. A big, glaring, featureless hall, with a great deal of gilding, and Governor Flower's bust on the outside. There is no building in the whole collection at the Fair (unless it be that of Vermont) which is so drearily devoid of interest. Roswell P. Flower—is he the best type we have to show of New York intellect or statesmanship? The other states have not found it necessary to give their temporary executives such a conspicuous publicity, and the inference is inevitable that we must be particularly proud of ours.

Of the other states which make an ambitious exhibit, illustrative of their climate and resources, one of the most notable is that of Washington. Its stuffed animals were capital, and the miniature farm was extremely instructive. It taught me a number of things in regard to agricultural machinery and methods, and impressed me most vividly with the enormous resources of the boundless west. This

ELECTRICITY. ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING. MANUFACTURES.

LOOKING DOWN THE CANALS FROM THE OBELISK. AGRICULTURE.

ocular demonstration most of the other western states failed to make, except in the most rudimentary way, by the sizes of their ears of corn, pumpkins and cabbages. Washington henceforth will mean something definite to me, and the name will call up a vivid mental image, while North and South Dakota are merely vague geographical terms, devoid of any salient feature. California, to be sure, rejoices in a most picturesque distinction of physiognomy and character. Thanks to her novelists and the Spanish strain in her blood, she casts a spell over the imagination, and with her golden profusion of fruit breathes a subtle tropical fragrance. She cuts a most fascinating figure at the Fair, and made me vow in my secret soul to retire thither from all the jarring noises of life and bury myself deep in some idyllic, tropical paradise, where neither the woman nor the serpent could follow me. Unhappily, I had to postpone the date longer than, at present, seems agreeable; but I shall henceforth cherish the dream and be the richer for it.

I do not know why that distinction of physiognomy which delighted me in California seemed totally lacking in the Florida building and exhibit, interesting though they were. It may have been because Florida has no literary associations to compare with those of the Pacific state; and it may be, too, because of the obtrusively commercial aspect of her display. The interior of the building was simply a bazaar for the sale and advertising of Florida products, from corals and fruits to alligators and chameleons.

The monastic, Spanish type of the California building naturally suggests the convent La Rabida, which in point of appropriateness overtops everything else at the Fair. The Columbus relics, the primitive charts, the paintings illustrating the principal scenes in the life of the great navigator, furnish just that little, vivifying touch

to the fancy which enables it to realize his mental equipment and physical environment like a contemporary. Though I do not know a single mystic incident connected with La Rabida, it looked to me as if every inch of its adobe walls were cobwebbed and ivied with murky legends.

Being so far immersed in the past, I count a stride of a couple of thousand years no great feat. The uncouth artificial mountain, purporting to contain relics of the cliff-dwellers, mildly piqued my curiosity, and I was promptly swallowed up in a deep cave of brown-painted canvas and sheet-iron. In the semi-dusk within I ran against an anachronistic and unhistorical billy-goat,—or it may have been a genuine, cliff-dwelling billy-goat, who had survived like the reputed toad in the

heart of the stone. At any rate, no other domestic animal could have rejoiced the souls and smoothed the rough paths of those antediluvian gentlemen, and I shall want to see even a goat climb one of those hypothetical ladders, connecting their caves with the bottom lands, before I believe such a feat possible. But what a tremendous vista this exhibit (which bore every evidence of being authentic) opened into the past of this American continent! What a terrible, annihilating sense of insignificance overwhelms one at the realization of this endless procession of races which has preceded us and shall succeed us! On the other hand, what an imperial destiny it promises to mankind! What a dizzy outlook into a future of infinite perfectibility, physically, mentally, spiritually! This is the stuff that hope is made of—sanguine, confident hope and trust in the evolution of humanity to ever higher conditions, and the realization of an ever nobler happiness, from century to century. It is only purblind bats, groping in the oppressive dusk of their own individual pigmy souls, who refuse to see this. As far advanced as we are beyond the cliff-dwellers, as far will ten—nay, perhaps five—centuries advance our descendants beyond us. That was what the cliff-dweller taught me; or, rather, they demonstrated it to me afresh, with the cogency of irrefutable logic. The inspection of their primitive utensils and clothing gave me a glimpse, too, of what pathetically bare and hunted lives they must have led, pursued and pursuing, blindly following the law of self-preservation which drove them up the sheer cliffs and into the very heart of the mountains.

In the immediate vicinity of these prehistoric folk lies, appropriately enough, the Anthropological building, which is architecturally unpretentious, but so crowded with valuable and instructive exhibits that scarcely a year would suffice to exhaust its interest. Those ancient Peruvian cemeteries, whose hideous mummies, swathed and unswathed, sat in ghastly groups, making blood-curdling faces at each other, were unpleasantly suggestive. There was one blackish-brown squatter, in particular, who pursued me for a week in my dreams. His face was screwed up into an expression of heart-rending mirth, with a fascination of horror in it which would have made it a find to E. T. A. Hoffmann or Edgar Allan Poe. However, he, too, had his instructive side, no doubt; or he would not have been there. The indefatigable, I might almost say the alarming, activities of man in hundreds and thousands of

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION—CAIRO STREET.

directions are here exhibited with a painstaking accuracy and minuteness which fill one with admiration. And what is more, the educational value of the exhibit was greatly heightened by the descriptive labels, the absence of which, in other departments, threw one entirely on the mercy of the official catalogue. And I confess, after two days of conscientious delving in that somewhat puzzling volume, I resolved to be frivolous and enjoy myself, culling only such information as could be had without too much exertion.

I thus learned, incidentally, the awful consequences of tight lacing, physiologically demonstrated by charts; and though I never expect personally to profit by this knowledge, it is a great satisfaction to me to possess it. So, also, the routine of life and the correctionary discipline at the Elmira reformatory will probably never be of any personal importance to me; but, for all that, it is a delightful thing to have been made aware what I have escaped by not going there. The same observation applies to the Philadelphia penitentiary (made famous in Dickens's "American Notes"), which, in point of vividness and comprehensibility, surpassed all similar models I have seen. I think, after having studied it for an hour, I could successfully pilot any hero of mine through a term of five or ten years, if he should have the misfortune to go to jail. A romantic novelist (whose heroes are notoriously liable to such accidents) ought really to be provided with such a model: and if I had been a romanticist, I should have ordered a facsimile of the present one.

Of Machinery Hall I have nothing to say, except that one had to be a specialist in some branch of mechanics to enjoy it. To me it was bewildering, nerve-shattering. I have no sympathy with the man who declared that the Corliss engine (at the Philadelphia exposition) was to him more poetic than all the poets, from Homer to Tennyson. There is, indeed, a demoniac energy in machinery, and a vast suggestiveness, too, when one considers the transformation of society and of individual lives which it has brought about. The steam engine is the most revolutionary agency the world has ever seen, compared to which Robespierre and the terrorists were feeble bunglers. But it makes too much racket, emits too many odors, and is too ruthlessly formidable for me to appreciate its poetry. I fled, with a sense of relief, to the Electrical building, where the noise was less ear-splitting, and saw a variety of the most astonishing things done by this great and mysterious agency. Here is another wonder-working force, which is obviously destined profoundly to affect and metamorphose human existence. For the spiritual and intellectual results of mechanical inventions

FIRE CONTROLLED AND UNCONTROLLED—ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

THE WOMAN'S BUILDING

are tremendous and incalculable. Railroads and telegraphs consolidate empires, harmonize antagonistic tendencies in the population, and accomplish what the wisest statesmanship would despair of achieving. One need be neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet to feel the enormous possibilities for the amelioration of the human lot, and the consequent improvement in human relations, which are inherent in this elusive messenger from the unknown.

In the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building I could profitably have spent a month, if not a year; but, owing to the reputed shortness of human life, I contented myself with four or five visits. Unhappily, the mind soon becomes callous and refuses to receive fresh impressions. It is susceptible only of a dull, faded or blurred image, like that of a negative exposed too long to the light. Though I remember, in a jumbled way, hundreds of exhibits, there were only three things that roused me from that dazed indifference which marked the limit of my capacity for impressions. First, the exhibit of petrified woods from the Yellowstone had that little tang of the fanciful which appealed to my imagination. The beauty of the polished surfaces was so extraordinary — with splendidly fantastic lines and gorgeous splashes of color — that it roused me from my apathy like a bugle note; and the thin flakes, held up against the light, showed landscapes and cloud-pictures of extraordinary boldness, worthy of a Calame or Doré.

The second marvel upon which I feasted my eyes was the exhibit of Bohemian glass; but my space prevents me from taking note of all its lavish brilliancy of

form and color. The Tyrolese wood-carving also displayed a great deal of truly artistic excellence; and the Schwarzwälder clocks were sufficiently curious and charming and characteristically German to make me linger with pleasure among them. I agree with Mark Twain, however, that if I ever have an enemy, whose life I might wish to shorten, I shall make him a present of a cuckoo-clock.

Of the Fine Arts building, in which I made my most profitable and delightful studies, I shall say nothing; for, as Rudyard Kipling has remarked, that is another story, and it would require a separate article, if not a separate volume to do it justice. The Woman's exhibit I also cheerfully leave to specialists in that department, pleading complete and abject incompetence. The Midway Plaisance, I admit, tempts me sorely; but here, too, I shall have to exercise self-restraint. It was, in my opinion, by no means the least valuable part of the Fair. How it must have stored the minds of thousands upon thousands of rural visitors with impressions which will and must vastly expand their mental horizon! And what inexhaustible themes of conversation it will supply in thousands of farms and village grocery stores, for years to come! The rural American will be modified by the Fair in manifold ways, and I think, to his advantage. He will be a broader and better informed man, with a wider outlook on life. He will be less provincial, less narrowly parochial and Philistine. I only hope he will not, in his admiration of the buildings at Jackson Park, cover the land with Greek temples which, in their monumental grandeur, are ill adapted for domestic purposes.

The whole beautiful pageant will, as a mere memory, exercise an elevating influence which will endure beyond the present generation. That it should so soon be reduced to a mere memory may, however, cause one a sentimental heartache. But it is, after all, better to have it vanish suddenly, in a blaze of glory, than fall into gradual disrepair and dilapidation. There is no more melancholy spectacle than a festal hall, the morning after the banquet, when the guests have departed and the lights are extinguished.

A GLIMPSE AT THE NORWEGIAN EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

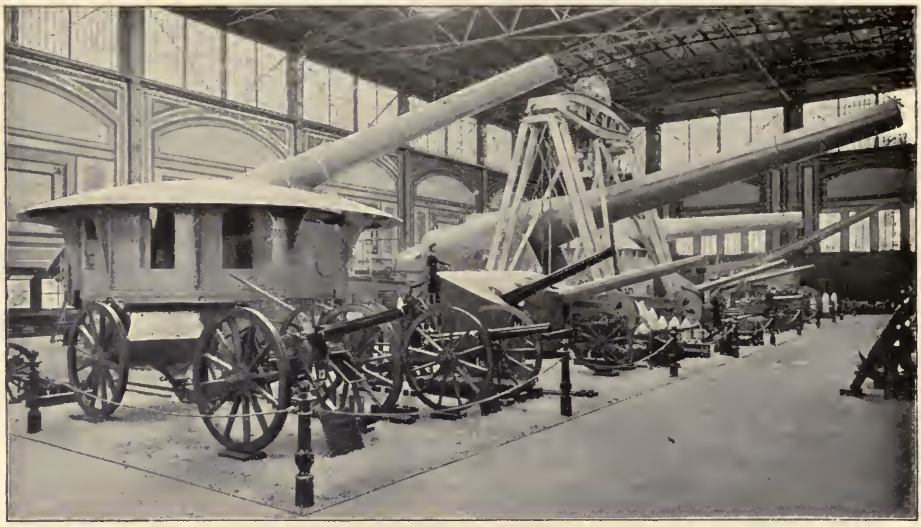
A NATION OF DISCOVERERS.

By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

DURING the summer months three outlandish ships have floated upon the waters of Lake Michigan. The ungainly prows and lofty poops, the clumsy yards and box-like sterns of these weird craft were there to remind us of the daring voyage of the great Genoese navigator in whose honor the magic White City was reared.

But another strange ship was moored near by, a seeming protest against the presence of the Spanish caravels, a protest against the name and date of the World's Columbian Exposition. The rakish Viking craft, with its dragon-prow and graceful sheer, was there to tell us that nearly five centuries before the golden age of Spanish discovery a crew of hardy Norsemen had braved the fogs of Arctic seas, and had brought back to their northern home the knowledge of a land across the ocean, where vines and pine trees grew.

IN THE JAVA VILLAGE.



IN THE KRUPP PAVILION.

If this be true, and there seems to be no good reason to doubt it, why have we been celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, and not the nine hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Vinland by Lief Ericson; why have a Spanish princess and a Spanish duke been the guests of the nation, and not some fair-haired Norwegian—if such there be—in whose veins flows the blood of Lief Ericson?

THE JAPANESE THEATER.

The answer is that Ericson, whether myth or reality, brought back no knowledge of benefit to his country or mankind. His voyage was as abortive of real value to the world as the winter cruise of a Gloucester smack. This was not the fault of Ericson but rather of the age in which he lived.

While Lief's hardy crew were battling with the winds and fogs of an unknown coast, Europe was writhing in darkest misery. Ignorance, bigotry, and tyranny the mediæval triumvirate of oppression, ruled supreme. Lief's kinsmen were marching through England, "lighting their war beacons as they went" in blazing homestead and town. In Germany, youthful Otto III. was struggling with the discordant remnants of Charlemagne's empire, while in France, the Normans were gathering power for a future descent upon Saxon land, and the house of Capet was struggling to create a throne. Italy was still suffering the ruinous effects of barbarian inroads, and in Spain Alman-

sor, the last conqueror of the Omeyyades, was gathering the dust of fifty victories over the Christians to scatter upon his Moslem grave. The clash of arms resounded through Europe; the light of learning flickered faintly in the halls of Byzantium and Cordova, leaving the rest of the world in darkness. It was an age of ignorance. Had Lief Ericson scattered his knowledge of a western land far and wide, the world would have cared nothing for his discovery. He was ignorant of its value; he was not commissioned or authorized by any nation. His voyage was without consequence. It was not a real discovery.

PANELS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE GOLDEN DOORWAY.

Had Columbus sailed in 1000, instead of in 1492, his effort would have been as barren of result as that of Ericson. No Spain would have sent her soldiers forth to conquer; no chanting Dominicans would have followed in their wake, spreading Christianity over a double continent.

Before the actual discovery of America was possible, Europe must grope for centuries in mediæval darkness and then burst into the light of the sixteenth century—a light made lurid by the blood of persecution, but splendid in its results; a light whose first rays were to guide the Genoese navigator to a new world, and whose fading luster was to see the conquering banner of Saxon progress planted on its shores.

Great men and great deeds, during the centuries following Ericson, were to hew a path for Columbus and the Spaniards. Peter the Hermit, firing the zeal of some and the cupidity of others, inspired a movement which united the men of Europe in a common cause. Rough barons and their vassals were brought together in friendly rivalry;

then, marching through the Eastern empire to the plains of Palestine, they came in contact with Greek civilization and Saracen luxury.

The crusades opened new markets to trade. The galleys of Venice and Genoa, sailing to Palestine with supplies and returning with oriental products, created the wealth of the Italian cities; while in the north the monarchs, freeing themselves from the encroachments of barons—too remote or too impoverished to defend their privileges—welded the scattered elements of feudalism into nations. The great towns of Italy and Germany, uniting in defensive leagues, threw off the bondage of robber lords, and created the commercial spirit, which has found its greatest triumph in the exposition of 1893.

A GROUP OF JAVANESE.

Averroës, Abelard, and, greatest of all, Roger Bacon, arose in the cause of philosophy and science, while the scholars of the East, driven from Constantinople by the Turks, created the new learning made glorious by Boccaccio and Dante. Christian missionaries, penetrating the depths of Asia, brought back a knowledge of Cathay and *an eastern ocean*, which Marco Polo, writing in his prison, corroborated and magnified by accounts of the kingdoms and marvels of the East. Thus, Asia, like Europe, was known to be bounded by an ocean, and when Constantinople fell and Turkish pirates drove the fleets of Genoa and Venice from the eastern markets, it was natural, that navigators should search for a way to reach the riches of the Indies.

Prince Henry the Navigator, watching on his sacred promontory of Algarve, saw his Portuguese mariners returning from Porto Santo and Madeira; saw Gilianez come back after doubling Cape Bojador; and children were then living who were destined to know the achievements of Columbus, Gama and Magellan. The times were ripe for discovery. All that was needed was one great genius to conceive the idea of finding Asia by sailing to the west, and one great nation prepared to furnish men and means, prepared to seize the benefits of discovery. That

IN THE DANISH EXHIBIT—LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

genius was Columbus ; that nation was Spain.

Columbus needs no praise—his trials and victories are fully known ; his eulogy is the World's Columbian Exposition. But the part played by Spain, and her peculiar fitness for discovery and conquest, are not so thoroughly understood. The popular mind accepts too readily the charge of cruelty and bigotry brought by England against her rival, and forgets that while Torquemada was lighting the fires of the Inquisition, Henry VIII. was divorcing and beheading his wives, and Thomas Cromwell was crushing the Commons and creating a new despotism. It forgets that while the austere Phillip rejoiced in an auto-da-fé, his fiendish English wife was burning such men as Latimer and Cranmer. It was an age of bigotry. The good fortune which blessed England with a crafty queen, who saw that toleration was "good politics," while Spain was cursed with a royal monk, should not diminish the fame of the glorious Spaniards who "gave a world to a world."

THE PUCK BUILDING.

Spain was preëminently qualified for the task of discovery. That she should have produced the brave explorers of the sixteenth century was the natural sequence of her history. She guarded the portals of the ancient world, and *ne plus ultra*, the device of her arms, was typical of the knowledge of the age. It was a

A CORNER IN THE MINING BUILDING

pretty sentiment which prompted her to change that device to *plus ultra*, in acknowledgement of the newly discovered world.

Seven centuries of unrelenting war against the infidel produced a type of hardened Spaniard, courageous and crafty, dogged and fanatical. From the time when Pelagius, first king of the Asturias, drove the Moors from their mountain fastnesses and offered the first check to the advance of the Crescent; to the hour when Boabdil, last ruler of Granada, gazed back upon the red towers of the Alhambra, and sighed for the kingdom he had lost, the sword of the Spaniard had scarcely been sheathed. Inured to hardship, with wits sharpened by experience, and heart fired with fanatical zeal for the Cross, the Spaniard of 1492 was peculiarly prepared for the danger of discovery. Impoverished by continuous war, cupidity sometimes replaced his religious fervor, but whatever motive inspired his efforts, he was seldom wanting in courage or expedient.

The seven centuries of Moorish warfare left a sturdy nation united under the rule of two sovereigns whose contrasting characters were peculiarly well designed to place Spain in the front rank of nations. Queen Isabella's unflinching zeal for her subject's welfare, brought honesty out of corruption, order out of chaos, and gave Castile the blessing of a wise and stable government. Her keen insight enabled her to select the right men to serve her purposes. By choosing young Gonçalo de Córdova from among a score of older veterans, she gave her husband a military genius, unflinching in courage, unfailing in expedient, whose victories were destined to revolutionize the art of war and make Spain the foremost power in Europe. Ferdinand's consummate diplomacy, supplementing the conquests of the great captain, triumphed in an age of craft, and gave to Aragon the half of Italy, while magnanimous Isabella, viewing the proposals of Columbus in their true light, won through his genius a new world for Castile.

Great as was the ability of Columbus, great as was the patriotism of Isabella, the Spanish soldier was the genius of the discovery and conquest of America. The fall of the Moorish capital brought a temporary respite for the arms of Spain, and the restless spirits of the Grenadine wars, seeking new fields for their daring, carried the triumphant banner of Castile through the two Americas. One cannot think of the Spaniards and Portuguese of that age without becoming lost in admiration of deeds that have never been excelled. Within half a century a galaxy of heroes went forth from the Spanish peninsula. The Pinzons, able lieutenants of the great Genoese; Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, the projector of the conquest of Peru, who dragged his ships piece by piece across the Darien isthmus only to meet discouragement and an ignominious death; Magellan, the intrepid martyr, by the side of whose achievement the first voyage of Columbus sinks into insignificance; the Pizarros, cruel but successful conquerors, who fought their own feuds while subduing an empire; Hernando Cortez, crafty, fearless soldier, whose exploits stand unparalleled in history; Cabeça de Vaca, the Spanish Frèmont; De Soto, veteran of Peru, explorer of the Mississippi, and

others of equal daring, too numerous to mention.

In remembering the deeds of that wonderful race of men, one must not forget their misdeeds. Even Cortes and Pizarro were unnecessarily cruel, and coarse, domineering Bishop Fonseca, the enemy of Columbus, controlled the department of Indian affairs, from whence he sent forth such governors as Ovando, to crush the Indians in the mines, and Dávila y Padilla to oppress, murder and pillage generally. It was an age of conquest, and where is the conquest free from cruelty? The best defense of the "bigoted and cruel Spaniard" of that day is to consider his English contemporaries, and to remember that side by side with Ovando and Dávila was the sublime Las Casas, Garrison of his age, the grandest Christian since the days of Christ.

GREAT SCOTT! MARIA!

In recalling the deeds of Spain I am not forgetting the debt Americans owe to England. Spain was the Saxon, England the Norman of our history. It was only when the two nations grappled in the struggle for supremacy, that England thought of dealing her rival a death blow by attacking the rich American possessions. Spain had worked out her destiny. To England was awarded the task of finishing the work that Spain had begun so splendidly.

"CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE IOWA BUILDING IS?"

Spain has been honored during the World's Columbian Exposition, as the country which supplied Columbus with men and ships, but Americans should remember that she is the grand-parent—England is the parent—of our nation. The exposition has made Columbus a popular hero, but without the Spaniards of the sixteenth century his voyage might, for a time at least, have been as abortive of result as the cruise of Lief Ericson and his Norsemen. Enough has been said of Columbus, not enough of Cortez and Balboa, Magellan and Las Casas; not enough of Spain.

A LUNCH PARTY.

LAST IMPRESSIONS.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

A CITY, with its palaces, streets and gardens, its government, police and fire departments, its industries, amusements and vast things; a "white city," spacious, beautiful, costly, without poverty and without crime, with all the complex machinery which goes with dense population, but without its grime; a city born in a day, for a day resplendent with life and beauty, and tomorrow, alas! destined to disappear, to become a memory, like that vanished city of Is, the chimes of whose bells the fishermen of Brittany hear at night in the hollows of the waves.

The time, surely, is the nineteenth century; and the place the western metropolis of a crude new world. The whir of the loom, the glare of the arc light, the rush of escaping steam, are on every hand; to all of these ear and eye are open, yet the mind refuses consent—it is a dream, an El Dorado, a page torn from the Arabian Nights.

Enough has been written of its glories and treasures; all has been said and resaid many times; yet for all of us the reality surpasses the pictures of pencil and pen. The beauty, the vastness, ah, but the detail of it! Think of all these roofs cover of the toil, the ingenuity of hand and brain! The mind deals with all these things instinctively by great numbers; weary of the effort to count them, to name them, it can only resort to words it does not comprehend—like the early algebraist who wrote "heap" for unknown quantities. To enumerate, to spec-

TIRED OUT

IN CAIRO.

ify, carries no meaning: as well count the stars! Not only are we tired of statistics and comparisons, of the acres under these immense roofs, the measures of their lines, but these lines are so true, the proportions so vast, that statistics and measures are confusing. All this vastness, this complexity, this endless detail are best realized by a glance, by the bird's-eye view—realized so well that we shun them. As in the presence of some Gothic cathedral we move away from under its great portal, from the shadows of its buttresses and towers, to where the mass of tracery and carving is lost in the statelier proportions of the whole, so the desire is for the distant, the general point of view. We are all interested in some one or more special features of the great exhibit, and are drawn thereby into a closer study. How hard it is to hold to one's thread in this new Cretan maze! Its infinite variety fascinates us and soon tempts us aside; the purpose falters, the feet wander, we begin to lose our way. The spell of the labyrinth is upon us, and at last eye and brain revolt again. Through sheer weariness of effort to grasp so much we yield once more to the desire for the repose, the simple grandeur and restfulness of a distant point of view.

Were ever composition, arrangement, variety, unity—those principles invoked by the artist in the creation of his canvas, and by the architect in the erection of his building—were ever these principles applied on so gigantic a scale? To understand the success, think how colossal would have been blunder and failure! The spirit of criticism is silent the moment we glide out under the Venetian arches, upon the wide expanse of the great lagoon, simply because the soul is exalted. We hear its cry: Enjoy, enjoy! Criticise afterwards—if you can. Buildings more perfect, domes more imposing, statues more beautiful — possibly — certainly, if you will. But if history tells of any one conception more stupendous, of greater variety and unity, whose strength was more uplifting and beauty more entrancing than this—we do not believe it! And all our exultation is incarnate in that seated figure, erect in her chair, which crowns the fountain. How conscious she is of the magnificence about her! How proud, how exultant! We cannot pass her by, she arrests us, because she is the expression of our own thought and feeling, and we will not have her die. Let the scene she sees perish, if it must, but not this soul of it, whose radiant beauty is the utterance of our own pride, and whose face is set to the future with so invincible a faith in her destiny.

A SAMOAN BEAUTY.

Her name is liberty; but how many other things she stands for—things which make liberty worth having, life worth living, and the future a land of promise. And as she moves forward to the sweep of the oar, what a background the past makes behind her—darker and darker, like water deeps, as the thought explores its vanished centuries. Can any one see this star without remembering the night on whose bosom it shines?

Fairs there have been from time immemorial. But a World's Fair belongs to this century, before which there were only fairs—at Delphi, Nemea and Corinth; at Tyre and Tarshish; at Rome and Aix and Troyes; at Yprès, Bruges and St. Denis; and, last of all, at Nijnii-Novgorod, the surviving type of a mediæval trade. What points of view far back in the centuries these names offer! when commerce, science and learning crept timorously along the coast lines, or traversed continents painfully a-foot. In those days only fiction had conquered space and time. Trade and knowledge, and love, too, were tethered by short ropes. To girdle the earth in forty minutes, to journey on a magic carpet—what wild, unsubstantial dreams! But eight days ago I was in London, this morning I transacted business over a thousand miles of wire, and this moment my friend in Bombay is reading the message of greeting I sent three hours since. Ah, how many hours of impatient waiting; how many days of suspense; what months of weary travel have been annihilated since the footsore pilgrims gathered at the first fair! Not only commerce, which can bargain today with Cairo in London; not only science, which flashes a discovery or a warning over continents, but the heart which loves and suffers and rejoices, is grateful to rail and wire and screw. And what a gain to comradeship, what new channels to the sympathy which makes the whole world one!

SAMOAN DANCE.

When the eye turns from the Fair to the people, there is a momentary sense of disappointment and loss; for amid such marvels the eye instinctively searches for the beautiful and the picturesque, and this people is essentially commonplace. Those were brave days for the artist when the states of Greece assembled at Delphi and the Fatimite caliphs established fairs on Mount Calvary; when the merchants of Italy, Spain and France gathered at Brie and Champagne; when the Florentine with his silks, the Catalonian with his leather, the burgher of Ghent with his cloth, and traders from the far east met in the open markets of the then known world. The picturesque has been steadily on the wane; one must go to the Volga now to find such variety of costume, color and type, such quaint effects as the artist loves, or seek them out by long pilgrimages in their separate homes. The Midway Plaisance? But this is only an accessory, with its resurrections of a buried past, its remnants of barbarism collected from remote corners to satisfy a world's curiosity—it is not the Fair. A distinguished French artist lamented to me this absence of the striking, the piquant; and another visitor,

INDIA.

'NOT ANXIOUS FOR THE JOB.

a rich merchant from Calcutta, found the Columbian guard a poor substitute for the imperial escort which galloped in gay attire in 1867 along the Cours de la Reine.

But on second thought we remember that these figures of the past, picturesque in themselves, are chiefly so by contrast. The Roman noble on his seat in the circus maximus, the Turkish Pasha in the bazaar, the mediæval knight mean the gladiator in the arena, the Circassian slave in the market, and the serf toiling in the field whose fruits are not his own. Uniformity of aspect is the sign of uniformity of condition. Difference in dress is difference in degree. The pageantry of the past means the war of race and condition, and all this monotony is the outward symbol of a larger freedom, a richer ownership, a higher level of comfort and happiness, a juster partition of the world. Wise men may debate the question whether the individual man is capable today, either by reason of the change in himself or his condition, of a greater happiness than in the days when slaves were sold in Sturbridge fair. Let them wrangle! One glance at this orderly commonplace crowd is proof that an immeasurably greater number than ever before attain the maximum life can offer. How uneven the distribution used to be! How uneven it is now! But who of us would go back twenty, ten, five centuries, a single century, to take his birth chances over again? The closer one observes this commonplace crowd the more hitherto uncommon characteristics of great throngs one discovers. It is orderly and well behaved, tractable yet independent; a trifle sceptical, but appreciative, with a kindly courtesy and camaraderie in which social distinctions are gently but firmly set aside. An English visitor whose conceptions of the New World were largely derived from the head-lines of a press which prides itself upon its educational function, told me that he was at a loss to know where all the wicked people referred to in those head-lines were concealed. Some of them doubtless were scattered through the throng, and society was there too; but what one saw was the average man. Never before has that abstraction been so in evidence, and we were all surprised and gladdened to find the average so high, content to form a part of it, less disposed to put our faith in the saving power of minorities and more than ever disposed to wonder what manner of man it was who wrote that incomprehensible line "and nought but man is vile."

SAMOAN WARRIOR.

As to my Calcutta merchant who laments the absence of the pomp of war, I agree with him — sotto voce! I confess to the lust of the eye, and many ancestors have made me heir to the love of glory. Doubtless, in time, when frontiers have been abolished, the love of fatherland will lose itself in a larger love for the confederation of the world. Meanwhile, a martial strain, a fluttering flag, the tramp of feet in unison, warms that drop of black blood inherited from men who stood shoulder to shoulder at some Thermopylæ of the remote past, when there was something to be defended or secured. Yet think, again, what this absence of military pomp means: the reign of law instead of war; what it promises of peace, of sinew for industry instead of for murder! For there was a

FROM DAHOMEY.

time when hostilities were suspended only on holy days, and the fairs of Christendom were appointed on these festivals that thus everyone might pass in safety to and fro with his goods.

A JAVANESE HOME.

With his "goods." The word suggests a bit of etymology: Fair, foire, forum,—that is, market-place. For the fairs in that background of time which lies behind our goddess of the fountain were devoted to trade. Barter and gain were their very soul, profit and loss their alpha and omega. How many of those who gathered at their booths were bettered for their visit? If the question be a profitless one, note at least the reversal of the conditions. What was there the incidental

A MORNING BATH.

is here the essential gain. The lamp of Use burns side by side with the lamp of Beauty: but we have come to see, not to buy. The world of art and industry has been brought to our door; but the Liberal Arts building is an evolution from the primitive booth so radically different that its prototype is forgotten. In it we are no more in a "shop" than we are in the Fine Arts building. All this is a record of progress, a museum, a school of instruction, a world's Exchange of ideas, not a bazaar. Finer threads than those of profit and loss run through this fabric of beauty which has been unrolled like a scroll before our eyes. All the lower aims of personal aggrandizement and self-interest are lost to view in the vast suggestion of the progress of the race and the amelioration of the lot of mankind. We are here to observe, compare, wonder, and we go away with wider horizons, larger conceptions, and lives made sweeter and richer for this vision of things that work together for a common good. The sage was right who declared that there is no royal road to learning; but mere learning is not all, and this great object lesson of what men have felt and thought and wrought is worth years of poring over manuscripts and solitary study in the closet and school.

We have not all attended the great congresses. Their number is terrifying!—the Press, Temperance, Music, Literature, Education, Engineering, Art, Political Science, Labor, Religion, Agriculture, Medicine, Woman's Progress, and the rest. It is not easy to forecast their specific results; but we know the bringing together of men is more than the bringing together of things. In these contacts are formed the circuits which constitute the currents of progress. We are sure of the good harvest to come from these forces of the seeds of thought sown in this summer of the world's history. This is the age of coöperation. The guilds of mediæval trade have their analogues in every department of mental and social activity. The days of a Peter the Hermit are gone by. Organization is more powerful than personality, and leadership has passed from the hands of the few into the hearts of the many.

Men generally build better or worse than they know. I, for one, wish to testify to my admiration for the conception of the Fair, my amazement at its realization. The dominant feeling as I go is one of gratitude. Honor to whom honor is due. Our western city has given us the fragile beauty of a perfect flower, but has also wrought into it the strength and vigor of its virgin soil.

A CINGALESE.

FROM SAMOA.

It is a dream; but, ah! the reality of it! The past has been plundered to give us the Court of Honor, but the informing spirit is the spirit of today. We *see* the past there, but we *feel* the future.

Many a day we shall float again on the waters of its lagoon. Many a night we shall see its myriad lights and hear the splashing of its fountains. And all this might have been only the gardens of Calypso, a Watteau picture, and our goddess a Circe weaving a spell. It is not so —it is not so! Her spell is the spell of a serious purpose, of a mighty promise, and her thought is set on vast designs.

JAVANESE DANCE.

SILENCE AND LOVE.

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.

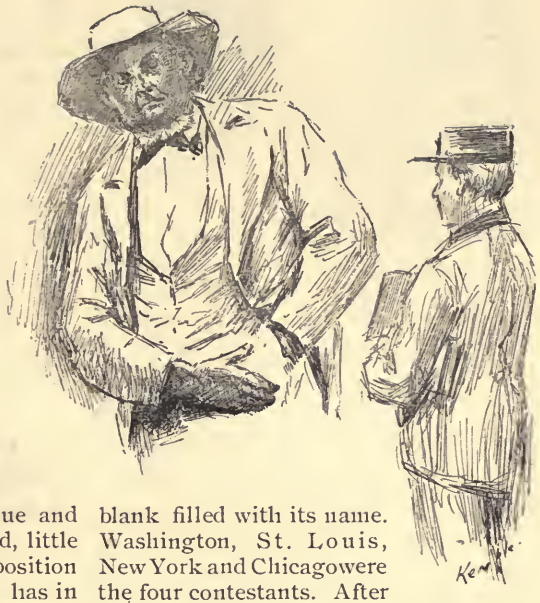
They two, untried, together met,
When the world was young.
There was not wan wild weather yet,
Nor word of tongue;
Naught to remember or forget,
And Dawn's first censor swung.

But Love, in language without name,
Spake: "That I reach
Far lands and near of frost and flame,
I pray you teach
One thing to me, who straightway came
From Pain and Joy,—their speech!"

Then Silence, looking far away
Across that land
Dimmed by the dew of its first day,
An untrod strand,—
Upon her lips a finger lay,
And, smiling, took Love's hand.

THE FINANCES OF THE EXPOSITION.

By Lyman J. Gage.



IF readers of The Cosmopolitan have been interested in its graphic illustrations and verbal descriptions of the glories of the World's Columbian Exposition, they may be curious to know something of the financial power which produced the White City with the multiplied marvels there displayed. It is true that, to many, suggestions of finance, as related to things in their creation or protection, are infinitely tiresome. Budgets of estimated revenue and probable expenditure have, indeed, little charm; but in the story of the exposition the chapter of its financial history has in it some elements of the dramatic, not less interesting than the record of created forms, whose ultimate foundation was the treasury of the exposition.

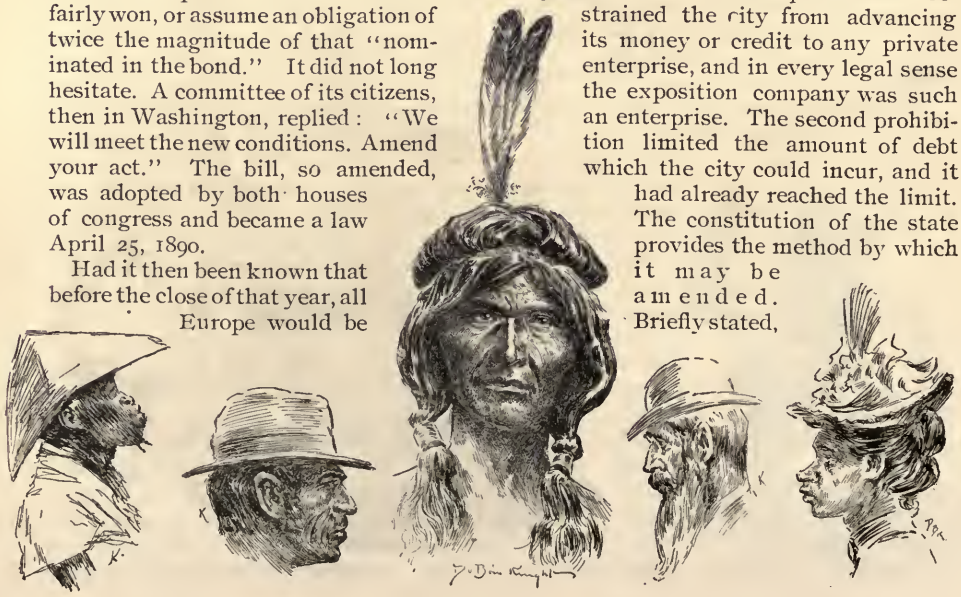
It was in the fall months of 1889 that the movement for an international exhibition in commemoration of the discovery of America took some tangible form. A bill was introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington, providing for such an event to be held in the city of..... ..... in the year 1892. The bill contained a clause providing that said city of..... .... (thereafter to be named) should provide a suitable site, and the sum of five million dollars for the work of preparing buildings, etc. Four aspirants immediately appeared, each determined to win the distinction of having the blank filled with its name. Washington, St. Louis, New York and Chicagowere the four contestants. After a hotly contested debate and canvass in the House, the honor finally rested with Chicago, and the bill, with the blank thus filled, was referred to a special committee for its fuller consideration and report. Pending the action of congress the promoting committee in Chicago had been diligently engaged in obtaining subscriptions to the capital stock of the "World's Columbian Exposition," which it was proposed to incorporate under the laws of Illinois for the purpose of carrying forward the duties to be imposed by the act of congress. By the 10th of March, 1890, the subscription of five million dollars was fully secured. The work of obtaining the great pledge was enormous. The names of nearly 30,000 persons, firms and corporations were upon the books as subscribers to the stock. The subscriptions varied from one share of $10, to 15,000 shares or $150,000, the last being the largest single subscription.

When the House committee met to consider the subject matter of the bill, their attention was called to statements defaming Chicago and its "pledge of five million dollars." It was charged in the press that the "pledge" was nothing but "wind;" that the alleged subscriptions to the capital stock of the Illinois corporation were bogus and unreal. Members of the committee were

warned that it was a pure waste of time to treat the Chicago pledge as anything more serious than a joke. It was also impressed upon the minds of members that five millions were quite inadequate for the purpose; that the bill ought to be so amended as to make the location conditioned upon *ten* millions being provided instead of five. They were assured that New York could and easily would provide ten millions, while it would be impossible for Chicago to do more than it had done, even if its pledges for the five millions could be seriously considered as of any value. Confused and embarrassed by these voices, the House committee called upon Chicago to produce evidence of its having secured the five millions contemplated in the act, and when this evidence, ample and convincing, was furnished, we were told that the committee were determined to report back the bill with the conditional amount raised to *ten millions*. Chicago was thus obliged either to surrender the prize it had considered so fairly won, or assume an obligation of twice the magnitude of that "nominated in the bond." It did not long hesitate. A committee of its citizens, then in Washington, replied: "We will meet the new conditions. Amend your act." The bill, so amended, was adopted by both houses of congress and became a law April 25, 1890.

Had it then been known that before the close of that year, all Europe would be in the throes of a financial crisis, the influence of which was to be severely felt upon our own shore, even western pluck and courage would have quailed before such an undertaking. But, happily, the future is hidden from our view. The financial leaders saw but one practical way to meet the new requirement. In securing voluntary contributions of five millions of dollars to an enterprise which could never be expected to return more than a small part to the contributors, the field of individual action had been practically exhausted. But the municipality, the city of Chicago, had as yet done nothing. It

was solicited to advance five millions in the form of bonds to the corporation, upon an agreement of the latter to repay to it the same percentage it might ultimately pay to its immediate stockholders. The proposition was acceptable enough, but two important constitutional prohibitions rendered an acceptance of the proposal impossible. The first prohibition restrained the city from advancing its money or credit to any private enterprise, and in every legal sense the exposition company was such an enterprise. The second prohibition limited the amount of debt which the city could incur, and it had already reached the limit. The constitution of the state provides the method by which it may be amended. Briefly stated,



it requires the proposed amendment to pass both houses of the general assembly and afterwards to be submitted to the people at the next general election, when, if approved by a two-thirds vote, it becomes operative.

The general assembly of Illinois meets but once in two years. Unfortunately, its regular session had but recently adjourned. It was determined if possible, to get an extra session convened, and secure the necessary amendments to the original law. Happily, the governor of the State was in sympathy with the exposition idea. The general assembly was convened by him in the month of August; the desired legislation was promptly had, and in the November following, the amendments were adopted by the people of the State in a nearly unanimous vote. Appropriate action by the Chicago common council soon followed, and notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the money market, the desired five millions was covered into the exposition treasury in the early months of 1891.

LO LIKES SODA WATER.

The long months of waiting on the experiment, which resulted so favorably, were not months of idleness. While it could not be safely assumed that the hoped for end would be certainly reached through the devious paths of legislative action, it was, on the other hand, clearly to be seen that any delay in the work of construction would be fatal to the enterprise. The infant corporation was perfected, and a board of forty-five directors with appropriate officers chosen. A call was at once made upon the subscribers for cash payments on their shares. A staff of architects was selected, plans adopted, contracts let, and the work in all its departments vigorously begun. But by this time new and larger light had come.

The "scope and plan" of the exposition had now been substantially determined by the United States commission, to which body, under the act of congress this duty was specifically delegated. New and more reliable estimates of cost were possible, and it was soon perceived that if the magnitude and nobility of the scheme were to be maintained, the ten millions would be entirely inadequate to carry it out. Seventeen millions would be required. The directory were in a quandary. While they recognized the fact that they were, technically speaking,

GOING HOME.

FROM MISSOURI.

merely the agents of the shareholders in carrying out a contract (the act of congress) requiring on their part the expenditure of ten millions only, they recognized also, that in a broad sense, they were trustees for the honor of our country, in whose name every nation had been invited to participate in the great festival. To expect seven millions more from Chicago, however, was to expect the absurd and impossible. It was finally determined, that when every condition of a financial kind imposed by the act of congress had been fully met, the Government should be appealed to; the facts fully laid before it, and a contribution from the public treasury asked, to the extent of five millions upon terms and conditions of repayment, similiar to those which obtained in the contribution from the city of Chicago. It was not believed that the sixty-five millions of people composing our republic would be satisfied with anything less than the noblest. It was believed that they would heartily cooperate in the enormous extra cost of producing it. This is not the place to recite in detail the history of that effort before congress. It resulted in a pure gift (not asked for) of two and a half millions to be paid in a special silver coin to be minted for that purpose. With this amount secured to the Illinois corporation there still remained four and a half millions to be provided. From where were they to come. Millions are easy to name; they are hard to get.

Once more girding its loins for a new effort, the directory authorized the issue of five millions in its debenture bonds, which were also constituted an equitable lien upon all its property, and for their payment its future income from all sources was pledged. By their terms the bonds were made payable on or before January 1, 1894, — were made to draw interest at six per centum, and contained a condition binding the directory to create no debt in addition to the bonds.

Again the civic pride of Chicago was appealed to; nor was the appeal in vain. Nearly the whole amount—to be exact, $4,550,000—was in due time taken by individuals, financial institutions and railroad corporations, the managers of the latter stretching their authority somewhat, perhaps, to meet a patriotic duty. Seventeen millions were thus put at the service of the directory; but again the enterprise outgrew the fund provided. The demand for larger space and special buildings for education, for art, and other objects of special interest never ceased. In addition, the winter months of 1892 and 1893 were of almost unprecedented severity, work was slowly executed and accom-

ESKIMO SNAPPING NICKELS FROM THE GROUND.

plished at double cost. In spite of all efforts to economize, the expenditure steadily grew, until the seventeen millions estimate were submerged in twenty millions of actual expenditure.

The sum of $20,000,000 may, then, be received as the fair approximate cost of producing the exposition, complete in all its parts. It may here be added that the contribution from the Government was not fully realized. By a subsequent act, which in any of the ordinary relations of life would be characterized as an act of bad faith, $570,880 was withheld and never paid. It may help the reader if we summarize the matter in a condensed form.

The cost of producing the exposition,

THE COLUMBIAN GUARD.

as before stated, was $20,000,000. The sources from which the funds for its creation were drawn may be stated thus:

From subscriptions to capital stock...	$ 5,600,000
" municipality of Chicago.....	5,000,000
" donated by congress.....	1,929,120
" premiums on coins sold as souvenirs	500 000
" debenture bonds.....	4,550,000
" interest and miscell'n's sources,	450,000
Floating liabilities May 1, 1893.....	1,970 880
Total	$20,000 000

At this writing a little more than five months of the exposition period has passed. The net revenues have enabled the management to discharge the large floating debt and pay off the last dollar, principal and interest, of its obligations represented by its debenture bonds. Such further revenue as may yet be realized will form a fund to pay the cost of closing its affairs. The unexpended remainder will belong to its stockholders and to the city of Chicago.

One fact in the financial history of the enterprise is especially worthy of mention. The subscriptions to the capital stock aggregated $6,073,850. The subscribers were not persons carefully chosen because of their moral worth or financial responsibility. Whosoever would might come, and subscribe without limit. More than 30,000 persons did subscribe. In such a list, it well might be anticipated that the test of payment would reveal an enormous delinquency. What is the fact? This, viz.: $5,600,727.60 has actually been collected, showing, if nothing more is paid, the loss on the entire list to be 7.8 per cent. Many prosperous and able merchants and manufacturers would pay an equal percentage for a guarantee of their carefully selected credits, outstanding at any one period of time.

The foregoing statements relate exclusively to the finances of the Illinois corporation in its work of preparation. They do not include expenditures made by the United States Government for its own building, nor for the expenses of its particular agents, the World's Columbian commission and the Board of Lady Managers; nor does it include the cost of special buildings by

AN EXHIBIT.

other nations and the individual states of our Union. It may be instructive to consolidate the whole and get an approximate total cost of all that the eye now sees within the confines of the White City, exclusive of the goods and wares on exhibition :

Expended by the Illinois corporation..	$20,000,000
" " " U. S. Government....	2,250,000
" " " foreign governments	6,000,000
" " " several states	7,000,000
	$35,250,000

To this grand total of thirty-five millions may be added the expenses of private exhibitors and of those on Midway Plaisance and other points, who have catered to the tastes of visitors.

The limit of space allowed to this article is nearly exhausted, and no more worthy use can be made of what remains than to recognize the zeal, courage and patience which have marked the people of Chicago from the conception of the great enterprise. Their loyal faith in the directory inspired the latter with confidence and vigor. This unity in a single purpose, this common devotion to a great idea, is in itself sublime. The moral value to Chicago of this achievement of its people outweighs any material gain. Or, if we find financial sacrifice and loss to be the outcome, the wise man who sees far will find in the moral and social uplift thus obtained more than an abundant recompense.

UPON THE BRIDGE.

By Julie M. Lippmann.

Between two vasts of river and of sky,
Right perilously poised in upper air,
We, a most motley throng, made bold to fare
Upon a bridgeway, arching free and high
From shore to shore. Strangers, we stood so nigh
One to the next, within our bounder spare,
Our garments touched. Nathless our souls had share
In no such comradeship. . . . The world knows why.

A common girl stood next me. It appears
She must have hugged, unseen, some sharp-toothed woe,
That bit her breast and fierce clutched at her heart,
For she, a-sudden, wept—just common tears.
But, as they fell, I bent my forehead low
To bear the baptism they did impart.

TRAVELLING WITH A REFORMER.

By Mark Twain.

LAST spring I went out to Chicago to see the Fair, and although I did not see it my trip was not wholly lost—there were compensations. In New York I was introduced to a major in the regular army who said he was going to the Fair, and we agreed to go together. I had to go to Boston first, but that did not interfere; he said he would go along, and put in the time. He was a handsome man and built like a gladiator. But his ways were gentle and his speech was soft and persuasive. He was companionable but exceedingly reposeful. Yes, and wholly destitute of the sense of humor. He was full of interest in everything that went on around him, but his serenity was indestructible; nothing disturbed him, nothing excited him.

But before the day was done I found that deep down in him somewhere he had a passion, quiet as he was—a passion for reforming petty public abuses. He stood for citizenship—it was his hobby. His idea was that every citizen of the republic ought to consider himself an unofficial policeman and keep unsalaried watch and ward over the laws and their execution. He thought that the only effective way of preserving and protecting public rights was for each citizen to do his share in preventing or punishing such infringements of them as came under his personal notice.

It was a good scheme, but I thought it would keep a body in trouble all the time; it seemed to me that one would be always trying to get offending little officials discharged, and perhaps getting laughed at for all reward. But he said no, I had the wrong idea; that there was no occasion to get anybody discharged; that in fact

you *mustn't* get anybody discharged; that that would itself be failure; no, one must reform the man—reform him and make him useful where he was.

"Must one report the offender and then beg his superior not to discharge him, but reprimand him and keep him?"

"No, that is not the idea; you don't report him at all, for then you risk his bread and butter. You can act as if you are *going* to report him—when nothing else will answer. But that's an extreme case. That is a sort of *force*, and force is bad. Diplomacy is the effective thing. Now if a man has tact—if a man will exercise diplomacy—"

For two minutes we had been standing at a telegraph wicket, and during all this time the major had been trying to get the attention of one of the young operators, but they were all busy skylarking. The major spoke, now, and asked one of them to take his telegram. He got for reply:

"I reckon you can wait a minute, can't you?" and the skylarking went on.

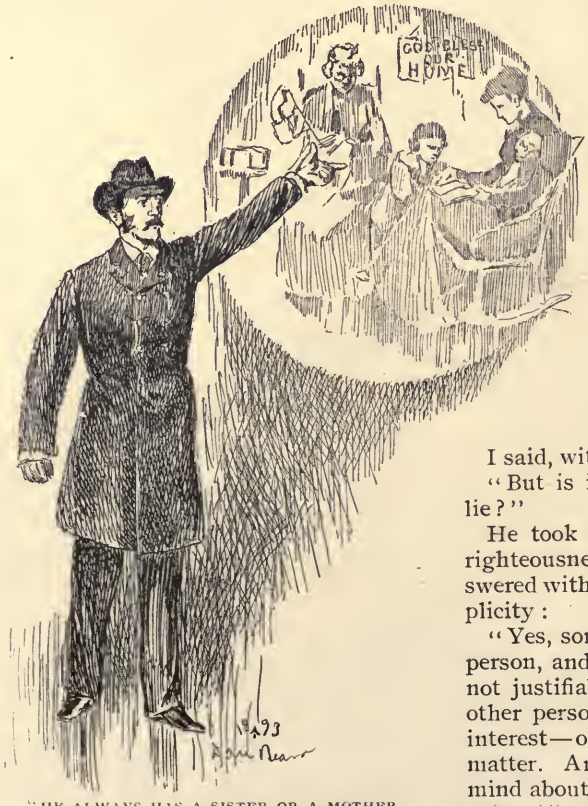
The major said yes, he was not in a hurry. Then he wrote another telegram: "President Western Union Tel. Co.:

"Come and dine with me this evening. I can tell you how business is conducted in one of your branches."

Presently the young fellow who had spoken so pertly a little before reached out and took the telegram, and when he read it he lost color and began to apologize and explain. He said he would lose his place if this deadly telegram was sent, and he might never get another. If he could be let off this time he would give no cause of complaint again. The compromise was accepted.

As we walked away, the major said:

"Now, you see, that was diplomacy—and you see how it worked. It wouldn't do any good to bluster, the way people are always doing—that boy can always give you as good as you send, and you'll come out defeated and ashamed of yourself pretty nearly always. But you see he stands no chance against diplomacy. Gentle words and diplomacy—those are the tools to work with."



"HE ALWAYS HAS A SISTER OR A MOTHER, OR WIFE TO SUPPORT."

"Yes, I see; but everybody wouldn't have had your opportunity. It isn't everybody that is on those familiar terms with the president of the Western Union."

"Oh, you misunderstand. I don't know the president—I only use him diplomatically. It is for his good and for the public good. There's no harm in it."

I said, with hesitation and diffidence:

"But is it ever right or noble to tell a lie?"

He took no note of the delicate self-righteousness of the question, but answered with undisturbed gravity and simplicity:

"Yes, sometimes. Lies told to injure a person, and lies told to profit yourself are not justifiable, but lies told to help another person, and lies told in the public interest—oh, well, that is quite another matter. Anybody knows that. But never mind about the methods: you see the result. That youth is going to be useful

now, and well-behaved. He had a good face. He was worth saving. Why, he was worth saving on his mother's account if not his own. Of course, he has a mother—sisters, too. Damn these people who are always forgetting that! Do you know, I've never fought a duel in my life—never once—and yet have been challenged, like other people. I could always see the other man's unoffending women folks or his little children standing between him and me. *They* hadn't done anything—I couldn't break *their* hearts, you know."

He corrected a good many little abuses in the course of the day, and always without friction; always with a fine and dainty "diplomacy" which left no sting behind; and he got such happiness and such contentment out of these performances that I was obliged to envy him his trade—and perhaps would have adopted it if I could have managed the necessary deflections from fact as confidently with my mouth as I believe I could with a pen, behind the shelter of print, after a little practice.

Away late, that night, we were coming up town in a horse-car, when three boisterous roughs got aboard and began to fling hilarious obscenities and profanities right and left among the timid passengers, some of whom were women and children. Nobody resisted or retorted; the conductor tried soothing words and moral suasion, but the roughs only called him names and laughed at him. Very soon I saw that the major realized that this was a matter which was in his line; evidently he was turning over his stock of diplomacy in his mind and getting ready. I felt that the first diplomatic remark he made in this place would bring down a land-slide of ridicule upon him and may be something worse; but before I could whisper to him and check him, he had begun, and it was too late. He said in a level and dispassionate tone:

"Conductor, you must put these swine out. I will help you."

I was not looking for that. In a flash the three roughs plunged at him. But none of them arrived. He delivered three such blows as one could not expect to encounter outside the prize ring, and neither of the men had life enough left in him to get up from where he fell. The major dragged them out and threw them off

"HE DELIVERED THREE SUCH BLOWS AS ONE COULD NOT EXPECT TO ENCOUNTER OUTSIDE THE PRIZE RING."

the car, and we got under way again.

I was astonished; astonished to see a lamb act so; astonished at the strength displayed and the clean and comprehensive result; astonished at the brisk and business-like style of the whole thing. The situation had a humorous side to it, considering how much I had been hearing about mild persuasion and gentle diplomacy all day from this pile-driver, and I would have liked to call his attention to that feature and do some sarcasms about it; but when I looked at him I saw that it would be of no use—his placid and contented face had no ray of humor in it; he would not have understood. When we left the car, I said:

"That was a good stroke of diplomacy—three good strokes of diplomacy, in fact."

"*That?* That wasn't diplomacy. You are quite in the wrong. Diplomacy is a wholly different thing. One cannot apply it to that sort, they would not understand it. No, that was not diplomacy, it was force."

"Now that you mention it, I—yes, I think perhaps you are right."

"Right? Of course I am right. It was just force."

"I think, myself, it had the outside aspect of it. Do you often have to reform people in that way?"

"Far from it. It hardly ever happens. Not oftener than once in half a year, at the outside."

"Those men will get well?"

"Get well? Why certainly they will. They are not in any danger. I know how to hit and where to hit. You noticed that I did not hit them under the jaw. That would have killed them."

I believed that. I remarked — rather wittily, as I thought — that he had been a lamb all day but now had all of a sudden developed into a ram — battering ram; but with dulcet frankness and simplicity he said no, a battering ram was quite a different thing and not in use now. This was maddening, and I came near bursting out and saying he had no more appreciation of wit than a jackass—in fact, I had it right on my tongue, but did not say it, knowing there was no hurry and I could say it just as well some other time over the telephone.

We started to Boston the next afternoon. The smoking compartment in the parlor car was full and we went into the regular smoker. Across the aisle in the front seat sat a meek farmer-looking old man with a sickly pallor in his face, and he was holding the door open with his foot to get the air. Presently a big brakeman came rushing through, and when he got to the door he stopped, gave the farmer an ugly scowl, then wrenched the door to with such energy as to almost snatch the old man's boot off. Then on he plunged, about his business. Several passengers laughed, and the old gentleman looked pathetically shamed and grieved.

After a little the conductor passed along and the major stopped him and asked him a question in his habitually courteous way:

"Conductor, where does one report the misconduct of a brakeman? Does one report to you?"

"You can report him at New Haven if you want to. What has he been doing?"

The major told the story. The conductor seemed amused. He said, with just a touch of sarcasm in his bland tones:

"As I understand you, the brakeman didn't *say* anything."

"No, he didn't say anything."

"But he scowled, you say."

"Yes."

"And snatched the door loose in a rough way."

"Yes."

"That's the whole business, is it?"

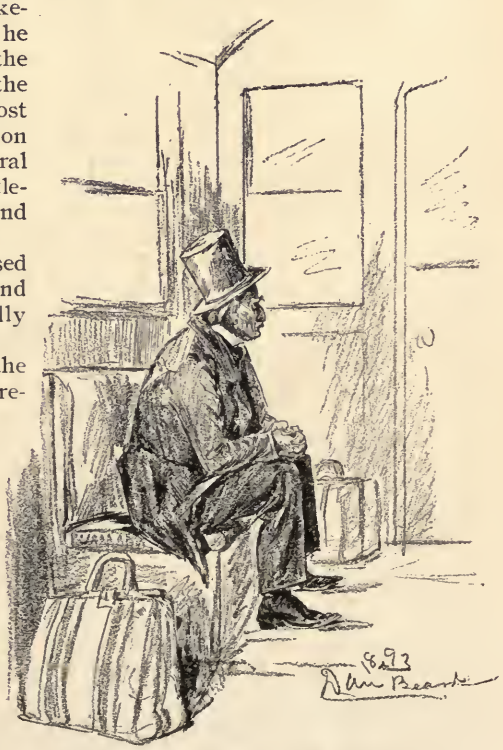
"Yes, that is the whole of it."

The conductor smiled pleasantly, and said:

"Well, if you want to report him, all right, but I don't quite make out what it's going to amount to. You'll say—as I understand you—that the brakeman insulted this old gentleman. They'll ask you what he *said*. You'll say he didn't say anything at all. I reckon they'll say, how are you going to make out an insult when you acknowledge yourself that he didn't say a word."

There was a murmur of applause at the conductor's compact reasoning, and it gave him pleasure—you could see it in his face. But the major was not disturbed. He said:

"There—now you have touched upon a crying defect in the complaint-system. The railway officials—as the public think and as you also seem to think—are not aware that there are any kind of insults except *spoken* ones. So nobody goes to



"THE OLD GENTLEMAN LOOKED PATHETICALLY SHAMED AND GRIEVED."

headquarters and reports insults of manner, insults of gesture, look, and so forth; and yet these are sometimes harder to bear than any words. They are bitter hard to bear because there is nothing tangible to take hold of; and the insulter can always say, if called before the railway officials, that he never dreamed of intending any offense. It seems to me that the officials ought to specially and urgently request the public to report *unworded* affronts and incivilities."

The conductor laughed, and said:

"Well, that *would* be trimming it pretty fine, sure!"

"But not too fine, I think. I will report this matter at New Haven, and I have an idea that I'll be thanked for it."

The conductor's face lost something of its complacency; in fact it settled to a quite sober cast as the owner of it moved away. I said:

"Your are not really going to bother with that trifle are you?"

"It isn't a trifle. Such things ought always to be reported. It is a public duty, and no citizen has a right to shirk it. But I shan't have to report this case."

"Why?"

"It won't be necessary. Diplomacy will do the business. You'll see."

Presently the conductor came on his rounds again, and when he reached the major he leaned over and said:

"That's all right. You needn't report him. He's responsible to me, and if he does it again I'll give him a talking to."

The major's response was cordial:

"Now that is what I like! You mustn't think that I was moved by any vengeful spirit, for that wasn't the case. It was duty—just a sense of duty, that was all. My brother-in-law is one of the directors of the road, and when he learns that you are going to reason with your brakeman the very next time he brutally insults an unoffending old man it will please him, you may be sure of that."

The conductor did not look as joyous as one might have thought he would, but on the contrary looked sickly and uncomfortable. He stood around a little, then said:

"*I* think something ought to be done to him *now*. I'll discharge him."

"Discharge him? What good would that do? Don't you think it would be better wisdom to teach him better ways and keep him?"

"Well, there's something in that. What would you suggest?"

"He insulted the old gentleman in presence of all these people, how would it do to have him come and apologize in their presence?"

"I'll have him here right off. And I want to say this: If people would do as you've done, and report such things to me instead of keeping mum and going off and blackguarding the road, you'd see a different state of things pretty soon. I'm much obliged to you."

The brakeman came and apologized. After he was gone the major said:

"Now, you see how simple and easy that was. The ordinary citizen would

have accomplished nothing—the brother-in-law of a director can accomplish anything he wants to."

"But are you really the brother-in-law of a director?"

"Always. Always when the public interests require it. I have a brother-in-law on all the boards—everywhere. It saves me a world of trouble."

"It is a good wide relationship."

"Yes, I have over three hundred of them."

"Is the relationship never doubted by a conductor?"

"I have never met with a case. It is the honest truth—I never have."

"Why didn't you let him go ahead and discharge the brakeman, in spite of your favorite policy? You know he deserved it."

The major answered with something which really had a sort of distant resemblance to impatience:

"If you would stop and think a moment you wouldn't ask such a question as that. Is a brakeman a dog, that nothing but dog's methods will do for him? He is a man, and has a man's fight for life. And he always has a sister, or a mother, or wife and children to support. Always—there are no exceptions. When you take his living away from him you take theirs away too—and what have they done to you? Nothing. And where is the profit in discharging an uncourteous brakeman and hiring another just like him? It's unwisdom. Don't you see that the rational thing to do is to *reform* the brakeman and keep him? Of course it is."

Then he quoted with admiration the conduct of a certain division superintendent of the Consolidated road, in a case where a switchman of two years' experience was negligent once and threw a train off the track and killed several people. Citizens came in a passion to urge the man's dismissal, but the superintendent said:

"No, you are wrong. He has learned his lesson, he will throw no more trains off the track. He is twice as valuable as he was before. I shall keep him."

We had only one more adventure on the trip. Between Hartford and Springfield the train-boy came shouting in with an armful of literature and dropped a sample into a slumbering gentleman's lap, and the man woke up with a start. He was very angry, and he and a couple of friends discussed the outrage with much heat. They sent for the parlor-car conductor and described the matter, and were determined to have the boy expelled from his situation. The three complainants were wealthy Holyoke merchants, and it was evident that the conductor stood in some awe of them. He tried to pacify them, and explained that the boy was not under his authority, but under that of one of the news companies, but he accomplished nothing.

Then the major volunteered some testimony for the defense. He said:

"I saw it all. You gentlemen have not meant to exaggerate the circumstances, but still that is what you have done. The boy has done nothing more than all train-boys do. If you want to get his ways softened down and his manners reformed, I am with you and ready to help, but it isn't fair to get him discharged without giving him a chance."

But they were angry and would hear of no compromise. They were well acquainted with the president of the Boston & Albany, they said, and would put everything aside next day and go up to Boston and fix that boy.

The major said he would be on hand too, and would do what he could to save the boy. One of the gentlemen looked him over, and said:

"Apparently, it is going to be a matter of who can wield the most influence with the president. Do you know Mr. Bliss personally?"

The major said, with composure:

"Yes; he is my uncle."

The effect was satisfactory. There was an awkward silence for a minute or more, then the hedging and the half-confessions of over-haste and exaggerated resentment began, and soon everything was smooth and friendly and sociable, and it was resolved to drop the matter and leave the boy's bread and butter unmolested.

It turned out as I had expected: the president of the road was not the major's uncle at all—except by adoption, and for this day and train only.

We got into no episodes on the return journey. Probably it was because we took a night train and slept all the way.

We left New York Saturday night by the Pennsylvania road. After breakfast, the next morning, we went into the parlor-car, but found it a dull place and dreary. There were but few people in it and nothing going on. Then we went into the little smoking compartment of the same car and found three gentlemen in there. Two of them were grumbling over one of the rules of the road—a rule which forbade card-playing on the trains on Sunday. They had started an innocent game of high-low-jack and been stopped. The major was interested. He said to the third gentleman:

"Did you object to the game?"

"Not at all. I am a Yale professor and a religious man, but my prejudices are not extensive."

Then the major said to the others:

"You are at perfect liberty to resume your game, gentlemen; no one here objects."

One of them declined the risk, but the other one said he would like to begin again if the major would join him. So they spread an overcoat over their knees and the game proceeded. Pretty soon the parlor-conductor arrived, and said brusquely:

"There, there, gentlemen. that won't do. Put up the cards—it's not allowed."

The major was shuffling. He continued to shuffle, and said:

"By whose order is it forbidden?"

"It's my order. I forbid it."

The dealing began. The major asked:

"Did you invent the idea?"

"What idea?"

"The idea of forbidding card playing on Sunday."

"No—of course not."

"Who did?"

"The company."

"Then it isn't your order, after all, but the company's. Is that it?"

"Yes. But you don't stop playing; I have to require you to stop playing immediately."

"Nothing is gained by hurry, and often much is lost. Who authorized the company to issue such an order?"

"My dear sir, that is a matter of no consequence to me, and—"

THE MAJOR'S BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

"But you forget that you are not the only person concerned. It may be a matter of consequence to me. It is indeed a matter of very great importance to me. I cannot violate a legal requirement of my country without dishonoring myself; I cannot allow any man or corporation to hamper my liberties with illegal rules—a thing which railway companies are always trying to do—without dishonoring my citizenship. So I come back to that question: By whose authority has the company issued this order?"

"I don't *know*. That's *their* affair."

"Mine, too. I doubt if the company has any right to issue such a rule. This road runs through several States. Do you know what State we are in now, and what its laws are in matters of this kind?"

"It's laws do not concern me, but the company's orders do. It is my duty to stop this game, gentlemen, and it *must* be stopped."

"Possibly; but still there is no hurry. In hotels they post certain rules in the

rooms, but they always quote passages from the State law as authority for these requirements. I see nothing posted here of this sort. Please produce your authority and let us arrive at a decision, for you see, yourself, that you are marring the game."

"I have nothing of the kind, but I have my orders, and that is sufficient. They must be obeyed."

"Let us not jump to conclusions. It will be better all around to examine into the matter without heat or haste and see just where we stand, before either of us makes a mistake—for the curtailing of the liberties of a citizen of the United States is a much more serious matter than you and the railroads seem to think, and it cannot be done in my person until the curtailer proves his right to do so. Now—"

"My dear sir, *will* you put down those cards!"

"All in good time, perhaps. It depends. You say this order must be obeyed. *Must.* It is a strong word. You see, yourself, how strong it is. A wise company would not arm you with so drastic an order as this, of *course*, without appointing a penalty for its infringement. Otherwise it runs the risk of being a dead letter and a thing to laugh at. What is the appointed penalty for an infringement of this law?"

"Penalty? I never heard of any."

"Unquestionably you must be mistaken. Your company orders you to come here and rudely break up an innocent amusement, and furnishes you no way to enforce the order? Don't you see that that is nonsense? What do you *do* when people refuse to obey this order? Do you take the cards away from them?"

"No."

"Do you put the offender off at the next station?"

"Well, no—of course we couldn't if he had a ticket."

"Do you have him up before a court?"

The conductor was silent and apparently troubled. The major started a new deal, and said:

"You see that you are helpless, and that the company has placed you in a foolish position. You are furnished with an arrogant order, and you deliver it in a blustering way, and when you come to look into the matter you find you haven't any way of enforcing obedience."

The conductor said, with chill dignity:

"Gentlemen, you have heard the order, and my duty is ended. As to obeying it or not, you will do as you think fit"—and he turned to leave.

"But wait. The matter is not yet finished. I think you are mistaken about your duty being ended; but if it really is, I myself have a duty to perform, yet."

"How do you mean?"

"Are you going to report my disobedience at headquarters in Pittsburg?"

"No. What good would that do?"

"You must report me, or I will report you."

"Report me for what?"

"For disobeying the company's orders in not stopping this game. As a citizen it

is my duty to help the railway companies keep their servants to their work."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, I am in earnest. I have nothing against you as a man, but I have this against you as an officer—that you have not carried out that order, and if you do not report me I must report you. And I will."

The conductor looked puzzled and was thoughtful a moment, then he burst out with—

"I seem to be getting *myself* into a scrape! It's all a muddle; I can't make head or tail of it; it's never happened before; they always knocked under and never said a word, and so *I* never saw how ridiculous that stupid order with no penalty is. *I* don't want to report anybody, and I don't want to *be* reported—why, it might do me no end of harm! Now *do* go on with the game—play the whole day if you want to—and don't let's have any more trouble about it!"

"No, I only sat down here to establish this gentleman's rights—he can have his place, now. But before you go, won't you tell me what you think the company made this rule for? Can you imagine an excuse for it? I mean a rational one—an excuse that is not on its face silly, and the invention of an idiot?"

"Why, surely I can. The reason it was made is plain enough. It is to save the feelings of the other passengers—the religious ones among them, I mean. They would not like it, to have the Sabbath desecrated by card-playing on the train."

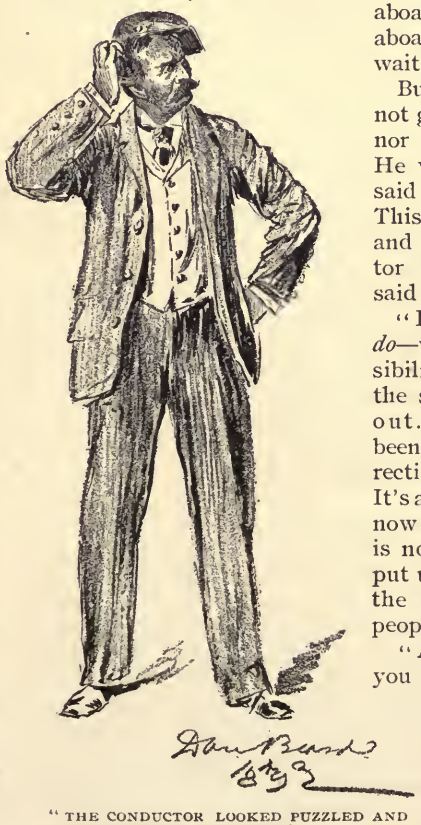
"I just thought as much. They are willing to desecrate it themselves by travelling on Sunday, but they are not willing that other people—"

"By gracious, you've hit it! I never thought of that before. The fact is, it *is* a silly rule when you come to look into it."

At this point the train-conductor arrived and was going to shut down the game in a very high-handed fashion, but the parlor-conductor stopped him and took him aside to explain. Nothing more was heard of the matter.

I was ill in bed eleven days in Chicago and got no glimpse of the Fair, for I was obliged to return east as soon as I was able to travel. The major secured and paid for a stateroom in a sleeper the day before we left, so that I could have plenty of room and be comfortable; but when we arrived at the station a mistake had been made and our car had not been put on. The conductor had reserved a section for us—it was the best he could do, he said. But the major said we were not in a hurry, and would wait for the car to be put on. The conductor responded with pleasant irony:

"It may be that *you* are not in a hurry, just as you say, but we *are*. Come, get aboard, gentlemen, get aboard—don't keep us waiting."



"THE CONDUCTOR LOOKED PUZZLED AND WAS THOUGHTFUL A MOMENT."

But the major would not get aboard himself nor allow me to do it. He wanted his car, and said he must have it. This made the hurried and perspiring conductor impatient, and he said:

"Its the best we can *do*—we can't do impossibilities. You will take the section or go without. A mistake has been made and can't be rectified at this late hour. It's a thing that happens now and then, and there is nothing for it but to put up with it and make the best of it. Other people do."

"Ah, that is just it, you see. If they had stuck to their rights and enforced them you wouldn't be trying to trample mine under foot

"YOU MUST TAKE THAT GENTLEMAN'S CHICKEN AWAY FROM HIM OR BRING ME ONE."

in this bland way now. I haven't any disposition to give you unnecessary trouble, but it is my duty to protect the next man from this kind of imposition. So I must have my car. Otherwise I will wait in Chicago and sue the company for violating its contract."

"Sue the company? — for a thing like that!"

"Certainly."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Indeed, I do."

The conductor looked the major over wonderingly, and then said:

"It beats me—it's bran new—I've never struck the mate to it before. But I swear I think you'd do it. Look here, I'll send for the station-master."

When the station-master came he was a good deal annoyed—at the major; not at the person who had made the mistake. He was rather brusque and took the same position which the conductor had taken in the beginning; but he failed to move the soft-spoken artilleryman, who still insisted that he must have his car. However, it was plain that there was only one strong side in this case, and that that side was the major's. The station-master banished his annoyed manner and became pleasant and even half-apologetic. This made a good opening for a compromise, and the major made a concession. He said he would give up the engaged stateroom, but he must have *a* stateroom. After a deal of ransacking, one was found whose owner was persuadable; he exchanged it for our section and we got away at last. The conductor called on us in the evening and was kind and courteous and obliging, and we had a long talk and got to be good friends. He said he wished the public would make trouble oftener—it would have a good effect. He said that the railroads could not be expected to do their whole duty by the traveller unless the traveller would take some interest in the matter himself.

I hoped that we were done reforming for the trip, now, but it was not so. In the hotel-car, in the morning, the major called for broiled chicken. The waiter said:

"It's not in the bill of fare, sir; we do not serve anything but what is in the bill."

"That gentleman yonder is eating a broiled chicken."

"Yes, but that is different. He is one of the superintendents of the road."

"Then, all the more must I have broiled chicken. I do not like these discriminations. Please hurry—bring me a broiled chicken."

The waiter brought the steward, who explained in a low and polite voice that the thing was impossible—it was against the rule, and the rule was rigid.

"Very well, then, you must either apply it impartially or break it impartially. You must take that gentleman's chicken away from him or bring me one."

The steward was puzzled, and did not quite know what to do. He began an incoherent argument, but the conductor came along just then, and asked what the difficulty was. The steward explained that here was a gentleman who was insisting on having a chicken when it was dead against the rule and not in the bill. The conductor said:

"Stick by your rules—you haven't any option. Wait a moment—is this the gentleman?" Then he laughed and said:

"Never mind your rules—it's my advice, and sound; give him anything he wants—don't get him started on his rights. Give him whatever he asks for; and if you haven't got it, stop the train and get it."

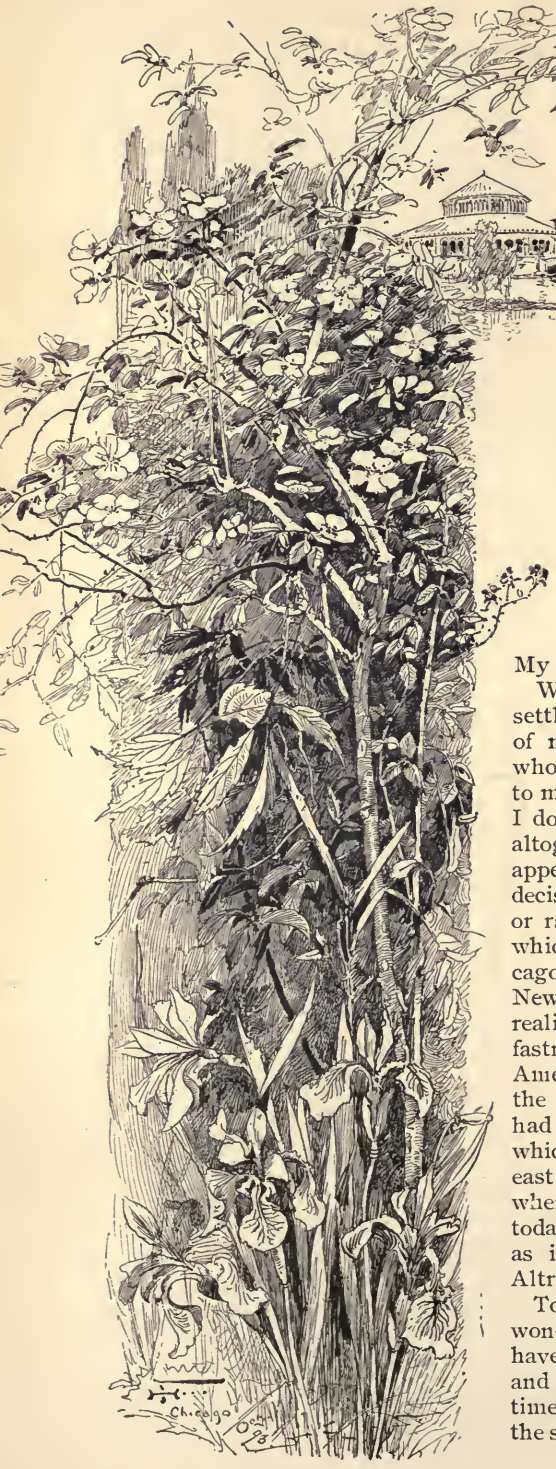
The major ate the chicken, but said he did it from a sense of duty and to establish a principle, for he did not like chicken.

I missed the Fair, it is true, but I picked up some diplomatic tricks which I and the reader may find handy and useful as we go along.

BY RIGHT OF BIRTH.

By Maude Andrews.

Shadows there are, aye, shadows manifold;
Shadows of life, of death to grieve the heart,
Grim shapes of want and care, of love grown cold,
Of treachery that played a cruel part,—
All these are known unto each human heart;
They all return at times to sit beside
The hearthstone, and with mocking smiles deride
Life's faith and hope, but they will quick depart,
Not one can claim the right to hold a place
As household guest, save that dread shape that came
One night and looked you boldly in the face,
And said, "I am thy self-committed shame!"



LETTERS OF AN ALTRURIAN TRAVELLER.

By W. D. Howells.

II.

Chicago, Sept. 28, 1893.

My dear Cyril:

When I last wrote you, I thought to have settled quietly down in New York for the rest of my stay in America, and given my time wholly to the study of its life, which seemed to me typical of the life of the whole country. I do not know, even now, that I should wish altogether to revise this impression; it still appears to me just, if not so distinct and so decisive, as it appeared before I saw Chicago, or rather the World's Fair City at Chicago, which is what I want to write you of. Chicago, one might say, was after all only a Newer York, an ultimated Manhattan, the realized ideal of that largeness, loudness and fastness, which New York has persuaded the Americans is metropolitan. But after seeing the World's Fair City here, I feel as if I had caught a glimpse of the glorious capitals which will whiten the hills and shores of the east and the borderless plains of the west, when the New York and the Newer York of today shall seem to all the future Americans as impossible as they would seem to any Altrurian now.

To one of our philosophy it will not be wonderful that this Altrurian miracle should have been wrought here in the very heart, and from the very heart, of egoism seven times heated in the fiery competition hitherto the sole joy of this strange people. We know

that like produces like only up to a certain point, and that then unlike comes of like since all things are of one essence ; that from life comes death at last, and from death comes life again in the final issue. Yet it would be useless trying to persuade most Americans that the World's Fair City was not the effect, the fine flower, of the competition which underlies their economy, but was the first fruits of the principle of emulation which animates our happy commonwealth, and gives men, as no where else on earth, a foretaste of heaven. If I were writing to an American I should have to supply him with proofs and argue facts at every moment, which will be self-evident to you in their mere statement.

I confess that I was very loth to leave New York, which I fancied I was beginning to see whole, after my first fragmentary glimpses of it. But I perceive now that without a sight of the White City (as the Americans with their instant poetry called the official group of edifices at the great Fair) and the knowledge of its history, which I could have realized nowhere but in its presence, New York would have wanted the relief, the projection, in which I shall hereafter be able to study it. For the worst effect of sojourn in an egoistic civilization (I always use this word for lack of a closer descriptive) is that Altrurian motives and efforts become incredible, and almost inconceivable. But the Fair City is a bit of Altruria : it is as if the capital of one of our Regions had set sail and landed somehow on the shores of the vast inland sea, where the Fair City lifts its domes and columns.

Its story, which I need not rehearse to you at any length, records the first great triumph of Altrurian principles among this people in a work of peace ; in their mighty civil war they were Altrurian enough ; and more than once they have proved themselves capable of a magnificent self-sacrifice in bloodshed, but here for the first time in their pitiless economic struggle, their habitual warfare in which they neither give nor ask quarter, and take no prisoners, the interests submitted to the arts, and lent themselves as frankly to the work as if there had never been a question of money in the world. From the beginning it was believed that there could be no profit in the Fair ; money loss was expected and accepted as a necessary part of the greater gain ; and when the question passed from how much to how, in the discussion of the ways and means of creating that beauty which is the supreme use, the capitalists put themselves into the hands of the artists. They did not do it at once, and they did not all do it willingly. It is a curious trait of the American who has made money that he thinks he can make anything ; and the Chicago millionaires who found themselves authorized by the nation to spend their money in the creation of the greatest marvel of the competitive world, thought themselves fully competent to work the miracle, or to choose the men who would work it according to their ideals. But their clarification, if it was not as swift as the passage of light was thorough, and I do not suppose there is now any group of rich men in Europe or America who have so luminous a sense of the true relations of the arts and the interests as they. The notion of a competition among the artists, which is the practical American's notion of the way to get the best art, was at length rejected by these most practical Americans, and one mind large enough to conceive the true means and strong enough to give its conception effect was empowered to invite the free coöperation of the arts through

the foremost artists of the country. As yet the governmental function is so weak here that the national part in the work was chiefly obstructive, and finally null; and when it came to this there remained an opportunity for the arts, unlimited as to means and unhampered by conditions.

For the different buildings to be erected, different architects were chosen; and for the first time since the great ages, since the beauty of antiquity and the elegance of the renaissance, the arts were reunited. The greatest landscape gardeners, architects, sculptors and painters, gathered at Chicago for a joyous interchange of ideas and criticisms; and the miracle of beauty which they have wrought grew openly in their breath and under their hands. Each did his work and had his way with it, but in this congress of gifted minds, of sensitive spirits, each profited by the censure of all, and there were certain features of the work—as for instance, the exquisite peristyle dividing the city from the lake—which were the result of successive impulses and suggestions from so many different artists that it would be hard to divide the honor among them with exactness. No one, however, seems to have been envious of another's share, and each one gave his talent as freely as the millionaires gave their money. These great artists willingly accepted a fifth, a tenth, of the gain which they could have commanded in a private enterprise, and lavished their time upon the opportunity afforded them, for the pleasure of it, the pride of it, the pure good of it.

Of the effect, of the visible, tangible result, what better can I say, than that in its presence I felt myself again in Altruria? The tears came, and the pillared porches swam against my vision; through the hard nasal American tones, the liquid notes of our own speech stole to my inner ear; I saw under the careworn masks of the competitive crowds, the peace, the *rest* of the dear Altrurian face; the gay tints of our own simple costumes eclipsed the different versions of the Paris fashions about me. I was at home once more, and my heart overflowed with patriotic rapture in this strange land, so remote from ours in everything, that at times Altruria really seems to me the dream which the Americans think it.

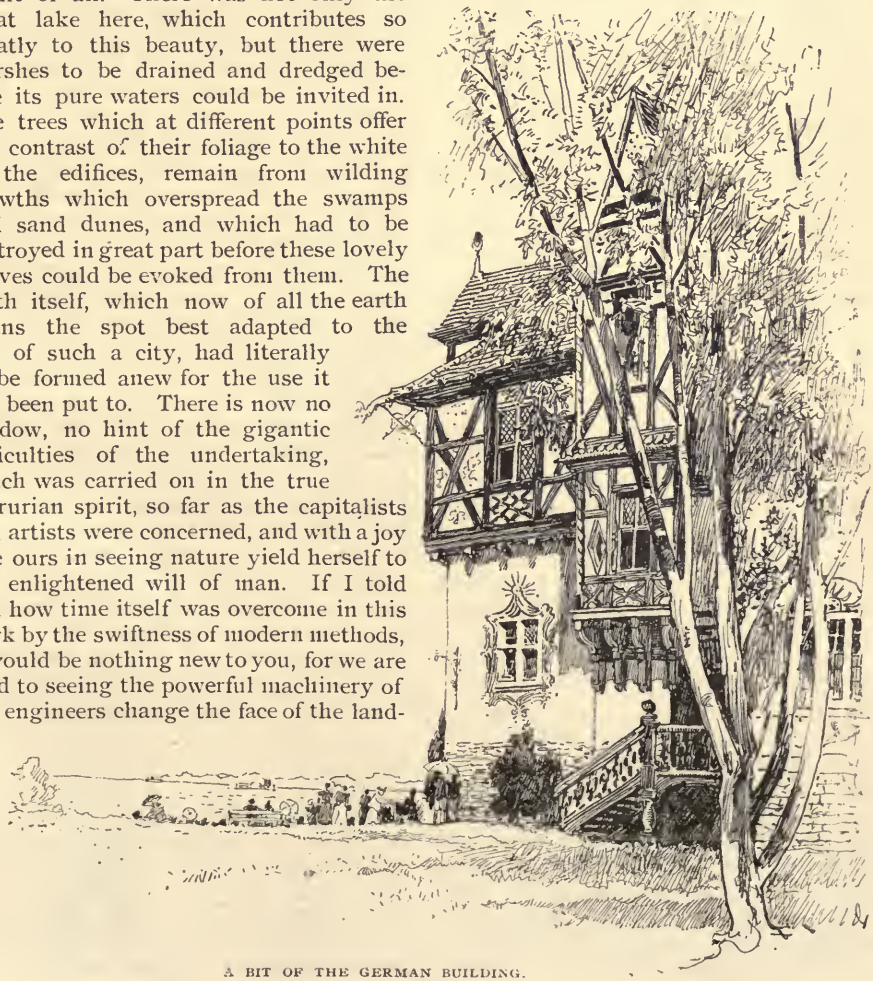
I first saw the Fair City by night, from one of the electric launches which ply upon the lagoon; and under the dimmed heaven, in the splendor of the hundred moony arc-lamps of the esplanades, and the myriad incandescent bubbles that beaded the white quays, and defined the structural lines of dome and porch and pediment, I found myself in the midst of the Court of Honor, which you will recognize on the general plan and the photographs I enclose. We fronted the beautiful Agricultural building, which I think fitly the finest in the city, though many prefer the perfect Greek of the Art building; and on our right was the Administration building with its coroneted dome, and the magnificent sculptured fountain before it, turned silver in the radiance of the clustered electric jets at either side. On our right was the glorious peristyle, serene, pure, silent, lifting a population of statues against the night, and dividing the lagoon from the lake, whose soft moan came appealingly through the pillared spaces, and added a divine heartache to my ecstacy. Here a group of statuary showed itself prominently on quay or cornice; we caught the flamy curve of a bridge's arch; a pale column lifted its jutting prores into the light; but nothing insisted; all was harmonized to one effect of beauty, as if in symbol of the concentered impulses which had created it. For the moment I could not believe that so foul a thing as money could have been even the means of its creation. I call the effect creation because it is divinely beautiful, but no doubt suggestion would be a better word, since they have here merely sketched in stucco what we have executed in marble in each of our Regionic capitals.

In grandeur of design and freedom of expression, it is perhaps even nobler than the public edifices of some of these, as I had to acknowledge at another moment, when we rounded the shores of the Wooded Island which forms the heart of the lagoon, and the launch slowed while we got the effect of its black foliage against the vast lateral expanse of the Liberal Arts building. Then, indeed, I was reminded of our national capitol, when it shows its mighty mass above

the bosks around it, on some anniversary night of our Evolution.

But the illusion of Altruria was very vivid at many moments in the Fair City, where I have spent the happiest days of my stay in America, perhaps because the place is so little American in the accepted sense. It is like our own cities in being a design, the effect of a principle, and not the straggling and shapeless accretion of accident. You will see, from the charts and views I send you, something of the design in detail, but you can form only a dim conception of the skill with which the natural advantages of the site have been turned to account, and even its disadvantages have been transmuted to the beauty which is the highest and last result of all. There was not only the great lake here, which contributes so greatly to this beauty, but there were marshes to be drained and dredged before its pure waters could be invited in. The trees which at different points offer the contrast of their foliage to the white of the edifices, remain from wilding growths which overspread the swamps and sand dunes, and which had to be destroyed in great part before these lovely groves could be evoked from them. The earth itself, which now of all the earth seems the spot best adapted to the site of such a city, had literally to be formed anew for the use it has been put to. There is now no shadow, no hint of the gigantic difficulties of the undertaking, which was carried on in the true Altrurian spirit, so far as the capitalists and artists were concerned, and with a joy like ours in seeing nature yield herself to the enlightened will of man. If I told you how time itself was overcome in this work by the swiftness of modern methods, it would be nothing new to you, for we are used to seeing the powerful machinery of our engineers change the face of the landscape, without stay for the slow processes of other days, when the ax and the saw wrought for years in the destruction of the forests that now vanish in a night. But to the Americans these things are still novel, and they boast of the speed with which the trees were dragged from the soil where they were rooted, and the morasses were eflaced, and the wastes of sand made to smile with the verdure that now forms the most enchanting feature of their normal city.

They dwell upon this, and they do not seem to feel as I do the exquisite simplicity with which its life is operated, the perfection with which it is policed, and the thoroughness with which it has been dedicated to health as well as beauty. In



A BIT OF THE GERMAN BUILDING.

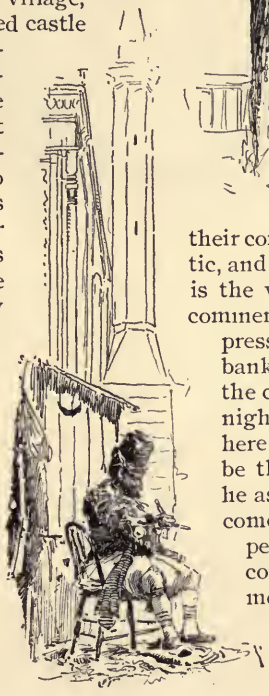
fact, I fancy that very few out of the millions who visit this gala town realize that it has its own system of drainage, lighting and transportation, and its own government, which looks as scrupulously to the general comfort and cleanliness, as if these were the private concern of each member of the government. This is, as it is with us, military in form, and the same precision and discipline which give us the ease and freedom of our civic life, proceed here from the same spirit and the same means. The Columbian Guards, as they are called, who are here at every turn, to keep order and to care for the pleasure as well as the welfare of the people, have been trained by officers of the United States army, who still command them, and they are amenable to the rules governing the only body in America whose ideal is not interest but duty. Every night, the whole place is cleansed of the rubbish which the visitors leave behind them, as thoroughly as if it were a camp. It is merely the litter of lunch-boxes and waste paper which has to be looked after, for there is little of the filth resulting in all other American cities from the use of the horse, which is still employed in them so many centuries after it has been banished from ours. The United States mail-carts and the watering-carts are indeed anomalously drawn through the Fair City thoroughfares by horses, but wheeled chairs pushed about by a corps of high school boys and college undergraduates form the means of transportation by land for those who do not choose to walk. On the water, the electric launches are quite of our own pattern, and steam is allowed only on the boats which carry people out into the lake for a view of the peristyle. But you can get this by walking, and as in Venice, which is represented here by a fleet of gondolas, there are bridges that enable you to reach every desirable point on the lagoon.

When I have spoken of all this to my American friends they have not perceived the moral value of it, and when I have insisted upon the practical perfection of the scheme apparent in the whole, they have admitted it, but answered me that it would never do for a business city, where there was something going on besides the pleasure of the eyes and the edification of the mind. When I tell them that this is all that our Altrurian cities are for, they do not understand me; they ask where the money is made that the people live on in such play-cities; and we are alike driven to despair when I try to explain that we have no money, and should think it futile and impious to have any.

I do not believe they quite appreciate the intelligence with which the Fair City proper has been separated, with a view to its value as an object lesson, from all the state and national buildings in the ground. Some of the national buildings, notably those of Germany and Sweden, are very picturesque, but the rest decline through various grades of inferiority, down to the level of the State buildings. Of these, only the California and the New York buildings have a beauty comparable to that of the Fair City: the California house, as a reminiscence of the Spanish ecclesiastical architecture in which her early history is recorded, and the New York house, as a sumptuous expression of the art which ministers to the luxury of the richest and greatest State of the Union.

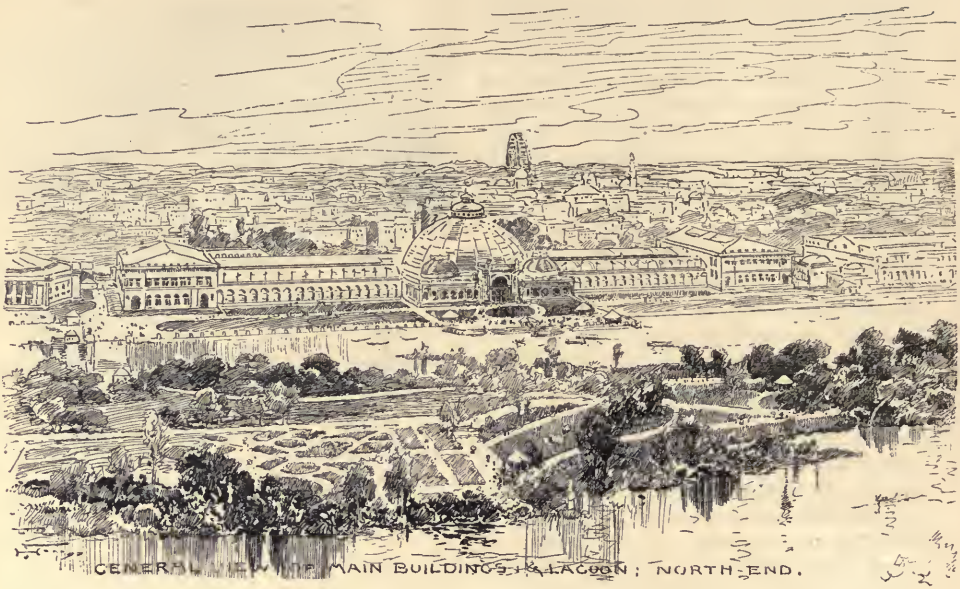
By still another remove the competitive life of the present epoch is relegated to the long avenue remotest from the White City, which you will find marked as the Midway Plaisance. Even this, where a hundred shows rival one another in a furious advertisement for the favor of the passer, there is so much of a high interest that I am somewhat loth to instance it as actuated by an inferior principle; and I do so only for the sake of the contrast. In the Fair City, everything is free; in the Plaisance everything must be paid for. You strike at once here the hard level of the outside western world; and the Orient, which has mainly peopled the Plaisance, with its theaters and restaurants and shops, takes the tint of the ordinary American enterprise, and puts on somewhat the manners of the ordinary American hustler. It is not really so bad as that, but it is worse than American in some of the appeals it makes to the American public, which is decent if it is dull, and respectable if it is rapacious. The lascivious dances of the East are here, in the Persian and Turkish and Egyptian theaters, as well as the exquisite archaic drama of the Javanese and the Chinese in their village and temple. One could spend many days in the Plaisance, always entertainingly,

whether profitably or unprofitably; but whether one visited the Samoan or Dahomeyan in his hut, the Bedouin and the Lap in their camps, the delicate Javanese in his bamboo cottage, or the American Indian in his tepee, one must be aware that the citizens of the Plaisance are not there for their health, as the Americans quaintly say, but for the money there is in it. Some of the reproductions of historical and foreign scenes are excellent, like the irregular square of Old Vienna, with its quaintly built and quaintly decorated shops; the German village, with its admirably realized castle and chalet; and the Cairene street, with its motley oriental life; but these are all there for the profit to be had from the pleasure of their visitors, who seem to pay as freely as they talk through their noses. The great Ferris wheel itself, with its circle revolving by night and by day in an orbit incomparably vast, is in the last analysis a money-making contrivance.



I have tried to make my American friends see the difference, as I do, between the motive that created the Fair City, and the motive that created the Plaisance, but both seem to them alike the outcome of the principle which they still believe animates their whole life. They think both an effect of the competitive conditions in which they glory, not knowing that their conditions are now purely monopolistic, and not perceiving that the White City is the work of an armistice between the commercial interests ruling them. I expressed this belief to one of them, the banker, whom I met last summer in the country, and whom I ran upon one night during the first week of my visit here; and he said there could certainly be that view of it. But, like the rest, he asked where the money would have come from without the warfare of competitive conditions, and he said he could not make out how we got the money for our public works in Altruria, or, in fact, how we paid the piper. When I answered that as each one of us was secured by all against want, every one could freely give his labor, without money and without price, and the piper could play for the pure pleasure of playing, he looked stupefied and said incredulously, "Oh, come, now!"

"Why, how strange you Americans are," I could not help breaking out upon him, "with your talk about competition! There *is* no competition among you a moment longer than you can help, a moment after one proves himself stronger than another. Then you have monopoly, which even upon the limited scale it exists here is the only vital and fruitful principle, as you all see. And yet you are afraid to have it upon the largest possible scale,

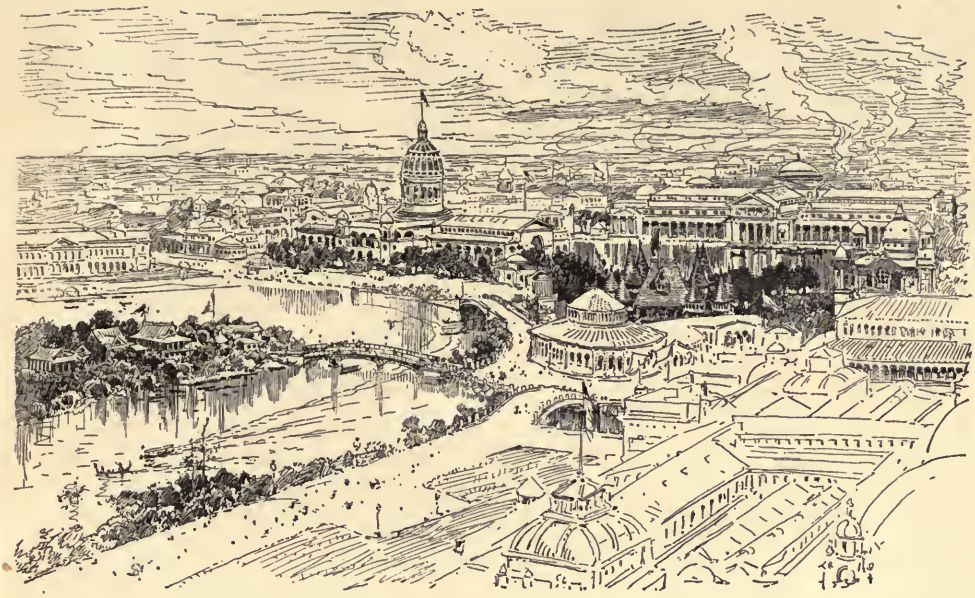


the national scale, the scale commensurate with the whole body politic, which implicates care for every citizen as the liege of the collectivity. When you have monopoly of such proportions money will cease to have any office among you, and such a beautiful creation as this will have effect from a consensus of the common wills and wishes."

He listened patiently, and he answered amiably, "Yes, that is what you Altrurians believe, I suppose, and certainly what you preach; and if you look at it in that light, why there certainly is no competition left, except between the monopolies. But you must allow, my dear Homos," he went on, "that at least one of the twin fetishes of our barbarous worship has had something to do with the creation of all this beauty. I'll own that you have rather knocked the notion of competition on the head; the money that made this thing possible never came from competition at all; it came from some sort or shape of monopoly, as all money always does; but what do you say about individuality? You can't say that individuality has had nothing to do with it. In fact, you can't deny that it has had everything to do with it, from the individuality of the several capitalists, up or down, to the individuality of the several artists. And will you pretend in the face of all this wonderful work that individuality is a bad thing?"

"Have I misrepresented myself and country so fatally," I returned, "as to have led you to suppose that the Altrurians thought individuality a bad thing? It seems to us the most precious gift of the Deity, the dearest and holiest possession of his creatures. What I lament in America at every moment, what I lament even here, in the presence of a work so largely Altrurian in conception and execution as this, is the wholesale effacement, the heartbreaking obliteration of individuality. I know very well that you can give me the name of the munificent millionaires—large-thoughted and noble-willed men—whose largesse made this splendor possible, and the name of every artist they freed to such a glorious opportunity. Their individuality is lastingly safe in your memories; but what of the artisans of every kind and degree, whose patience and skill realized their ideals? Where will you find *their* names?"

My companions listened respectfully, but not very seriously, and in his reply he took refuge in that humor peculiar to the Americans: a sort of ether where they may draw breath for a moment free from the stifling despair which must fill every true man among them when he thinks how far short of their ideal their reality has fallen.



For they were once a people with the noblest ideal; we were not mistaken about that; they did, indeed, intend the greatest good to the greatest number, and not merely the largest purse to the longest head. They are a proud people, and it is hard for them to confess that they have wandered from the right way, and fallen into a limitless bog, where they can only bemire themselves more and more till its miasms choke them or its foul waters close over them.

"My dear fellow," the banker laughed, "you are very easily answered. You will find *their* names on the pay-rolls, where, I've no doubt, they preferred to have them. Why, there was an army of them; and we don't erect monuments to private soldiers, except in the lump. How would you have managed it in Altruria?"

"In Altruria," I replied, "every man who drove a nail, or stretched a line, or laid a trowel upon such a work, would have had his name somehow inscribed upon it, where he could find it, and point it out to those dear to him and proud of him. Individuality! I find no record of it here, unless it is the individuality of the few. That of the many makes no sign from the oblivion in which it is lost, either in these public works of artistic coöperation, or the exhibits of your monopolistic competition. I have wandered through these vast edifices and looked for the names of the men who wrought the marvels of ingenuity that fill them. But I have not often found the name even of a man who owns them. I have found the styles of the firms, the companies, the trusts which turn them out as impersonally as if no heart had ever ached or glowed in imagining and embodying them. This whole mighty industrial display is in so far dehumanized; and yet you talk of individuality as one of your animating principles!"

"You are hopelessly unbusinesslike, my dear Homos," said the banker, "but I like your unpracticability. There is something charming in it; there is, really; and I enjoy it particularly at this moment because it has enabled me to get back my superiority to Chicago. I am a Bostonian, you know, and I came out here with all the misgivings which a Bostonian begins to secrete as soon as he gets west of the Back Bay Fens. It is a survival of Puritanism in us. In the old times, you know, every Bostonian, no matter how he prayed and professed, felt it in his bones that he was one of the elect, and we each feel so still; only, then God elected us, and now we elect ourselves. Fancy such a man confronted with such an achievement as this, and unfriended yet by an Altrurian traveller!

Why, I have gone about the last three days inwardly bowed down before Chicago in the most humiliating fashion. I've said to myself that our eastern fellows did half the thing, perhaps the best half; but then I had to own it was Chicago that imagined letting them do it, that imagined the thing as a whole, and I had to give Chicago the glory. When I looked at it I had to forgive Chicago Chicago, but now that you've set me right about the matter, and I see that the whole thing is dehumanized, I shall feel quite easy, and I shall not give Chicago any more credit than is due."

I saw that he was joking, but I did not see how far, and I thought it best not to take him in joke at all. "Ah, I don't think you can give her too much credit, even if you take her at the worst. It seems to me, from what I have seen of your country—and, of course, I speak from a foreigner's knowledge only — that no other American city could have brought this to pass."

"You must come and stay with us a while in Boston," said the banker; and he smiled. "One other city could have done it. Boston has the public spirit and Boston has the money, but perhaps Boston has not the ambition. Perhaps we give ourselves in Boston too much to a sense of the accomplished fact. If that is a fault, it is the only fault conceivable of us. Here in Chicago they have the public spirit, and they have the money, and they are still anxious to do; they are not content as we are, simply to be. Of course, they have not so much reason! I don't know," he added thoughtfully, "but it comes in the end to what you were saying, and no other American city but Chicago *could* have brought this to pass. Leaving everything else out of the question, I doubt if any other community could have fancied the thing in its vastness; and the vastness seems an essential condition of the beauty. You couldn't possibly say it was pretty, for instance; if you admitted it was fine you would have to say it was beautiful. To be sure, if it were possible to have too much of a good thing, there are certain states of one's legs, here, when one could say there was too much of it; but that is not possible. But come, now; be honest for once, my dear fellow, and confess that you really prefer the Midway Plaisance to the Fair City!"

I looked at him with silent reproach, and he broke out laughing, and took me by the arm.

"At any rate," he said, "let us go down there, and get something to eat.

> 'The glory that was Greece,
> And the grandeur that was Rome,'

here, take it out of you so that I find myself wanting lunch about every three hours. It's nearly as long as that now, since I dined, and I feel an irresistible yearning for Old Vienna, where that pinchbeck halberdier of a watchman is just now crying the hour of nine."

"Oh, is it so late as that?" I began, for I like to keep our Altrurian hours even here, when I can, and I was going to say that I could not go with him when he continued:

"They won't turn us out, if that's what you mean. Theoretically, they do turn people out toward the small hours, but practically, one can stay here all night, I believe. That's a charming thing about the Fair, and I suppose it's rather Chicagoan; if we'd had the Fair in Boston, every soul would have had to leave before midnight. We couldn't have helped turning them out, from the mere oldmaidishness of our Puritanic tradition, and not because we really minded their staying. In New York they would have put them out from Keltic imperiousness, and locked them up in the station-house when they got them out, especially if they were sober and inoffensive."

I could not follow him in this very well, or in the playful allusiveness of his talk generally, though I have reported it, to give some notion of his manner; and so I said, by way of bringing him within easy range of my intelligence again, "I have seen no one here who showed signs of drink."

"No," he returned. "What a serious, and peaceable, and gentle crowd it is! I haven't witnessed a rudeness, or even an unkindness, since I've been here, and nobody looks as if anything stronger than apollinaris had passed his lips for a fortnight. They seem, the vast majority of them, to pass their time in the Fair City, and I wish I could flatter myself that they preferred it, as you wish me to think you do, to the Plaisance. Perhaps

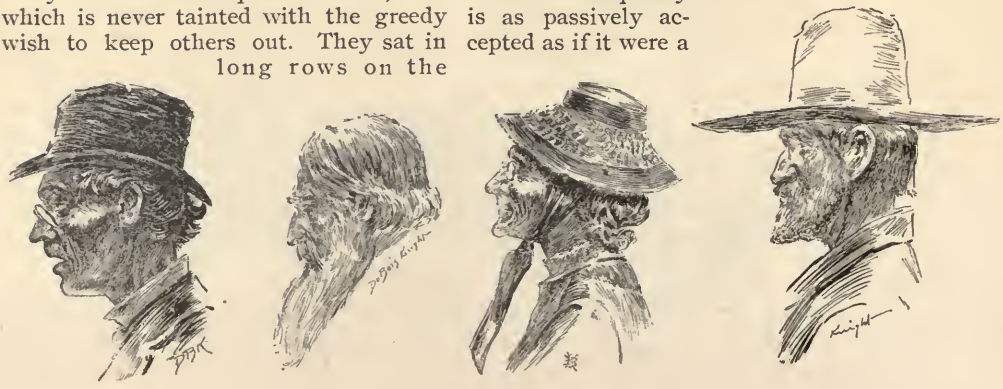
they are really more interested in the mechanical arts, and even the fine arts, than they are in the muscle dances, but I'm afraid it's partly because there isn't an additional charge for admission to those improving exhibits in the official buildings. Though I dare say that most of the hardhanded folks here, are really concerned in transportation and agricultural implements to a degree that it is difficult for their more cultivated fellow-countrymen to conceive of. Then, the merely instructive and historical features must have an incredible lot to say to them. We people who have had advantages, as we call them, can't begin to understand the state that most of us come here in, the state of enlightened ignorance, as one may call it, when we know how little we know, and are anxious to know more. But I congratulate you, Homos, on the opportunity you have to learn America personally, here; you won't easily have such another chance. I'm glad for your sake, too, that it (the crowd) is mainly a western and southwestern crowd, a Mississippi Valley crowd. You can tell it by their accent. It's a mistake to suppose that New England has a monopoly of the habit of speaking through the nose. We may have invented it, but we have imparted it apparently to the whole west, as the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania have lent the twist of their "r," and the combined result is something frightful. But it's the only frightful thing about the westerners, as I find them here. Their fashions are not the latest, but they are not only well behaved, they are on the average pretty well dressed, as the clothing store and the paper pattern dress our people. And they look pathetically good! When I think how hard-worked they all are, and what lonely lives most of them live on their solitary farms, I wonder they don't descend upon me with the whoop of savages. You're very fond of equality, my dear Homos! How do you like the equality of the American effect here? It's a vast level, as unbroken as the plains that seemed to widen as I came over them in the cars to Chicago, and that go widening on, I suppose, to the sunset itself. I won't speak of the people, but I *will* say the plains were dreary."

"Yes," I assented, for those plains had made me melancholy, too. They looked so habitable, and they were so solitary, though I could see that they were broken by the lines of cultivated fields, which were being plowed for wheat, or were left standing with their interminable ranks of maize. From time to time one caught sight of a forlorn farmstead, with a windmill beside it, making helpless play with its vanes as if it were vainly struggling to take flight from the monotonous landscape. There was nothing of the cheerfulness of our Altrurian farm villages; and I could understand how a dull uniformity of the human type might result from such an environment, as the banker intimated.

I have made some attempts, here, to get upon speaking terms with these average people, but I have not found them

conversible. Very likely they distrusted my advances, from the warnings given them to beware of imposters and thieves at the Fair; it is one of the necessities of daily life in a competitive civilization, that you must be on your guard against strangers lest they cheat or rob you. It is hard for me to understand this, coming from a land where there is no theft and can be none, because there is no private property, and I have often bruised myself to no purpose in attempting the acquaintance of my fellow-visitors of the Fair. They never make any attempt at mine; no one has asked me a favor, here, or even a question; but each remains bent, in an intense preoccupation, upon seeing the most he can in the shortest time for the least money. Of course, there are many of the more cultivated visitors, who are more responsive, and who show themselves at least interested in me as a fellow-stranger; but these, though they are positively many, are, after all, relatively few. The vast bulk, the massed members of that immense equality which fatigued my friend, the banker, by its mere aspect, were shy of me, and I do not feel that I came to know any of them personally. They strolled singly, or in pairs, or by family groups, up and down the streets of the Fair City, or the noisy thoroughfare of the Plaisance, or through the different buildings, quiescent, patient, inoffensive, but reserved and inapproachable, as far as I was concerned. If they wished to know anything they asked the guards, who never failed in their duty of answering them fully and pleasantly.

The people from the different states visited their several State buildings, and seemed to be at home, there, with that instinctive sense of ownership which every one feels in a public edifice, and which is never tainted with the greedy wish to keep others out. They sat in long rows on the benches that lined the avenues, munching the victuals they had mostly brought with them in the lunch-boxes which strewed the place at nightfall, and were gathered up by thousands in the policing of the grounds. If they were very luxurious, they went to the tables of those eating-houses where, if they ordered a cup of tea or coffee, they could spread out the repast from their boxes and enjoy it more at their ease. But in none of these places did I see any hilarity in them, and whether they thought it unseemly or not to show any gayety, they showed none. They were peacefully content within the limits of their equality, and where it ended, as from time to time it must, they betrayed no discontent. That is what always astonishes me in America. The man of the harder lot accepts it unmurmuringly and with no apparent sense of injustice in the easier lot of another. He suffers himself, without a word, to be worse housed, worse clad, worse fed, than his merely luckier brother, who could give him no reason for his better fortune that an Altrurian would hold valid. Here, at the Fair, for example, on the days when the German village is open to the crowd without charge, the crowd streams through without an envious glance at the people dining richly and expensively at the restaurants, with no greater right than the others have to feed poorly and cheaply from their paper boxes. In the Plaisance, weary old farmwives and delicate women of the artisan class make way uncomplainingly for the ladies and gentlemen who can afford to hire wheeled chairs. As meekly and quietly they loiter by the shores of the lagoon and watch those who can pay to float upon their waters in the gondolas and electric launches. Everywhere the economic inequality is as passively accepted as if it were a



natural inequality, like difference in height or strength, or as if it were something of immemorial privilege, like birth and the feudal countries of Europe. Yet, if one of these economically inferior Americans were told that he was not the peer of any and every other American, he would resent it as the grossest insult, such is the power of the inveterate political illusion in which the nation has been bred.

The banker and I sat long over our supper, in the graveled court of Old Vienna, talking of these things, and enjoying a bottle of delicate Rhenish wine under the mild September moon, not quite put out of countenance by the electric lamps. The gay parties about us broke up one after another, till we were left almost alone, and the watchman in his mediæval dress, with a halberd in one hand, and a lantern in the other, came round to call the hour for the last time. Then my friend beckoned to the waiter for the account, and while the man stood figuring it up, the banker said to me: "Well, you must come to Boston a hundred years hence, to the next Columbian Fair, and we will show you every body trundled about and fed at the public expense. I suppose that's what you would like to see?"

"It is what we always see in Altruria," I answered. "I haven't the least doubt it will be so with you in much less than a hundred years."

The banker was looking at the account the waiter handed him. He broke into an absent laugh, and then said to me, "I beg your pardon! You were saying?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered, and then, as he took out his pocket-book to pay, he laid the bill on the table, and I could not help seeing what our little supper had cost him. It was twelve dollars; and I was breathless; it seemed to me that two would have been richly enough.

"They give you a good meal here, don't you think?" he said. "But the worst of having dined or supped well is reflecting that if you hadn't you could have given ten or twelve fellows, who will have to go to bed supperless, a handsome surfeit; that you could have bought twenty-five hungry men a full meal each; that you could have supplied forty-eight with plenty; that you could have relieved the famine of a hundred and twenty-four. But what is the use? If you think of these things you have no peace of your life!"

I could not help answering, "We don't have to think of them in Altruria."

"Ah, I dare say," answered the banker, as he tossed the waiter a dollar, and we rose and strolled out into the Plaisance. "If all men were unselfish, I should agree with you that Altrurianism was best."

"You can't have unselfishness till you have Altrurianism," I returned. "You can't put the cart before the horse."

"Oh, yes, we can," he returned in his tone of banter. "We always put the cart before the horse in America, so that the horse can see where the cart is going."

We strolled up and down the Plaisance, where the crowd had thinned to a few stragglers like ourselves. Most of the show villages were silenced for the night. The sob of the Javanese water-wheel was hushed; even the hubbub of the Chinese theater had ceased. The Samoans slept in their stucco huts; the Bedouins were

folded to slumber in their black tents. The great Ferris wheel hung motionless with its lamps like a planetary circle of fire in the sky. It was a moment that invited to musing, that made a tacit companionship precious. By an impulse to which my own feeling instantly responded, my friend passed his arm through mine.

"Don't let us go home at all! Let us go over and sleep in the peristyle. I have never slept in a peristyle, and I have a fancy for trying it. Now, don't tell me you always sleep in peristyles in Altruria!"

I answered that we did not habitually, at least, and he professed that this was some comfort to him; and then he went on to talk more seriously about the Fair, and the effect that it must have upon American civilization. He said that he hoped for an æsthetic effect from it, rather than any fresh impulse in material enterprise, which he thought the country did not need. It had inventions enough, millionaires enough, prosperity enough; the great mass of the people lived as well and travelled as swiftly as they could desire. Now what they needed was some standard of taste, and this was what the Fair City would give them. He thought that it would at once have a great influence upon architecture, and sober and refine the artists who were to house the people; and that one might expect to see everywhere a return to the simplicity and beauty of the classic forms, after so much mere wandering and maundering in design, without authority or authenticity.

I heartily agreed with him in condemning the most that had yet been done in architecture in America, but I tried to make him observe that the simplicity of Greek architecture came out of the simplicity of Greek life, and the preference given in the Greek state to the intellectual over the industrial, to art over business. I pointed out that until there was some enlightened municipal or national control of the matter, no excellence of example could avail, but that the classicism of the Fair City would become, among a wilful and undisciplined people, a fad with the rich and a folly with the poor, and not a real taste with either class. I explained how with us the state absolutely forbade any man to aggrieve or insult the rest by the exhibition of his ignorance in the exterior of his dwelling, and how finally architecture had become a government function, and fit dwellings were provided for all by artists who approved themselves to the public criticism. I ventured so far as to say that the whole competitive world, with the exception of a few artists, had indeed lost the sense of beauty, and I even added that the Americans as a people seemed never to have had it at all.

He was not offended, as I had feared he might be, but asked me with perfect good nature what I meant.

"Why, I mean that the Americans came into the world too late to have inherited that influence from the antique world which was lost even in Europe, when in mediæval times the picturesque barbarously substituted itself for the beautiful, and a feeling for the quaint grew up in place of love for the perfect."

"I don't understand, quite," he said, but I'm interested. Go on!"

"Why," I went on, "I have heard people rave over the beauty of the Fair City, and then go and rave over the beauty of the German village, or of Old Vienna, in the Plaisance. They were cultivated people, too; but they did not seem to know that the reproduction of a feudal castle or of a street in the taste of the middle ages, could not be beautiful, and could at the best be only picturesque. Old Vienna is no more beautiful than the Javanese village, and the German village outrivals the Samoan village only in its greater adaptability to the purposes of the painter. There is in your modern competitive world very little beauty anywhere, but there is an abundance of picturesqueness, of forms that may be reflected upon canvas, and impart the charm of their wild irregularity to all who look at the picture, though many who enjoy it there would fail of it in a study of the original. I will go so far as to say that there are points in New York, intrinsically so hideous that it makes me shudder to recall them—"

"*Don't* recall them!" he pleaded.

"Which would be much more capable of pictorial treatment than the Fair City, here," I continued. We had in fact got back to the Court of Honor, in the course of our talk, which I have only sketched here in the meagerest abstract. The incandescent lamps had been

A CORNER OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

quenched, and the arc-lights below and the moon above flooded the place with one silver, and the absence of the crowds that had earlier thronged it, left it to a solitude indescribably solemn and sweet. In that light, it was like a ghost of the antique world witnessing a loveliness lost to modern times everywhere but in our own happy country.

I felt that silence would have been a fitter tribute to it than any words of mine, but my companion prompted me with an eager, "Well!" and I went on.

"This beauty that we see here is not at all picturesque. If a painter were to attempt to treat it picturesquely, he must abandon it in despair, because the charm of the picturesque is in irregularity, and the charm of the beautiful is in symmetry, in just proportion, in equality. You Americans do not see that the work of man, who is the crown of animate life, can only be beautiful as it approaches the regularity expressive of beauty in that life. Any breathing thing that wants perfect balance of form or feature is in so far ulgy; it is offensive and ridiculous, just as a perfectly balanced tree or hill would be. Nature is picturesque, but what man creates should be beautiful, or else it is inferior. Since the Greeks, no people have divined this but the Altrurians, until now; and I do not believe that you would have begun to guess at it as you certainly have here, but for the spread of our ideas among you, and I do not believe this example will have any lasting effect with you unless you become Altrurianized. The highest quality of beauty is a spiritual quality."

"I don't know precisely how far I have followed you," said my companion, who seemed struck by a novelty in truisms which are so trite with us, "but I certainly feel that there is something in what you say. You are probably right in your notion that the highest quality of beauty is a spiritual quality, and I should like very much to know what you think that spiritual quality is here."

"The quality of self-sacrifice in the capitalists who gave their money, and in the artists who gave their talent without hope of material return, but only for the pleasure of authorizing and creating beauty that shall last forever in the memory of those it has delighted."

The banker smiled compassionately.

"Ah, my dear fellow, you must realize that this was only a spurt. It could be

done once, but it couldn't be kept up."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because people have got to live, even capitalists and artists have got to live, and they couldn't live by giving away wealth and giving away work, in our conditions."

"But you will change the conditions!"

"I doubt it," said the banker with another laugh. One of the Columbian guards passed near us, and faltered a little in his walk. "Do you want us to go out?" asked my friend.

"No," the young fellow hesitated. "Oh no!" and he continued his round.

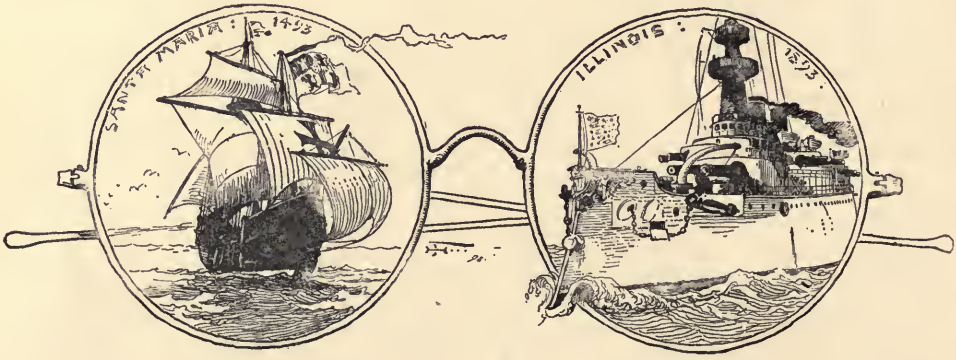
"He hadn't the heart to turn us out," said the banker, "he would hate so to be turned out himself. I wonder what will become of all the poor fellows who are concerned in the government of the Fair City when they have to return to earth! It will be rough on them." He lifted his head, and cast one long look upon the miracle about us. "Good heavens!" he broke out, "And when they shut up shop, here, will all this beauty have to be destroyed, this fabric of a vision demolished? It would be infamous, it would be sacrilegious! I have heard some talk of their burning it, as the easiest way, the only way of getting rid of it. But it musn't be, it can't be."

"No, it can't be," I responded fervently. "It may be rapt from sight in the flames like the prophet in his chariot of fire; but it will remain still in the hearts of your great people. An immortal principle, higher than use, higher even than beauty, is expressed in it, and the time will come when they will look back upon it, and recognize in it the first embodiment of the Altrurian idea among them, and will cherish it forever in their history, as the earliest achievement of a real civic life."

I believe this, my dear Cyril, and I leave it with you as my final word concerning the great Columbian Fair.

Yours in all brotherly affection,

A. Homos.



ONE FATHERLAND.

FOR THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS PARLIAMENT.

By Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Flags of all nations waving to and fro,
Leave God's blue cloud-flag floating far above:
From One, we all have come; to One we go,
Whose "banner over all of us, is Love."

AMERICAN NOTES.

IN THE YEAR OF THE FAIR.

By Walter Besant.

II.

WHEN a man has received kindnesses unexpected and recognition unlooked for from strangers and people in a foreign country on whom he had no kind of claim, it seems a mean and pitiful thing in that man to sit down in cold blood and pick out the faults and imperfections, if he can descry any, in that country. The "cad with a kodak"—where did I find that happy collocation?—is to be found everywhere; that is quite certain; every traveller, as is well known, feels himself justified after six weeks of a country to sit in judgment upon that country and its institutions, its manners, its customs and its society; he constitutes himself an authority upon that country for the rest of his life. Do we not know the man who "has been there?" Lord Palmerston knew him. "Beware," he used to say "of the man who has been there!" As Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs he was privileged to make quite a circle of acquaintance with the men who "had been there;" and he estimated their experience at its true value.

The man who has been there very seldom speaks its language with so much ease as to understand all classes; he has therefore no real chance of seeing and understanding things otherwise than as they seem. When an Englishman travels in America, however, he can speak the language. Therefore, he thinks that he really does understand the things he sees. Does he? Let us consider. To understand the true meaning of things in any strange land is not to see certain things by themselves, but to be able to see them in their relation to other things. Thus, the question of price must be taken with the question of wage; that of supply with that of demand; that of things done with the national opinion on such things; that of the continued existence of certain recognized evils with the conditions and exigencies of the time; and so on. Before an observer can understand the relative value of this or that he must make a long and sometimes a profound study into the history of the country, the growth of the people, and the present condition of the country. It is obvious that it is given to very few visitors to conduct such an investigation. Most of them have no time; very, very few have the intellectual grasp necessary for an undertaking of this magnitude. It is obvious, therefore, that the criticism of a two months' traveller must be worthless generally, and impertinent almost always. The kodak, you see, in the hands of the cad, produces mischievous and misleading pictures.

Let us take one or two familiar instances of the dangers of hasty objection. Nothing worries the average American visitor to Great Britain more than the House of Lords, and, generally, the national distinctions. He sees very plainly that the House of Lords no longer represents an aristocracy of ancient descent, because by far the greater number of peers belong to modern creations and new families, chiefly of the trading class; that it no longer represents the men of whom the country has most reason to be proud, because out of the whole domain of science, letters and art there have been but two creations in the whole history of the peerage. He sees, also, that an Englishman has, apparently, only to make enough money in order to command a peerage for himself, and the elevation to a separate caste of himself and his children forever. Again, as regards the lower distinctions, he perceives that they are given for this reason and for that reason; but that he knows nothing at all of the services rendered to the State by the dozens of knights made every year, but, which he can see very well, that the men of real distinction, whom he does know, never get any distinctions at all. These difficulties perplex and irritate him. Probably he goes home with a hasty generalization.

But the answer to these objections is not difficult. Without posing as a champion of the House of Lords, one may point out that it is a very ancient and deep-rooted institution; that to pull it up would cost an immense deal of trouble; that it gives us a second or upper house, quite free from the acknowledged dangers of popular election; that the lords have long ceased to oppose themselves to changes once clearly and unmistakably demanded by the nation; that the hereditary powers actually exercised by the very small number of peers who sit in the House do give us an average exhibition of brain power quite equal to that found in the House of Commons, in which are the six hundred chosen delegates of the people; that, as regards the elevation of rich men, a poor man cannot well accept a peerage, because custom does not permit a peer to work for his livelihood; that it is necessary to create new peers continually, in order to keep as close a connection as possible between the Lords and the Commons: e. g., if a peer has a hundred brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, cousins, they are all commoners and he is the one peer, so that for six hundred peers there may be a hundred thousand people closely allied to the House of Lords. Again, as to the habitual contempt with which the advisers of the crown pass over the men who by their science, art and literature bring honor upon their generation, the answer is, that when the newspaper press thinks fit to take up the subject and becomes as jealous over the national distinctions as they are now over the national finances, the thing will get itself righted. And not till then. I instance this point and these objections as illustrating what is often said, and thought, by American visitors who record their first impressions.

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

The same kind of danger, of course, awaits the English traveller in America. If he is an unwise traveller, he will note, for admiring or indignant quotation, many a thing which the wise traveller notes only with a query and the intention of finding out, if he can, what it means or why it is permitted. The first questions, in fact, for the student of manners and laws are why a thing is permitted, encouraged, or practiced; how the thing in consideration affects the people who practice it, and how they regard it. Thus, to go back to ancient history, English people, forty years ago, could not understand how slavery was allowed to continue in the States. We ourselves had virtuously given freedom to all our slaves; why should not the Americans? We had not grown up under the institution, you see; we had little personal knowledge of the negro; we believed that, in spite of the discouraging examples in Hayti and that of our own Jamaica, there was a splendid future for the black, if only he could be free and educated. Again, none of our people realized, until the Civil war actually broke

out, the enormous magnitude of the interests involved; we had read Uncle Tom's Cabin, and our hearts glowed with virtuous indignation; we could not understand the enormous difficulties of the question. Finally, we succeeded in enraging the South against us before the war began, because of our continual outcry against slavery; and in enraging the North after the war began, by reason of our totally unexpected Southern sympathies. It is a curious history of wrongheadedness and ignorance.

WHAT! CAVIL AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS?

This was a big thing. The things which the English traveller in the States now notices are little things; as life is made up of little things, he is noting differences all day long, because everything that he sees is different. Speech is different: the manner of enunciating the words is different; it is clearer, slower, more grammatical; among the better sort it is more careful; it is even academical. We English speak thickly, far back in the throat, the voice choked by beard and moustache, and we speak much more carelessly. Then the way of living at the hotels is different; the rooms are much—very much—better furnished than would be found in towns of corresponding size in England: e. g., at Providence, Rhode Island, which is not a large city, there is a hotel which is most beautifully furnished; and at Buffalo, which is a city half the size of Birmingham, the hotel is perhaps better furnished than any hotel in London. An immense menu is placed before the visitor for breakfast and dinner. There is an embarrassment of choice. Perhaps it is insular prejudice which makes one prefer the simple menu, the limited choice and the plain food of the English hotels. At least, rightly or wrongly, the English hotels appear to the English traveller the more comfortable. I return to the differences. In the preparation and the serving of food there are differences—the midday meal, far more in America than in England, is the national dinner. In most American hotels that received us we found the evening meal called supper—and a very inferior spread it was, compared to the one o'clock service. In the drinks there is a difference—the iced water which forms so welcome a part of every meal in the States, is generally the only drink; it is not common, out of the great cities, to see claret on the table. There are differences in the conduct of the trains and in the form of the railway carriages; differences in the despatch and securing of luggage; difference in the railway whistle; difference in the management of the station; until one knows the way about, travelling in America is a continual trial to the temper. Until, for instance, an understanding of the manners and customs in this respect has been attained, the conveyance of the luggage to the hotel is a ruinous expense. And unless one understands the rough usage of luggage on American lines, there will be further trials of temper over the breakage of things. In France and Italy such small differences do not exasperate, because they are known to exist; one expects them; they are benighted foreigners who know no better. But in America, where they speak our own language, one seems to have a right, somehow, to expect that all the usages will be exactly the same—and they are not; and so the cad with the kodak gets his chance.

I can quite understand, even at this day, the making of a book which should hold up to ridicule the whole of a nation on account of these differences. "The Americans a great nation? Why, sir, I could not get—the whole time that I was there—such a simple thing as English mustard. The Americans a great nation? Well, sir, all I can say is that their breakfast in the Wagner car is a greasy pretense. The Americans a great nation? They may be, sir; but all I can say is that there isn't such a thing—that I could discover—as an honest bar-parlor, where a man can have his pipe and his grog in comfort." And so on—the kind of thing may be multiplied indefinitely. What Mrs. Trollope did sixty years ago might be done again.

But, if I had the time, I would write the companion volume—that of the American in England—in which it should be proved, after the same fashion, that this poor old country is in the last stage of decay, because we have compartment carriages on the railway; no checks for the

luggage ; no electric trolleys in the street ; at the hotels no elaborate menu, but only a simple dinner of fish and roast-beef; no iced water ; an established church (the clergy all bursting with fatness) ; a House of Lords (all profligates), and a Queen who chops off heads when so disposed. It would also be noted, as proving the contemptible decay of the country, that a large proportion of the lower classes omit the aspirate ; that rough holiday-makers laugh and sing and play the accordion as they take their trips abroad ; that the factory girls wear hideous hats and feathers ; that all classes drink beer, and that men are often seen rolling drunk in the streets. Nor would the American traveller in Great Britain fail to observe, with the scorn of a moralist, the political corruption of the time ; he would hold up to the contempt of the world the statesman who with the utmost vehemence condemns a movement one day which, on the following day, in order to gain votes and recover power, he adopts and with equal vehemence advocates ; he would ask what can be the moral standards of a country where a great party turns right round, at the bidding of their leader, and follows him like a flock of sheep, applauding, voting, advocating as he bids them : today, this—tomorrow, its opposite.

These things and more will be found in that book of the American in England when it appears. You see how small and worthless and prejudiced would be such a volume. Well, it is precisely such a volume that the ordinary traveller is capable of writing. All the things that I have mentioned are accidentals ; they are differences which mean nothing ; they are not essentials ; what I wish to show is that he who would think rightly of a country must disregard the accidentals and get at the essentials. What follows is my own attempt—which I am well aware must be of the smallest account—to feel my way to two or three essentials.

First and foremost, one essential is that the country is full of youth. I have discovered this for myself, and I have learned what the fact means and how it affects the country. I had heard this said over and over again. It used to irritate me to hear a monotonous repetition of the words, "Sir, we are a young country." Young? At least, it is three hundred years old ; nor was it till I had passed through New England, and seen Buffalo and Chicago—those cities which stand between the east and the west—and was able to think and compare, that I began to understand the reality and the meaning of those words, which have now become so real and mean so much. It is not that the cities are new and the buildings put up yesterday ; it is in the atmosphere of buoyancy, elation, self-reliance and energy, which one drinks in everywhere, that this sense of youth is apprehended. It is youth full of confidence. Is there such a thing anywhere in America as poverty or the fear of poverty? I do not think so. Men may be hard up or even stone broke ; there are slums ; there are hard-worked women ; but there is no general fear of poverty. In the old countries the fear of poverty lies on all hearts like lead. To be sure, such a fear is a survival in England. In the last century the strokes of fate were sudden and heavy, and a merchant sitting today in a place of great honor and repute, an authority on change, would find himself on the morrow in the Marshalsea or the Fleet, a prisoner for life ; once down a man could not recover ; he spent the rest of his life in captivity; he and his descendants, to the third and fourth generations—for it was as unlucky to be the son of a bankrupt as the son of a convict—grovelled in the gutter. There is no longer a Marshalsea, or a Fleet prison ; but the dread of failure survives. In the States that dread seems practically absent.

Again, youth is extravagant ; spends with both hands ; cannot hear of economy ; burns the candle at both ends ; eats the corn while it is green ; trades upon the future ; gives bills at long dates without hesitation ; and while the golden flood rolls past takes what it wants and sends out its sons to help themselves. Why should youth make provisions for the sons of youth? The world is young ; the riches of the world are beyond counting ; they belong to the young ; let us work ; let us spend ; let us enjoy, for youth is the time for work and for enjoyment.

In youth, again, one is careless about little things ; they will right themselves : persons of the baser sort pervert the freedom of the country to their own uses : they make corners and rings and steal the money of the municipality : never

mind; some day, when we have time, we will straighten things out. In youth, also, one is tempted to gallant apparel, bravery of show, a defiant bearing, gold and lace and color. In cities this tendency of youth is shown by great buildings and big institutions. In youth there is a natural exaggeration in talk: hence the spread eagle of which we hear so much. Then everything which belongs to youth must be better — beyond comparison better — than everything that belongs to age. In the last century, if you like, youth followed and imitated age; it is the note of this, our country, that youth is always advancing and stepping ahead of age. Even in the daily press the youth of the country shows itself. Let age sit down and meditate; let such a paper as the London Times — that old, old paper — give every day three labored and thoughtful essays written by scholars and philosophers on the topics of the day. It is not for youth to ponder over the meaning and the tendencies of things; it is for youth to act, to make history, to push things along; therefore let the papers record everything that passes; perhaps when the country is old, when the time comes for meditation, the London Times may be imitated, and even a weekly collection of essays, such as the Saturday Review or the Spectator, may be successfully started in the United States. Again, youth is apt to be jealous over its own pretensions. Perhaps this quality also might be illustrated; but, for obvious reasons, we will not press this point. Lastly, youth knows nothing of the time which came immediately before itself. It is not till comparatively late in life that a man connects his own generation—his own history—with that which preceded him. When does the history of the United States begin—not for the man of letters or the professor of history—but for the average man? It begins when the Union begins: not before. There is a very beautiful and very noble history before the Union. But it is shared with Great Britain. There is a period of gallant and victorious war—but beside the colonials marched King George's red-coats. There was a brave struggle for supremacy, and the French were victoriously driven out—but it was by English fleets and with the help of English soldiers. Therefore, the average American mind refuses to dwell on this period. His country must spring at once, full armed into the world. His country must be all his own. He wants no history, if you please, in which any other country has also a share.

In a word, America seems to present all the possible characteristics of youth. It is buoyant, confident, extravagant, ardent, elated and proud. It lives in the present. The young men of twenty-one cannot believe in coming age; people do get to fifty, he believes; but, for himself, age is so far off that he need not consider it. I observed the youthfulness of America even in New England, but the country as one got farther west seemed to become more youthful. At Chicago, I suppose, no one owns to more than five-and-twenty, youth is infectious. I felt myself while in the city much under that age.

Let us pass to another point—also an essential—the flaunting of the flag. I had the honor of assisting at the "Sollemnia Academica," the commencement of Harvard on the 28th of June last. I believe that Harvard is the richest, as it is also the oldest of American universities; it is also the largest in point of numbers. The function was celebrated in the college theater; it was attended by the governor of the State with the lieutenant-governor and his aides-de-camp; there was a notable gathering on the stage or platform, consisting of the president, professors and governors of the university, together with those men of distinction whom the university proposed to honor with a degree. The floor, or pit, of the house was filled with the commencing bachelors; the gallery was crowded with spectators, chiefly ladies. After the ceremony we were invited to assist at the dinner given by the students to the president and a company among whom it was a distinction for a stranger to sit. The ceremony of conferring degrees was interesting to an Englishman and a member of the older Cam-

bridge, because it contained certain points of detail which had certainly been brought over by Harvard himself, the founder, from the old to the new Cambridge. The dinner, or luncheon, was interesting for the speeches, for which it was the occasion and the excuse. The president, for his part, reported the addition of $750,000 to the wealth of the college and called attention to the very remarkable feature of modern American liberality in the lavish gifts and endowments going on all over the States to colleges and places of learning. He said that it was unprecedented in history. With submissions to the learned president, not quite without precedent. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries witnessed a similiar spirit in the foundation and endowment of colleges and schools in England and Scotland. About half the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and three out of the four Scottish universities belong to the period. Still, it is very remarkable, to find this new largeness of mind. Since one has received great fortune, let this wealth be passed on, not to make a son into an idle man, but to endow, with the best gifts of learning and science, generation after generation of men born for work. We who are ourselves so richly endowed and have been so richly endowed for four hundred years, have no need to envy Harvard all her wealth. We may applaud the spirit which seeks not to enrich a family but to advance the nation; all the more because we have many instances of a similiar spirit in our own country. It is not the further endowment of Oxford and Cambridge that is continued by one rich man, but the foundation of new colleges, art galleries and schools of art. Angerstein, Vernon, Alexander, Tate, are some of our benefactors in art.

AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

The endowments of Owens college, the Mason college, the Firth college, University college, London, are gifts of private persons. Since we do not produce rich men so freely as America, our endowments are neither so many nor so great; but the spirit of endowment is with us as well.

Presently, one observed, at this dinner, a note of difference which afterwards gave food for reflection. It was this: All the speakers, one after the other, without exception, referred to the free institutions of the nation, to the duty of citizens, and especially to the responsibilities of those who were destined by the training and education of this venerable college to become the leaders of the country. Nothing whatever was said, by any of the speakers, on the achievements in scholarship, literature, or science made by former scholars of the college; nothing was said of the promise in learning or science of the young men now beginning the world. Now a year or so ago, the Master and Fellows of a certain college, of the older Cambridge, bade to a feast as many of the old members of that college as would fill the hall. It was, of course, a very much smaller hall than that of Harvard, but it was still a venerable college, the mother, so to speak, of Emmanuel, and therefore the grandmother of Harvard. The Master, in his speech, after dinner, spoke about nothing but the glories of the college in its long list of worthies and the very remarkable number of men, either living or recently passed away, whose work in the world had brought distinction to themselves and honor to the college. In short, the college only existed in his mind, and in the minds of those present, for the advancement of learning, nor was there any other consideration possible for him in connection with the college. Is there, then, another view of Harvard college? There must be. The speakers suggested this new and American view. The college, if my supposed discovery is true, is regarded as a place which is to furnish the State, not with scholars, for whom there will always be a very limited demand, but with a large and perennial supply of men of liberal education and sound principles, whose chief duty shall be the maintenance of the freedom to which they are born, and a steady opposition to the corruption into which all free institutions readily fall without unceasing watchfulness. This thing I advance with some hesitation. But it explains the inflated patriotism of the carefully prepared speech

of the governor and the political (not partisan) spirit of all the other speakers. Oxford and Cambridge have long furnished the country with a learned clergy, a learned bar, and (but this is past) a learned House of Commons. The tradition of learning lingers still; nay—they are centers of learning beyond comparison with any other universities in the world. Harvard also, I suppose, provides a learned clergy; but its principal function, as its rulers seem to think, is to send out into the world every year a great body of young men fully equipped to be leaders in the country; this is its chief glory; to do this effectively, I take it, is the chief desire of the president and the society.

It cannot be denied that this is a very important duty; much more important, for a special reason, in the States than it is in Great Britain. I used to marvel, before making these observations, at the constant flying of the stars and stripes everywhere; at the continual reminding as to freedom. "Are there," one asks, "no other countries in the world which are free? In what single point is the freedom of the American greater than the freedom of the Briton, the Canadian, or the Australian?" In none, certainly. Yet we are not forever waving the Union Jack everywhere and calling each other brothers in our glorious liberty. Well: but let us think. In so vast a population, spread over so many states, each State being a different country, there will always be ignorant men, men ready to give up everything for a selfish advantage: there must always be a danger unless it be continually met and beaten down, that the United may become the dis-United States. Why, European statesmen used to look forward confidently to the disruption of the States from the Declaration of Independence, down to the Civil war. It was a commonplace that the country must inevitably fall to pieces. The very possibility of a disruption is now not even thought of: the thing is never mentioned. Why is this? Surely, because the idea of federation is not only taught and ground in at the elementary schools, but because the flag of federation is always displayed as the chief glory of the nation at every place where two or three Americans are gathered together. The symbol you see is unmistakable: it means Union, once for all; the word, the idea, the symbol, it must be always kept before the eyes of the people; it is in the wisdom of the rulers that the stars and stripes are forever flaunted before the eyes of the people.

And it is not only the ignorant and the selfish among Americans themselves; it is the vast number of immigrants, increasing by half a million every year, who have to be taught what citizenship means. The outward symbol is the readiest teacher; let them never forget that they live under the stars and stripes; let them learn — German, Norwegian, Italian, Irish—

what it means to belong to the Great Republic. Is this all that a two months' visitor can bring away from America? It is the most important part of my plunder. What else has been gathered up is hardly worth talking about, in comparison with these two discoveries which are, after all, perhaps only useful to myself: the discovery of the real youthfulness of the country and the discovery of the real meaning and the necessity of the spread-eagle speeches and the flaunting of the flag in season and out of season. It may seem a small thing to learn, but the lesson has wholly changed my point of view. The fact is perhaps hardly worth recording; it matters little what a single Englishman thinks; but if he can induce others to think with him, or to modify their views in the same direction, it may matter a great deal.

And, of course, an Englishman must think of his own future—that of his own country. Before many years the United Kingdom must inevitably undergo great changes: the vastness of the Empire will vanish; Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa will fall away and will become independent republics; what these little islands will become then, I know not. What will become of the English-speaking races, thus firmly planted over the whole globe, is a more important question. If a man had the voice of the silver-mouthed Father, if a man had the inspiration of a prophet, it would be a small thing for that man to consecrate and expend all his life, all his strength, all his soul, in the creation of a great federation of English-speaking peoples. There should be no war of tariffs between them; there should be no possibility of dispute between them; there should be as many nations separate and distinct as might please to call themselves nations; it should make no difference whether Canada was the separate dominion of Canada, or a part of the United States; it should make no difference whether Great Britain and Ireland were a monarchy or a republic. The one thing of importance would be an indestructible alliance for offense and defense among the people who have inherited the best part of the whole world. This alliance can best be forwarded by a promotion of friendship between private persons; by a constant advocacy in the press of all the countries concerned; and by the feeling, to be cultivated everywhere, that such a confederation would present to the world the greatest, the strongest, wealthiest, most highly cultivated confederacy of nations that ever existed. It would be permanent, because there would be no war of aggression of tariffs, or of personal quarrel; no territorial ambitions; no conflict of kings.

Naturally, I was not called upon to speak at the Harvard dinner. Had I spoken, I should like to have said: "Men of Harvard, grandsons of that benignant mother—still young—who sits crowned with laurels, ever fresh, on the sedgy bank of Granta, think of the country from which your fathers have sprung. Go out into the world—your world of youthful endeavor and success; do your best to bring the hearts of the people whom you will have to lead back to their kin across the seas to east and west—over the Atlantic and over the Pacific. Do your best to bring about the indestructible fraternity of the whole English-speaking races. Do this in the sacred name of that freedom of which you have this day heard so much, and of that Christianity to which by the very stamp and seal of your college you are the avowed and sworn servants. Rah!"

APRÈS.

By Guy de Maupassant.

"COME, dears," said the countess, "it is time to go to bed."

The two children, a girl of eleven and a boy of seven, rose and went to kiss their grandmother. Then they turned to say good-night to the curé, who had dined at the château, as was his wont every Thursday.

Taking them both upon his knees, the Abbé Mauduit encircled their necks with his long arms, clad in black, and drawing their heads gently together, pressed a long and tender kiss upon their foreheads, as a father might have done.

Then he let them go, and the two little beings ran off, the boy in advance, the girl following.

"You are fond of children, father," said the countess.

"Very, madame."

The old lady raised her clear eyes and fixed them upon the priest.

"And . . . . has your

I SAW HIM KNOCKED DOWN BY THE HOOFS OF THE LEADERS.

solitude never weighed upon you?''

"Yes, at times."

He hesitated and was silent for a moment; then he added: "But I was not made for every-day life."

"What do you know about it?"

"Oh, I know very well what it is. But, you see, I was born a priest, and I have followed my vocation."

The countess was still observing him.

"Come, father, tell me about it. Tell me why you decided to renounce all which makes *us* love life, all which consoles and sustains us. We have known each other twenty years, have we not? Certainly I can ask you such a question. What impelled you, what led you to abandon the great highway of marriage and family which we follow so naturally? You are not an enthusiast, a fanatic, a pessimist, nor a misanthrope. Was it an event, or some sorrow, which decided you upon taking these eternal vows?"

The Abbé Mauduit drew his chair to the hearth, stretching to the fire his feet, on which he wore the coarse shoes of a country priest. He still seemed reluctant to reply.

He was a large, old man, with white hair, who had served the commune Saint-Antoine-du-Rocher for twenty years.

The peasants used to say of him:

"There's a fine fellow for you!"

He was indeed such—benevolent, kindly, sweet-tempered, and, above all, generous. Like Saint Martin, he would have divided his cloak with a beggar. He was easily moved to laughter, and as easily to tears, as a woman is; which injured him somewhat in the estimation of the rough country folk.

The old Countess de Saville, who, after the death of her son and daughter-in-law, had retired to the Château du Rocher in order to educate her two grandchildren, was very fond of the curé; she used to say of him: "He has a heart of gold."

Every Thursday he came to spend the evening with her, and they were united by that sincere and frank friendship which belongs to old age. Only a word was needed for them to understand each other on almost any subject, for they both possessed the plain, straightforward goodness of honest hearts.

The countess insisted.

"Come, father, confess in your turn."

"I was not made to live the life others live," he repeated; "fortunately I discovered it in time, and I have often felt that in this respect I was not mistaken.

"My parents, well-to-do mercers of Verdiers, were very ambitious for me. When quite young, I was sent to a boarding-school. What a child can suffer, simply from separation and loneliness, no one knows half the time. This monotonous life, so void of affection, is good for some, for others it is detestable. The heart of a child is often far more sensitive than one thinks, and in shutting them off too early from those they love, one may develop an excessive sensibility, which becomes morbid and dangerous.

"I was not fond of games, I had few comrades, and knew many a homesick hour. At night, on my bed, I used to weep, racking my brain for memories of home, insignificant memories of trifling things and events. I dwelt constantly on all I had left there. Little by little, I became morbidly sensitive, so that the most ordinary things were to me frightful trials.

"Then, too, I was taciturn, shut up in myself, uncommunicative and without confidants. This working of an introspective nature went on silently and surely. The nerves of children are easily excited; one ought to see that they live in profound peace, until their characters are almost completely formed. But who thinks of that? Who remembers that for some boys a slight punishment may cause as much sorrow as the death of a friend does in later life? Who realizes that some young souls experience terrible emotions for a mere nothing, and become in a short time affected beyond cure?

"This was the case with me; the tendency to grieve developed in me to such an extent that my whole existence became a martyrdom. I did not speak of it—I said nothing; but gradually I became so sensitive that my heart was like an open wound. Everything which touched it caused a shudder of pain, a terrible quivering, and therefore wrought real injury.

"Happy are those whom nature has protected with indifference and armed with stoicism!

"I reached my eighteenth year. Out of this capacity to suffer sprang an excessive timidity. Feeling that I was de-

fenseless before the attacks of chance and destiny, I shrank from every contact, from every approach. I was always on the alert, as if constantly threatened by some unknown but ever-expected misfortune. I did not dare to speak or act in the presence of others. I had the distinct feeling that life was a battle, a frightful struggle, in which terrible blows were given and mortal wounds were received. Instead of cherishing, as others do, a hope for to-morrow's happiness, I felt only a confused fear, the desire to hide myself, to avoid that combat in which I was sure to be defeated and slain.

"My studies being finished, I was given six months of vacation in which to choose a profession. A very trifling circumstance revealed myself to me, showed me the morbid condition of my mind, made me understand my danger, and decided me to fly from it.

* * *

"Verdiers is a small town, surrounded by wooded plains. The main street, on which my parents lived, traversed the town from one end to the other, terminating at both extremities in the open country. At this time I spent my days out of doors, far from the home which I had so missed and desired. My heart was full of dreams, and I used to wander in the fields alone, to give them freedom and flight.

"My father and mother, immersed in their business and preoccupied with my future, talked of nothing but their sales, and of plans for my future. Matter-of-fact people, as they were, with a practical turn of mind, they loved me with the head rather than with the heart. I lived alone, shut into my own thoughts, a prey to my own restlessness.

"One evening, after a long walk, as I was hurrying homeward in order not to be late, I saw a dog running towards me. He was a kind of spaniel, thin, of a reddish color, with long, curly ears.

"When about ten paces off, he stopped, and I did the same. Then he began to wag his tail and to draw nearer, with short steps and timid movements of the body, crouching on his paws and moving his head gently from side to side, as if imploring my pity. When I called him, he crept toward me in so humble, so pitiful, so supplicating a manner, that I felt the tears spring to my eyes. When I advanced, he ran away. But he came back again, and I knelt on one knee, calling him in gentle tones in order to give him confidence. At last he came within reach of my hand, and with infinite precautions I softly stroked him.

"Finally he took courage, rose little by little from his crouching posture, placed his paws upon my shoulders, and began to lick my face.

"Afterwards he followed me home.

"This was really the first living thing which I loved passionately, for the reason that my affection was returned. My fondness for this little animal was certainly exaggerated and ridiculous. In some confused way, I felt that we were brothers, lost in the world, each as solitary and defenseless as the other. Thereafter he never left me, sleeping at the foot of my bed, eating from the table, in spite of the objections of my parents, and following me in my lonely walks.

"I often stopped beside some ditch, to sit down upon the grass; and instantly Sam would run to me, lying down by my side or on my knees, and lifting my hand with his nose to solicit a caress.

"One day, near the end of June, as we were walking along the road to Saint Pierre de Chavrol, I saw the diligence from Raverau approaching It was coming at a gallop, with its four horses, its yellow body, and black leather top covering the outside seats like a cap. The driver was cracking his whip, and the dust rose from the wheels of the heavy vehicle, floating away beyond like a cloud.

"Suddenly, just as it reached me, Sam, frightened perhaps by the noise, and wishing to join me, ran directly in front of it. I saw him knocked down by the hoofs of the leaders, roll over, turn, rise and fall again under all those feet,—then the coach gave two quick jolts, and in the dust behind it I saw something quivering on the road.

"He was almost cut in two, and his intestines protruded, staining the road with blood. He made an effort to rise, to walk, but he could only move his fore-paws, which scratched the ground as if digging a hole; the hind-paws were already lifeless, and, mad with pain, he howled terribly.

"In a few moments he was dead.

"I cannot tell you how I felt or suffered. For a month I did not leave my room.

"One evening, my father, irritated by my conduct over such a trifle, cried: 'What will you do when you have a real grief, when you lose a wife or child? . . . Was ever any one so silly?'

"From that day to this his words rang in my ears and haunted my memory: 'What will you do when you have a real grief—when you lose a wife or child?'

"I began to understand myself clearly. I saw why all the little nothings of every day acquired in my eyes the importance of catastrophes. I recognized the fact that I was born with a capacity for every form of suffering, that I was doomed by my morbid sensitiveness to receive and exaggerate every painful impression; and a terrible fear of life laid hold of me. I was without passions, without ambitions, and I resolved to sacrifice the possible joys reserved for me, in order to escape the certain sorrows. 'Life is short,' I said to myself: 'I will use it in the service of others, in relieving their sorrows, in sharing their joys. Experiencing neither the one nor the other at first hand, every impression will be dulled; I shall know only their recoil; they will reach me, as it were, sifted, softened, almost obliterated.'

"Ah! if you knew how human misery tortures me, how it eats into my soul! What would have been for me intolerable suffering has become compassion and pity.

"These sorrows with which I come into contact every instant I could not have supported, had they fallen upon my own heart. I could not have seen a child of mine die, without dying myself. And, even now, I have such a vague, yet real fear of what may happen, that the mere sight of the letter-carrier stopping at my door makes me shudder every day,—although I have nothing more to fear now."

* * *

The Abbé Mauduit paused. He gazed into the fire of the great chimney, as if seeing mysterious things, all the unknown things of life, which might have been his if he could have presented a bolder front to suffering.

Then, in a lower voice:

"I was right. I was not made for this world."

The countess was silent; at last, after a long pause, she said:

"As for me, if I did not have my little grandchildren, I believe I should not have the courage to live longer."

The abbé rose, without replying.

As the servants were dozing in the kitchen, the countess herself went with him to the door opening into the garden, and watched his large form, illuminated by the light of the lamp, slowly disappear in the night.

Then, returning to her seat before the fire, she thought of many things,—those things of which one does not think when one is young.

CHICAGO AT REST.—1894.

By Marion Couthouy Smith.

Fair Genius of the Lake, sit thou and rest;
Thy brow still crowned, thy glorious limbs supine,
While yet thine eyes with musing rapture shine,
And the deep breaths of triumph swell thy breast.

Look out upon the wave; thy work is done!
The mighty nations summoned at thy call
Clasp hands and part; thy glittering pageants fall;
This was thy golden hour: its sands have run.

Yet shall the glory of that hour be thine
While the world stands: for this—that thou hast cared
First for supremest beauty, and hast dared
Transform earth's labor with its ray divine.

Now peace be with thee, who hast wrought so well!
And from far east and west this hope shall be
Sent for thy future blessing: That on thee
God's smile of beauty may forever dwell!

AS I write these lines Mr. Zola has not yet returned from London, whither he went to represent French journalism at the International Press Congress; and the Russian fleet has not yet reached Toulon, where the city authorities are preparing for it a really magnificent reception. These two events, though of very unequal importance, occupy equally all French imaginations. Let us then talk, and even, as is our wont, philosophize a bit about them.

Here some surprise has been felt at the enthusiastic greeting given M. Zola by our neighbors beyond the Channel. We were prepared for kindly demonstrations of international courtesy, for we know that in such matters the English are the most correct and polite of men. What we did not expect was such excess of feverish curiosity, such intense admiration, such overflowing sympathy. They naturally appear singular to us.

We knew that M. Zola's works, with the exception of a few novels by no means his best, were outlawed in England, put under the ban of English prudery. We knew that the English publisher of "l'Assommoir" and of "Nana" had been ruined by fines, and had, besides, expiated by a somewhat prolonged imprisonment, what a poet calls, "The inexpiable wrong of being right out of time." We could not imagine that the higher English circles did not share in the spirit that instigated this condemnation; we could not believe that young ladies who knew nothing of Zola except the legal penalties inflicted on him, would be so delighted to look upon the face of a writer who had so grievously offended against morality.

We had reckoned without le snobisme. I am not sure whether this word, unquestionably of English origin, has in your language any exact equivalent. We call snob the man who goes into ecstasies over things he does not understand or really enjoy; who tries to attain distinction by feigning, on the word of some competent judges, an admiration he does not feel, an enthusiasm supposed to be fashionable. There are people unable to do any thinking of their own, who yet assume the airs of profound thinkers; they are boobies; people who, having no sentiment of their own, yet grow frantic over famous men, are snobs. You understand now what le snobisme is.

Well! I am somewhat afraid that there is some of it in the exaggerated curiosity that has followed the author of "l'Assommoir" and of "Nana." Heaven forbid that I should complain of it! I am delighted that a writer of such talent imposes his personality on the race that is perhaps the most refractory of all to his style and his ideas. I am delighted on his own account, for I have for him the greatest esteem and affection, but even more because of the effect this exotic manifestation will doubtless have upon ourselves.

You know that Zola has more than once been a candidate for the French Academy. He has always been blackballed. Most other men would, after so many failures,

have become soured and have withdrawn altogether. Zola is tenacious; he is of those who, as a Breton proverb says, will drive a nail into the wall with their head, if they do not happen to have a hammer at hand. He still holds on.

When he returns from England it will not be easy to subject him to a new refusal. It is among us a tradition that Bordeaux wine is improved by a sea voyage; it comes back "from the Indies" a better wine; well, there are reputations of which the same may be said. It is clear that Zola's works, after his return from London, will have gained one hundred per cent., if not in flavor and bouquet, at least in reputation. Can the French Academy longer close its doors to the official representative of French letters abroad?

The subject of Zola's address before the International Congress, "Anonymous Journalism," has been taken up by all writers in both hemispheres; every one has felt bound to express his opinion on it, and Zola has thus been commented upon by the innumerable army of journalists. That is popularity, and you remember, do you not, the definition Victor Hugo has given of it? He called it "glory in half-pence"—but glory all the same. And who can tell whether in democracies the best and most enviable of all kinds of glory is not, after all, "la gloire en gros sous?" Shall I confess it to you? It is just this I am ambitious of in my own country, and I do not deem myself a very modest man.

Just now I said something about le snobisme. The festivities France is preparing are not free from it. I trust we shall soon recover our self-control; for, really, moderation is a thoroughly French quality. At present, however, we are trying to force ourselves into a frenzy of enthusiasm—and this is one of the forms of "snobisme." It was perfectly natural to show satisfaction at the projected visit of the Russians. We all felt pleased at it, for reasons which I need not mention here. But between such a feeling and the shouts of joy, the spasms of enthusiasm, the noisy manifestations, the indescribable hubbub of the projected festivities, there is all the difference between a serious sentiment and an attack of hysterical nervousness, and the worst of it is that this hysterical excitement is feigned, or at any rate forced.

We are a queer nation. One of the characteristics of French taste is moderation, measure, and yet we are scarcely ever moderate. Are Americans more so? Is there not an Italian proverb that says that "all men resemble our family?"

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

* * *

A L'HEURE où j'écris M. Emile Zola n'est pas encore revenue de Londres, où il était allé représenter le journalisme français au Congrés International de la Presse; et la flotte russe n'est pas encore entrée au port de Toulon, où la municipalité lui méuage une reception grandiose et des fêtes magnifiques. Ces deux événements d'importance fort inégale, occupent également toutes les imaginations en France. Voulez-vous que nous en causions ensemble, avec le tour de philosophie que nous donnons volontiers à ces entretiens?

Nous avons été ici quelque peu étonnés de l'accueil enthousiaste qu'Emile Zola a reçu chez nos voisins d'oûtre-manche. Nous nous attendions à d'aimables démonstrations de courtoisie internationale; nous savons que les Anglais sont dans leurs rapports les plus corrects et les plus polis des hommes. Ce que nous n'avions pu prévoir, c'était cet exces de curiosité fébrile, c'étaient ces emportements d'admiratiou, ces vivacités de sympathie. Elles nous ont parn et elles devaient uous paraître singulières.

Nous savions que l'œuvre d'Emile Zola, sauf quelque romans, qui ne sont pas les meilleurs, avait été proscrite du sol anglais et mise au banc de la pudeur britannique. Nous savions que l'éditeur de l'*Assomoir* et de *Nana* avait été condamné à de fortes amendes, qui l'avaient ruiné, et qu'il avait même payé d'un assez bon temps de prison ce que le poète appelle:

"L'impardonnable tort d'avoir trop tôt raison."

Nous ne pouvions nous imaginer que la bonne compagnie anglaise ne partageait pas les sentiments d'où était sortie cette condamnation; nous ne pouvions croire que les jeunes misses qui ne connaissaient de Zola que son casier judiciaire, seraient si ravies de contempler le visage d'un écrivain qui avait porté uue si grave atteinte à leur moralité.

Nous comptions sans le snobism. J'ignore si ce mot, qui est pourtant d'origine anglaise, a dans votre langue un équivalent exact. Nous traitons de snob l'homme qui s'extasie sur les choses qu'il ue comprend ni ne goûte sincèrement; qui veut se distinguer en feignant, sur la foi de quelques personnes compétentes, des admirations qu'il ne sent pas; qui prétend se distinguer de la foule en affectant des enthousiasmes qui passent pour être de bon ton. Il y a des gens qui ne pensent pas par eux-mêmes et qui se donneut des airs de peuseurs profonds: ce sont des nigauds. Ceux qui ne sentent pas par eux-mêmes, et qui se pâment aux réputations faites, sont des snobs. Vous voyez ce que c'est que le snobisme.

Eh bien! je crains qu'il y ait un peu de snobisme dans cette éxagération de curiosité dont on a poursuivi l'auteur de l'*Assomoir* et de *Nana*. A Dieu ne plaise que je m'en plaigue! Je suis charmé qu'uu écrivain d'un talent supérieur impose sa personalité au pays qui est peut-être de tous le plus réfractaire à ses idées et à son style. Oui, j'en suis charmé, pour lui d'abord que j'estime infiniment et que j'aime, mais surtout pour les résultats qu'aura sans doute par ricochet sur notre nation elle-même cet manifestation exotique.

Vous n'ignorez pas qu'Emile Zola s'est déjà présenté plus d'une fois à l'Académie Fraugaise. Il a toujours été blackboulé, et beaucoup d'autres se seraient, après ces échecs répétés, pris de mauvaise humeur, et au-

raient battu en retraite. Mais Emile Zola est tenace; il est de ceux qui, comme dit le proverbe breton, enfoncent, avec leur tête, à défaut de marteau, un clou dans la muraille. Il n'a point laché prise.

Il sera bien difficile, quand il reviendra d'Angleterre, de lui infliger un nouveau refus. C'est une tradition en notre pays que le vin de Bordeaux gagne à s'en aller sur mer dans les pays étrangers et à revenir ensuite à sa province natale; c'est le vin retour des Indes. Eh bien, il y a de renommées que l'on pourrait comparer à un fût de Bordeaux. Il est clair que l'œuvre de Zola, retour de Londres, aura gagné cent pour cent, sinon comme fumet et goût, au moins comme réputation. Sera-t-il possible à l'Académie de fermer une fois de plus sa porte à un homme qui a représenté à l'étranger la littérature française?

Songez que le thème traité par Émile Zola devant le congrés, l'*Anonymat dans le Journalisme*, a été repris par tous les écrivains des deux mondes; que chacun a cru devoir en dire son mot, et qu'en cette occurrence Zola a traîné derrière lui l'innombrable meute des journalistes des deux mondes, qui se sont faits ses commentateurs! C'est la popularité, cela, et vous savez la définition que Victor Hugo a fait de la popularité. Il a dit d'elle que c'était "*la gloire en gros sous*" . . . . la gloire après tout. Et qui sait si dans les démocraties la meilleure et la plus enviable de toutes les gloires n'est pas la gloire en gros sous. Je vous l'avouerai tout bas: c'est celle que j'ambitionne en mon pays, et je ne tiens pas cette ambition pour si modeste!

Je parlais de snobisme tout à l'heure. Les fêtes que l'on prépare à l'escadre russe n'en sont pas exemptes. J'espère que nous reviendrons à un peu plus de modération; car la mesure est une qualité toute française. Mais pour l'heure, il y a un peu d'emballement à froid, ce qui est une des formes du snobisme. Il était fort naturel de marquer une satisfaction légitime de la visite décidée par les russes; cette satisfaction nous l'avons éprouvée, et je n'ai pas besoin, je pense, d'en énumérer les raisons. Mais de là à ces cris de joie, à ces pamoisons d'enthousiasme, à ces manifestations bruyautes, à cet inexprimable tohu-bohu de fêtes projetées, il y a toute la distance d'un sentiment sérieux à un accès de nervosité hystérique, et ce qu'il y a de pis, c'est que cet hystérisme est feint ou du moins forcé, poussé tout exprès à l'extrême; c'est du snobisme.

Nous sommes une drôle de nation. La mesure, je vous le disait tout à l'heure, est une des caracteristiques du goût français, et jamais presque nous ne sommes dans la mesure. Les Américains, y sont-ils plus que nous? N'y a-t-il pas un proverbe italien qui dit: "Tout le monde est fait comme notre famille"?

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

WITH the equinox, new books begin to peep shyly forth. Certainly, there seems to be a large, if an undistinguished blossoming. On the last page of the Spectator one notices the names of a hundred books, among which only "The Life of Dr. Pusey," by H. P. Liddon (Longmans), appears at all attractive. It has not yet reached the northern latitudes whence I write, but one need not be a prophet to discern its chances of being talked about. That curious Oxford movement will be discussed once more, with its eager attempt to eat the cake and have it, to enjoy the prestige of antiquity, with the freedom of reformation. Man is not a reasoning animal; had he been so, there would have been no Anglican movement.

Still unpublished, but on its way to birth, is Colonel Hawker's "Journal" (Longmans). Sir Ralph Payne Galwey writes the introduction; I can assure men who shoot and fish that the diary of the good colonel will be worthy of their best attention. He lived in better times for sportsmen than ours, and his records excite our envy.

Lady Burton's life of her husband, Sir Richard Burton, is an odd account of a strange character, a strange career. Lady Burton's wifely devotion is admirable, even if it naturally disqualifies her for the task of the critical biographer. A queer mixture of scepticism and mysticism marked Sir Richard; he dabbled in the occult, he knew a dozen tongues, yet wrote his own but indifferently, and perhaps he missed his opportunity when he failed to be born in the spacious times of great Elizabeth. The book is not always so much written as compiled, masses of matter are inserted whole where a brief abstract would have suited better; but the work is undeniably interesting, and Lady Burton deserves our sympathy in the affair of the "Scented Garden." She burned a manuscript which was "nane the waur for a burning," and she deserves well of literature.

The chief novel of the month is, of course, Mr. Stevenson's "Catriona." A sequel to "Kidnapped," it can never rival "Kidnapped" in my affections. There is much less incident, and the boyish hero is so wise beyond his years, that he never could have lived, unchaperoned, with the heroine. This incident is as improbable as "She," granting the character of Mr. David Balfour. The character of Catriona is charm-

ing, is admirable, and she is one of Mr. Stevenson's two successes in drawing women. The legend of the warlock, told on the Bass Rock, is worthy of the author of "Thrawn Janet." The old Scotch lady, Mrs. Drummond, is also capital, and I am much in love with Prestongrange's beautiful daughter. The scene in Inverary church is excellent; last Sunday I attended public worship there, and perhaps thought more than one should have done of David Balfour's entrance and the spoiling of the sermon. And now I hope boys will demand from Mr. Stevenson the story of Cluny's treasure, to which he refers. The Highlanders still talk of it, and, perhaps, hope to find it. But the 30,000 "louis d'or" are no longer in Loch Arkaig. Cluny took them up, and carried them to the Prince in Paris, about 1756.

A lady, who detests Dickens, informs me that "Ships Which Pass in the Night," by Miss Beatrice Harrenden, is an admirable romance. To myself it seems that Mr. Augustus Moddle (who loved but deserted the elder Miss Pecksniff) might have written this dismal production. However, there is no disputing about tastes. Ladies who detest Dickens may enjoy themselves vastly over the loves, to me intolerable, of The Disagreeable Man, in "Ships Which Pass in the Night."

Mr. Grant Allen's "Scalywag" (Chatto & Windus) is full of Mr. Grant Allen's pet ideas. I don't agree with one of them: I believe in ghosts, and not in Mr. Herbert Spencer; Mr. Allen believes in Mr. Spencer, but not in ghosts. But, ah, that the author were here to dispute with! In any case, Mr. Allen is not dull, in the "Scalywag" or anything else, and so he deserves our gratitude. ANDREW LANG.

BEHIND us, forever, have closed the gates of the Chicago paradise. Already the White City, practically, has ceased to be. Whatever may be the fate of its fragments, we never shall look upon it again entire. And yet, in a sense, it is only now beginning—with the diffusion of its teachings and the consequent establishment for the first time on this continent of an authoritative popular standard by which we can estimate the worth or worthlessness of real or so-called works of art.

We are not especially stupid, we Americans; nor do we, I think, organically lack taste. What we have lacked, and pitiably, has been opportunity to develop our taste on rational lines—with the result that what we are pleased to call our artistic creations have been for the most part so horrible that not even a barbaric heathen in his blindness knowingly would bow down to our misdoings in color and wood and stone. A civilized heathen, not blind, upon being confronted with some of them—as the Philadelphia postoffice, the frescoes in the capitol at Washington, the out-door chamber of statuesque horrors in the New York Central Park—probably would rave briefly and then energetically die.

Really, though, it has not been our fault. Artistic perception, mainly, is a matter of education based upon standards of art value—and we have had no such standards to which we could refer. The art-museums in this country which have taught less harm than good readily may be counted off on anybody's ten fingers—with at least a finger or two to spare. As to our public architecture—the Federal and State and municipal buildings which, in theory, should teach at least lessons in structural propriety—it is a dismal fact that, as a whole, a more melancholy procession of the blind never led other blind into ditches of ugliness. Landscape gardening, to all intents and purposes, has been a thing unknown. With all the conditions thus against us, even our American ingenuity was powerless to make artistic bricks without the necessary straw.

Writing or talking would not change this state of affairs. Neither of these methods would reach the people whom it was necessary to reach; nor was either of them sufficiently concrete. What was required was a tangible demonstration, a clinic in the beautiful, before a working minority of the citizens of the United States. This is precisely what we have had at Chicago—where absolute standards of excellence in the fine arts have been exhibited (as we fairly may assume) to most of the people who do the thinking and working of this country and really make it go. And the demonstration has been so overpoweringly convincing that hereafter these standards will be known and used by the many instead of by only the elect few—which means not that the art millennium already is with us, but that it certainly will get here very much ahead of the present schedule time.

Thus it is that while the Columbian miracle has vanished, it is not lost; that, on the contrary, its strongest life is but now beginning: as its beauty-compelling power lays hold upon us and as the tradition of its loveliness sinks down into and possesses our hearts.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

THE one English dramatist whose work shows poetic fantasy and imagination—Mr. Henry Arthur Jones—has astonished London by producing a platitude in four acts. The play is called "The Tempter" and is said to be in blank verse. The devil is a familiar figure in English dramatic literature, from the days of the old miracle plays and moralities to the days of burlesque Fausts Up To Date. We have even witnessed an attempt to bring Mephistopheles up to date by clothing him in irreproachable evening dress, replacing his caudal appendage by the swallow-tail of society. This was Herman Merivale's ill-fated play, "The Cynic." A still more modern conception of the spirit of evil has been suggested (though in sonnet-form only) by Mr. Frank Marzials:

> "But now in courtliest tones of cultured grace,
> He glories in the growth of good, his glance
> Beaming benignant as he bids us trace
> God everywhere—till, as mere motes that dance
> Athwart the sunbeams, all things evil and base
> Glint golden in his genial tolerance."

A devil on these lines would have been a vehicle for "criticism of life" as life is lived today. Mr. Jones' "Tempter" is merely the stock devil of mediæval legend and primitive religion—the property-devil of the picture books—and he goes about with a suggestion of horns on his brow and a suspicion of a tail between his legs, and there is the old, old story of seduction, and murder, and suicide, and red fire. Nothing is spared us—not even the Devil's comic song with guitar obligato. The curtain rises upon the pantomimic wreck of Prince Leon's galley, with the Devil ranting on the mast in the darkness. Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère? The Prince, who is coming to marry the Lady Avis, is cast ashore anonymously, and is persuaded by the Tempter to woo her cousin, the Lady Isabel, instead, and divert the latter from chastity and the Church. The gentle Isabel, under like temptation, plays her cousin false, loses her honor, and then—misprised and deserted—turns upon her betrayer, kills him, and finally herself. Up till the end, till the last curtain is rung down, literally till the eleventh hour, one hesitates to believe that this is all, trusting that the Devil is not so old as he is painted, wait-

ing for a spark of fire, a gleam of new symbolism, a streak of fresh fantasy, a shadow of subtlety—for all those things, in short, to which Mr. Jones has accustomed us. And at moments indeed one thrills with a premonition of the grotesque and the imaginative, as when the murderess Isabel has a horrible intuition of the identity of the Tempter, what time his form looms large and fiery ; or when the Devil has a moment of vain longing for human love and mortal existence,

> "The sluice of tears, the sting and pant of life,
> Labor and hunger, sweat and sleep, hopes, fears,
> Joys, sorrows," . . . . . .

But it all comes to nothing. The only real touches of originality are anachronisms —crude modern idioms and scraps of philosophy that have no business in mediæval romance. At the finish one has a fresh spasm of æsthetic emotion, for the play seems to close upon a triumphant Miltonic satan, sneering at the Creator, but lo ! it passes away in a strain of church music, and we are left with the old, old stage moral that though evil and sorrow conquer all along the line, yet the organ will always play in the end. But the weakest part of this spiritual drama is its lack of grip. The action takes place in an indefinite time in a vague England, outrages probability at every point, and has no dramatic pulse and movement. The struggle of the characters against sin does not excite the spectator ; he foresees that the devil must win, and at the end of any act he would not mind if the curtain fell never to rise again. It is in fine devilishly dull—a play without imagination, without insight, and, above all, without interest.

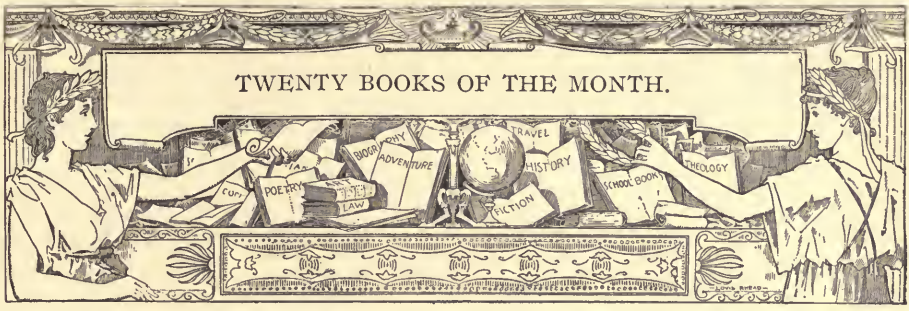
Nevertheless, "The Tempter" cannot fail of a certain run. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has a large following, the Haymarket is a fashionable theater, and Mr. Jones is a distinguished dramatist who has contributed more than anyone else to form the more exacting taste by which he is now tried and condemned. I. ZANGWILL.

ONCE in a while—in a very long while—it is granted to a persevering reader to see his favorite author handled with charming sympathy by the only man who seems qualified for the task. When this happens, the reader's heart is made light, and he begins to have optimistic views anent book-making, and the future of criticism. Horace Walpole has suffered heavy punishment for his many sins ; to be gossiped about by Mr. Dobson is now the just reward of his many literary virtues. This little memoir, enriched with admirable portraits, and with a complete list of books printed at the Strawberry-Hill press, has for three years been the property of the haughty few who could afford an edition so limited as to be practically unattainable. It has now been given to the grateful many, who have waited too long already for what, in common justice, should have been theirs three good years ago.

For here, at last, we have the prince of letter-writers drawn for us with a sure and graceful touch. Here is the petted child, who, humored in a foolish whim, was carried privately to court at night, to kiss King George's hand. Here is the clever schoolboy, who preferred reading to fighting ; whose friends were lads as precocious as himself, and who, in most unboyish fashion, dubbed his play-fellows Oromasdes and Plato instead of plain Ashton and Gray. Here is the one undergraduate of Cambridge who frankly confesses (for which we love him much) that he never mastered even his multiplication table. Here is the young gentleman of leisure who drew a handsome income from sinecures, and who was of real service to his country by trav-

eling abroad, and writing admirable letters home. Here is the valued friend of so many brilliant and distinguished people, who has left us in his vivacious pages those matchless portraits that time can never fade. Here, in a word, is Horace Walpole, whom some loved and not a few hated, whose critics have dealt him heavy censure and faint praise, and who now, from a snug corner in the Elysian fields, must secretly rejoice at finding himself in hands at once sympathetic, tolerant and impartial.

The charm of this memoir is its fine quality of self-repression, so good and so rare in biographers. Peter Cunningham says truly that, when Macaulay cudgelled Lord Orford, he thought very little of his subject, and a great deal of his own brilliancy. The present writer is content to portray for us Horace Walpole, and has generously neglected to stamp on every page "Austin Dobson, (his mark)." AGNES REPPLIER.



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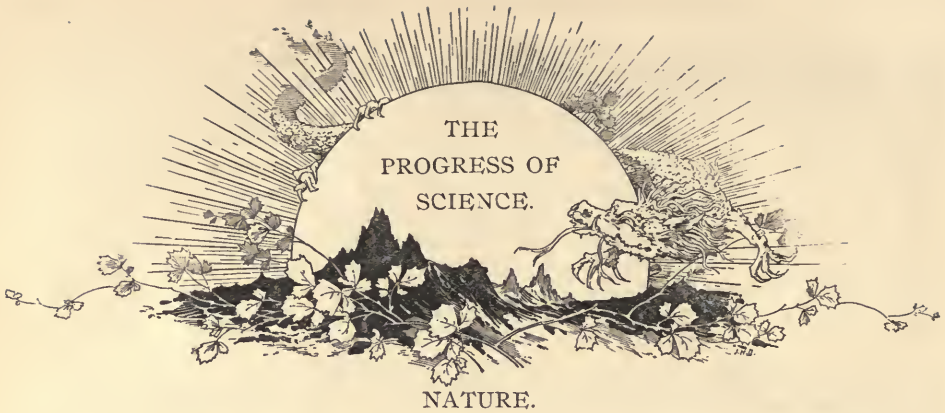


NATURE.

IT was evening. Coming after a long spell of rainy weather, the day had been sunny and warm, and had fairly ushered in the long-expected summer. Though the sun had set, goldfinches, warblers, chaffinches, blackbirds, were still singing, tireless in their joy and in their song; the thickets were full of nests; on the tops of the taller trees ringdoves cooed their sweet and melancholy refrains; beyond the forest, in the distant horizon, the moon appeared, rising in a fleecy, transparent atmosphere, and in the bushes near the villa the matchless voice of the nightingale modulated in a thousand harmonious variations the first hymn of the night.

Yet, in the fresh-cut hay, in the grass, amidst the clearings in the woods, the main body of the general melody, the persistent tune in this evening concert, were the chirpings of the cricket. The last notes of the warbler, the trills of the nightingale, the cooings of the turtledove, the buzz of insects, the monosyllabic calls of the toad, that struck the darkness like the tinklings of a little bell, the croaking of the frogs in the valley, all these did at times stop as if to listen, and then started again like a rustic chorus, a strange, irregular accompaniment to the continuous song of the cricket, whose humble, quiet, modest notes seemed the very voice of the darkness and of night, reigning supreme in this concert and giving out the exact pitch of the hour, even when all the rest were silent.

As I listened to the cricket, I remembered having heard its voice from a balloon at more than eight hundred meters' elevation. I remembered also that it speaks without a voice; that its mouth is dumb; that it antedates by millions of years the earliest songsters on our earth, since it made its appearance in the primary epoch of geology, whilst the first birds belong to the secondary. I remembered also the pleasant hours of childhood, the stories with which our grandmothers so tenderly rocked our earliest years by the hearth on which the cricket sang its homely song; I associated the past with the present; the little solitary cricket ceased to be indifferent to me; as I heard its voice I thought of those who are no more, those who sleep under the sod of the cemetery, among whom the cricket is still singing.

Then the voices of nature spoke to my mind with a meaning that had been hidden from me before. Now I understood them. The cricket that seeks for warmth in the baker's oven, and prefers to the sunshine the obscurity of the night, the twilight shade, or the half light of thickets, still thinks itself in the warm and somber atmosphere of the primeval forests that sheltered its cradle, for at the epoch when this ancestor of insects came for the first time and rubbed its sonorous elytra in the silences of primeval landscapes, the sun was immense but nebulous and the earth was warmer than today. There were then neither seasons nor climates. With its tepid and unvarying temperature the atmosphere of those early days was that of a hothouse. Till the cricket came, nature had remained voiceless; it is, with the cicada, the patriarch of song.

His note is like an echo of vanished ages, a faint reminiscence of the past. This primitive insect tells us the story of nature. It has successively witnessed all the epochs of the world's progressive evolution; it has seen the formation of continents. I seemed, therefore, in that evening concert, to be carried back to a period preced-

ing by millions of years the creation of man. I listened to the cricket and understood it. It said: "Be not ungrateful; do not forget your best friend, nature, that mother ever young and ever charming; do not spend your life within stone walls; do not breathe incessantly the dust of your factories; do not waste away in the stupid noises of your cities; come back to us sometimes and drink in the atmosphere of fields and woods. All the voices of nature invite you to admire the beauty of the universe about you; its history is full of interest; understand it, and live somewhat like us in the calmness and happiness of simplicity." CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

THE MOLECULES AND ATOMS OF CHEMISTRY.

THE essential nature of matter is unknown; our knowledge is only of its properties. The probable ultimate constitution of matter has been the basis of much acute speculation, and atomic hypotheses date from the days of Democritus and Lucretius. Only within the present century has there been adduced any serious proof of such atomic constitution. The probability of such constitution has been raised almost to the rank of certainty by the chemical and physical researches of this century.

Every homogeneous substance may be repeatedly divided into smaller and smaller portions, each portion retaining (except as to degree) all and only the properties of the substance. The smallest masses which thus retain all the qualities of the original substance are the chemical molecules of that substance—the whole is but an aggregate of such molecules.

By chemical means the molecules of nearly all bodies can be shown to be composed of still smaller masses of matter. The smallest individual masses that can be shown to make up the molecules of bodies are the chemical atoms. If the individual atoms which make up the molecules of a substance have identical properties the substance is a chemical element, if the atoms which make up the molecules are unlike the body is a chemical compound. The molecules of every compound body contain at least two dissimilar atoms and the molecules of most compounds contain more than two. The molecules of most elementary bodies contain two atoms, a few contain but one and some have more than two.

The atoms of the same element have all the same weight, which are different from the weights of the atoms of all other elements. The weight of the molecule of any substance is the sum of the weights of the atoms which enter it.

The molecules of every substance when in the gaseous form, whether an element or a compound, occupy equal spaces, and this is true no matter how many atoms enter the molecules. The gaseous molecules do not actually fill all the space reserved to themselves; if they did matter would be continuous and two gases could not mix.

The actual dimensions of chemical molecules are such as to elude comprehension and confound the imagination. A cubic inch of oxygen at ordinary temperature and pressure contains so many molecules that a number equal to that of the entire population of the globe might escape every second, and it would require more than six thousand years to empty that small space. Professor Tait computes that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, the molecules of that drop would then be about the size of billiard balls. Chemistry has determined the relative weights of atoms and molecules and usually expresses them in terms of the weight of the hydrogen atom. When an attempt is made to give these weights in terms of any of our ordinary measures the numbers are so small that no idea is conveyed which the mind can grasp. S. E. TILLMAN, COL. U. S. A.

WHEN the light of an electric arc-lamp is concentrated by means of a properly constructed mirror, so as to make a dense beam, it is called a search-light. With large carbon rods and a current of from fifty to a hundred ampères, it is possible to produce a beam with an intensity of a hundred million candles, or even more. The search-light on Mount Washington last year was seen, on favorable occasions, a hundred miles away.

This powerful light has not been put to many uses hitherto, but it is now likely to come into more general use. By employing large lenses of proper focal length it has been found possible to project pictures upon the clouds as upon a great screen. The pictures to be thus projected may be prepared in stencil on sheets of tin or iron. Advertisements prepared in this way may be read a mile or more away, as the letters may be more than a hundred feet long. So the cloudy sky may soon be made an advertising-sheet!

When the unobstructed beam is projected vertically upwards in what we call clear air in the night, it may be easily seen for miles around, looking like the tail of a comet. With this, weather forecasts can be given by a series of flashes of long and short duration, constituting a code of signals, and thus the probable changes in the weather announced.

In a similar manner, steamships, in a fog at night, may indicate their whereabouts by a series of flashes, which are more easily seen in the dark than a continuous unchanging light. Such a light has already been placed in some light-houses, and would be in many but for the difficulty in providing the necessary power to produce them in many places where light-houses are needed.

During the siege of Paris there was great difficulty in getting information into or out of the city; but a search-light, such as can be easily had now, would have enabled it, or any other beleaguered city to communicate with the rest of the world with comparative ease and safety. It has been suggested that with our powerful search-lights it would be possible to communicate with the planet Mars, if it should chance to be peopled with intelligences as well equipped with lights and telescopes as we are.

A. E. DOLBEAR.

* * *

THE LATEST DETERMINATION OF THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

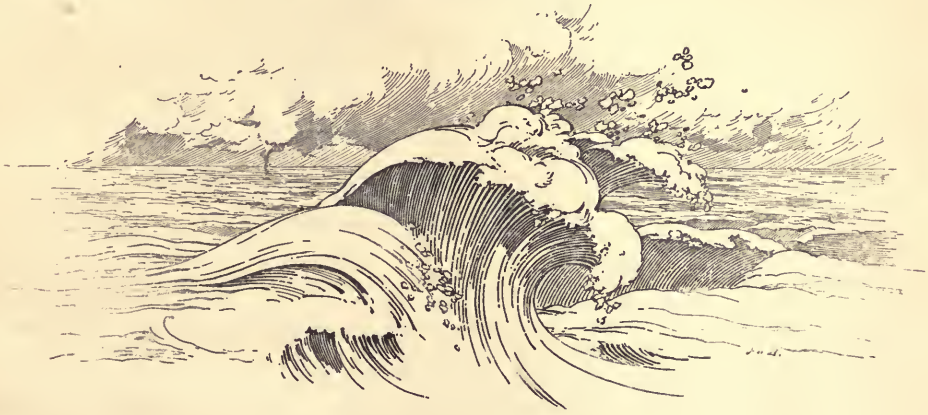
AN extensive series of observations was made in 1889 upon the planet Victoria (asteroid No. 12) for the purpose of ascertaining the distance of the sun, and incidentally also the mass of the moon,—quantities which to the uninitiated would seem to bear no obvious relation to the motions of the little asteroid, though, in fact, the connection is close and positive.

The work was very thoroughgoing, involving the coöperation of no less than twenty-one different observatories in determining with their meridian-circles the places of the stars which were used as reference points along the planet's track. Then all through the summer the position of the planet itself, with reference to these stars, was assiduously observed by Gill and Auwers at the Cape of Good Hope; by Elkin and Hall at New Haven, and in Germany by Hartwig at Göttingen, and by Schur at Bamberg. The instruments employed in their observations were heliometers

of the most perfect construction, and the measurements made with them rank among the most accurate and refined known in astronomy. Altogether, between June 15th and August 27th, while the planet was near its opposition and for a time at a distance from the earth less than four-fifths the distance of the sun, over eight hundred complete sets of measures were secured, and only six nights were wholly missed.

The reduction of this mass of material has occupied nearly three years, and the result has only just been published. Dr. Gill, who originated the campaign and has reduced the observations, finds for the parallax of the sun 8″.809, corresponding to a distance of 92,800,000 miles; and he further finds that the hitherto accepted mass of the moon must be reduced somewhat more than one per cent. to satisfy the observations: in other words, the earth's monthly swing due to her motion around the common center of gravity of earth and moon, was found to be about one per cent. less than had been assumed.

It is interesting to note that this newest value of the solar parallax agrees to the very last decimal with that deduced two years ago by Professor Harkness in his elaborate "least-square" discussion of all the then available data relating to the constants of the solar system: the still outstanding error in our knowledge of the astronomical unit can hardly be as great as one part in a thousand. C. A. YOUNG.



GEOLOGY AND COSMOGONY.

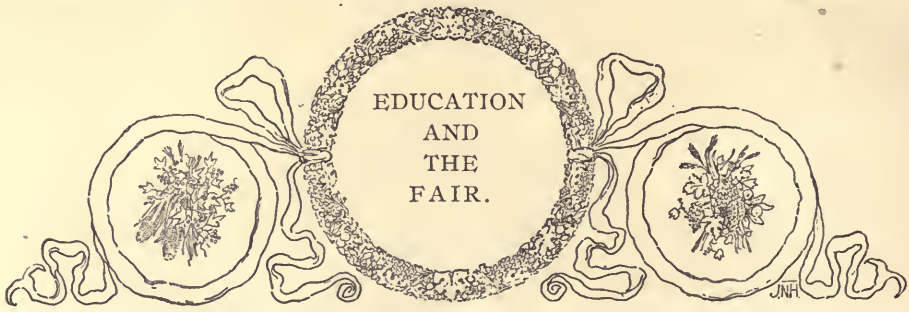
THERE is no distinct line between geology and astronomy; for the earth is a star. Hence such questions as the age of the earth, the solidity of its mass and the history of its early dynamical changes belong to both branches of science. From the time of Leibnitz onward, many geologists have appealed to the primordial conditions of solidification of the earth's surface for explanation of some phenomena, and in particular the character of the earliest crystalline schists. The famous "uniformitarian" school, on the other hand, beginning with the great Hutton, has always maintained that conditions on the earth's surface have been substantially as we now see them, from and at the time of the formation of these earliest rocks. This view has recently been re-stated with much force by Mr. Teall in his address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Yet it is one which an astronomer could scarcely take. Permanence of any kind is among the most improbable of events. That the sun should always have given the same amount of heat of the same intensity as it now does, is an untenable hypothesis; and on the heat of the sun depend not only climatic conditions on the earth, but also its dynamical transformations. The presumption is all against uniformitarianism, which is a case of what physicists call "exterpolation."

On the other hand, it is easy to place too great reliance on a certain class of conclusions reached by astronomers. When they discuss the motions of the planets, it is with a precision almost beyond the comprehension of the uninitiated; but when

they come to physical questions, such as the age of the sun, they no longer have data of a high order of precision from which to draw conclusions. Thus even the actual emission of heat from the sun is probably unknown with any approach to accuracy, and it is substantially certain that the temperature of its rays has increased as its volume has diminished. Hence any estimate of the age of the sun is likely to be affected by an immense error, perhaps one hundred per cent. In short, estimates of this kind are on a par with those which geologists can draw either from measurements of the thickness of strata, or from discussions of fusibility under pressure.

The condition of the earth during the earlier periods ought not to be assumed to be what it is now, but should be regarded as unknown, except so far as it is elucidated by established facts; and the phenomena ought to be discussed by physical astronomers and geologists in concert; or better still, by men uniting the requisite knowledge of both sciences. This would redound to the advantage of astronomy as well as of geology: for it is hard to see how observation can contribute to a knowledge of the early state of the sun unless through study of its former effects on terrestrial conditions.

GEORGE F. BECKER.



THE responsibility which rests upon the various commissions connected with the World's Columbian Exposition of showing results in their various departments commensurate with the importance of the year and the occasion, is nowhere greater than in the Department of Education. All subjects are sure to receive intelligent and thorough discussion, and the leading educators of the country have been invited to contribute their best thought and experience to the solution of problems old and new.

The teachers' conventions of late years have frequently degenerated into perfunctory meetings—mutual admiration societies—conducted by fossilized specimens of the genus teacher, and less good than harm has often been the outcome to the cause of education. Progressive and stimulating teachers avoid these conventions, declining to stultify themselves by lending their presence or aid to such unfruitful work, but the best will surely be attracted by the discussions at Chicago. I look for almost a revolution in the methods of primary teaching for the public schools by the demonstrations, which are sure to come, of the inestimable value of Froebel's ideas, and the principles of the kindergarten.

The world is going to be no more amazed by the recent discoveries in electricity and mechanics than by the advance which will be shown in the methods of teaching the blind and the weak-minded, and the development of articulate vocalization in the deaf-mute.

It is a pity that the material effects of beauty, vastness, and grandeur in the exhibition at Chicago have been allowed to eclipse everything else. If a million or so less had been expended upon the buildings the average spectator would have been unconscious of loss, and if half the money thus saved had been spent in bringing to Chicago the savants in every branch of learning from the whole civilized world and sending them home again without expense to themselves, the investment would have added untold riches of thought and experience to the world of arts and letters.

JOHN S. WHITE.

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